

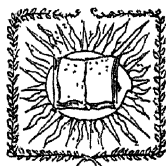
In Excelsis

F. N. PROUT

In Excelsis



HYMNS WITH TUNES
FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP



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The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.
Also No. 918 set to a chant.

Opening Sentences

Set to music. Number 901.

The Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical responses No. 919.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

In Excelsis

In Excelsis

The Beginning of Worship

I THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. Bourgeois, 1551

PRAISE God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. *A-men.*

T. Ken, 1709

2

L. M.

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe, 1561

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

3

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

J. Watts, 1719

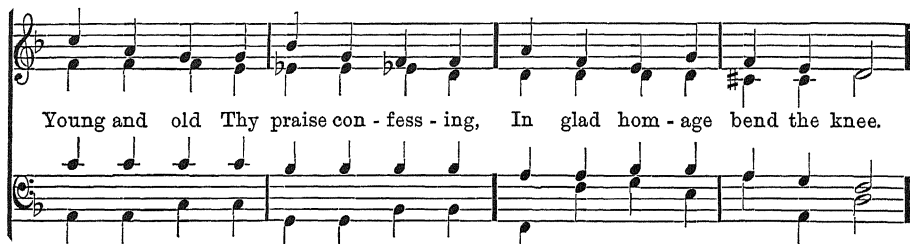
The Beginning of Worship

4 SALVATOR 8s, 7s. 8l.

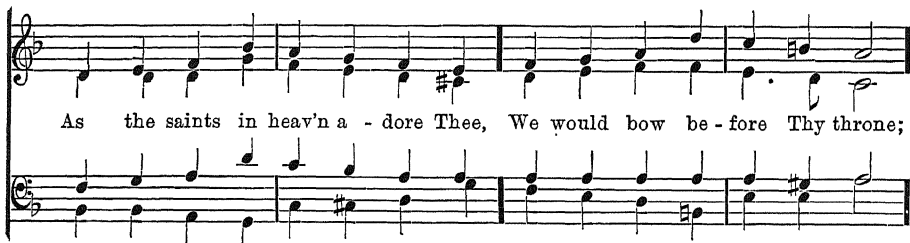
J. Goss (1800—1880)



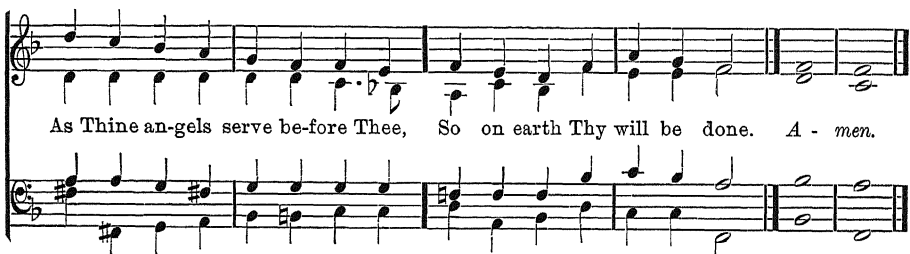
WOR - SHIP, hon - or, glo - ry, bless-ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee;



Young and old Thy praise con - fess - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.



As the saints in heav'n a - dore Thee, We would bow be - fore Thy throne;



As Thine an-gels serve be-fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done. A - men.

(Or to Autumn, No. 331)

E. Osler, 1836

5

8s, 7s. 8l.

1 CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,
Thee, our Saviour, Thee, our God;
From Thy throne Thy beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

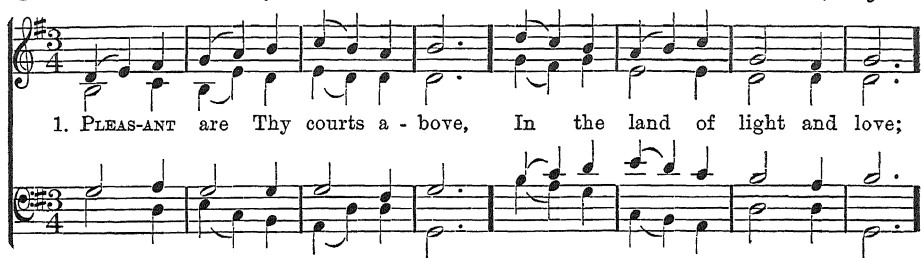
2 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

The Beginning of Worship

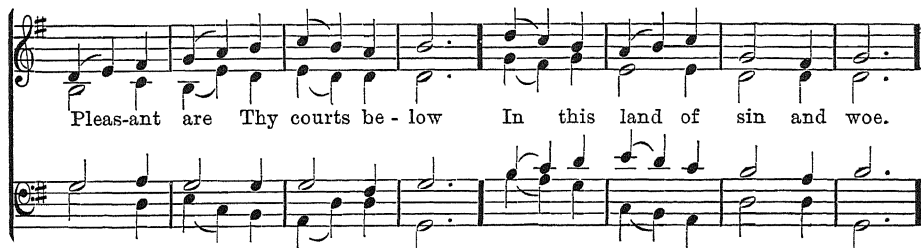
6

MAIDSTONE 7s. 8l.

W. B. Gilbert, 1865



1. PLEAS-ANT are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;



Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

The Beginning of Worship

7 HANOVER 10, 10, 11, 11

W. Croft (1678—1727)

1. Oh, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly

sing His power and His love; Our shield and de-fend-er, the

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our maker, defender, Redeemer, and friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

The Beginning of Worship

8

THE OLD 104TH 10, 10, 11, 11

T. Ravenscroft, 1621

1. Ye servants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His

won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol;

His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save, The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
And still He is nigh—His presence we have; Fall down on their faces and worship the
The great congregation His triumph shall Lamb.

sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,"
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;

All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite Love.

C. Wesley, 1744

(Second Tune.)

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. Ye servants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The

name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glorious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

The Beginning of Worship

9 NICÆA P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. Heber, 1827

The Beginning of Worship

IO HOSANNA L. M., with Refrain (8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 7)

J. B. Dykes, 1865

1. Ho - SAN - NA to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' In - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

The Beginning of Worship

II ST. CHAD 8s, 7s. 8l.

R. Redhead (1825—)

1. LORD, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;

Voices in Unison.

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise...

Organ.

In Harmony.

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men,

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key, 1826

FABEN 8s, 7s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

J. H. Wilcox, 1849

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the pard'ning grace that

The Beginning of Worship

saves me, And the peace that from it flows; Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull
soul to rap-ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-men.

12 MOULTRIE 8s, 7s. 81.

G. F. Cobb (1838—)

1. Round the Lord in glo-ry seat-ed Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
Filled His tem-ple and re-pea-ted Each to each th'al-ter-nate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful-ness stored;
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!" A-men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

R. Mant, 1837

The Beginning of Worship

13 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 81

Lausanne Psalter

1. O SAV-IOUR, precious Saviour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O Name of might and
fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove! We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O
Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

(Or to Lancashire, No. 290)

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excellet, h,
O Son of God, is Thine;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

F. R. Havergal, 1870

CRUX CHRISTI 7s, 6s. D. (Second Tune)

A. H. Mann, 1897

1. O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love, O Name of might and favor, All other names above!

The Beginning of Worship

We worship Thee, we bless Thee, We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing; Our holy Lord and King. *A-men.*

I4 BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7s, 6s. 8l.

B. Tours, 1872

1. To THEE, my God and Sav-iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic-ing in Thy

fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings, I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy

saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem-ing love. *A-men.*

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleaséd, Thou shalt hear;
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast my crown before Thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee—
 What can an angel more?

T. Haweis, 1792

The Beginning of Worship

15 ST. AUSTIN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)

1. COME, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help
us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri -
ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - men.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley, 1757

ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune.)

F. de Giardini, 1769

1. COME, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all -
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - men.

The Beginning of Worship

16 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. SING to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voic - es raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve, and saints a - dore,

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

The Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

The Beginning of Worship

I7 STUTTGART 8s, 7s.

"Psalmody Sacra," Gotha, 1715

1. God, my King, Thy might confessing, Ever will I bless Thy Name;

Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. Amen.

- 2 Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—

- Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

R. Mant, 1824

I8 TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789

1. High in the heav'ns E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;

Thy truth shall breakthro' ev - ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. Amen.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

- The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

The Beginning of Worship

19 PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua, 1810

1. OH, come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - might - y King; For we our voic-es
high should raise, When our sal - va-tion's rock we praise, When our sal - va-tion's rock we praise. A - men.

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great,

A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Tate and Brady, 1696

20 LUTON L. M.

Geo. Burder, 1780

1. BE-FORE Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - men.

(Or to The Old Hundredth, No. 1)

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts, 1719

The Beginning of Worship

21 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er God

Un - veils the beauties of His face, And sheds His love a - broad. A - men.

(Or to St. Thomas, opposite.)

- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

- 4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett, 1772

22 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. SING to the Lord, our might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing;

Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heavenly King. A - men.

- 2 This is His holy house
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

- 4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied
Will help His Israel still.

The Beginning of Worship

23 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. COME, we who love the Lord, . And let our joys be known ;

Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. A - men.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry ; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts, 1709

24 PHILIP S. M.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. A - WAKE, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Wake

ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name. A - men.

- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come ;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. Hammond, 1745

The Beginning of Worship

25 EARLHAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4

J. Booth (1852—)

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The
dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples are! To Thine a - bode
My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

(Or to Darwall, No. 730)

2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

I. Watts, 1719

26 (BLAYDON) S. M.

1 WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal
And lend a gracious ear.
4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

The Beginning of Worship

27 NEANDER 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

J. Neander (1640—1680)

1. { O - PEN now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there, }
 { Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers pray'r: }

Oh, how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - men.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
 Come Thou also down to me;
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
 There a heaven on earth must be.
 To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
 Let it be Thy temple now.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
 Let me keep Thy Gift divine,
 Howsoever temptations thicken;
 May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
 As my pole-star through my life,
 As my comfort in my strife.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown;
 Let my soul, where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
 So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolck, 1732 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1863

BLAYDON S. M.

H. W. Little

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That

glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love. A - men.

The Beginning of Worship

28

BEMERTON C. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

(Or to Martyrdom, No. 270)

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

5 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1802

DOWNES C. M.

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1832

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

The Beginning of Worship

29 ST. STEPHEN (Nayland) C. M.

W. Jones, 1789

1. COME, Thou de - sire of all Thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,

While with our prais-es and complaints, Low at Thy feet we bend. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise! | 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here, |
| How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies! | Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear. |
| 3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame; | 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come! |
| Then shall our lips resound Thy praise
Our hearts adore Thy name. | And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home. |

(Or to St. Flavian, 656)

Anne Steele (1716—1778) A. b.

DALEHURST C. M.

(Second Tune)

A. Cottman, 1872

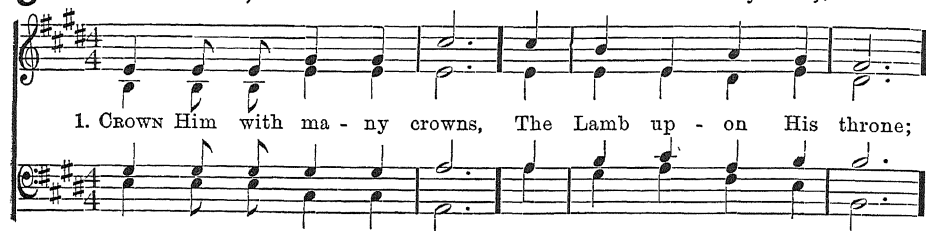
1. COME, Thou de - sire of all Thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,

While-with our prais - es and complaints, Low at Thy feet we bend. A - men.

The Beginning of Worship

30 DIADEMATA, No. 1 S. M. 81.

G. J. Elvey, 1868



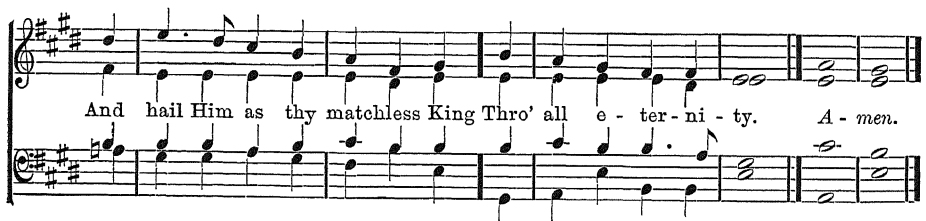
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

The Beginning of Worship

DIADEMATA, No. 2 S. M. 81. (Second Tune.)

J. Barnby (1838-1896)

1. CROWN Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!

how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

Org.

31

S. M. 81.

(Or to Silver Street, No. 247)

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

2 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.
To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

The Beginning of Worship

32 TOULON 108.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551 (L. Bourgeois)

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex -
hausted in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great
King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth Tr. G. Gregory, 1787, *Ab.*

PAX DEI 108.

(Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. As pants the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks exhausted in the
sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,

The Beginning of Worship

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

33 FELIX (Raynolds) 108. (Also a favorite tune for No. 32) F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. FA - THER, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

(Or to Longwood, No. 822 Or to Dalkeith, No. 664)

2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

L. E. G. Whitmore, 1824

The Beginning of Worship

34 FILIUS DEI C. M. 81.

A. R. Gaul (1837—)

1. O VER - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,

Thy feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright.

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick dark-ness blinds our eyes;

Cold is the night, and oh, we long That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise. A - men.

2 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.
Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore.

3 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase
With healing in Thy wings.
To God the Father, power and might
Both now and ever be;
To Him that is the light of light,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!

The Beginning of Worship

CALVARY C. M.

(Second Tune.)

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. { O VER - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick darkness blinds our eyes;

Thy feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright.
Cold is the night, and oh, we long That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise. } A - men.

35 WORCESTER 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. G. Whinfield

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - - - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,

Heaven and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings,
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

The Beginning of Worship

36

ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)



1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;



Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—



Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A - men.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

The Beginning of Worship

37 ST. NINIAN 7s. 6l.

E. G. Monk, 1862



1. LORD of pow - er, Lord of might, God and Fa - ther of us all,



Lord of day, and Lord of night, List - en to our sol - emn call;



List - en, whilst to Thee we raise Songs of pray'r and songs of praise. A - men.



2 Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good.
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store—
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Makér's fame;
Young and old together bless;
Clothe our souls with righteousness

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest.
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

The Beginning of Worship

38 NORTHREPPS C. M.

J. Booth, 1887

1. AP - PROACH, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

(Or to Dalehurst, No. 29)

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

J. Newton, 1779

PHILIPPI C. M.

(Second Tune.)

S. Wesley (1766—1837)

1. AP-PROACH, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

The Beginning of Worship

39

ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. LORD, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, 1745

40

PRUEN 7s.

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)

1. To THY tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,

While thy glo - rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue. A - - men.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

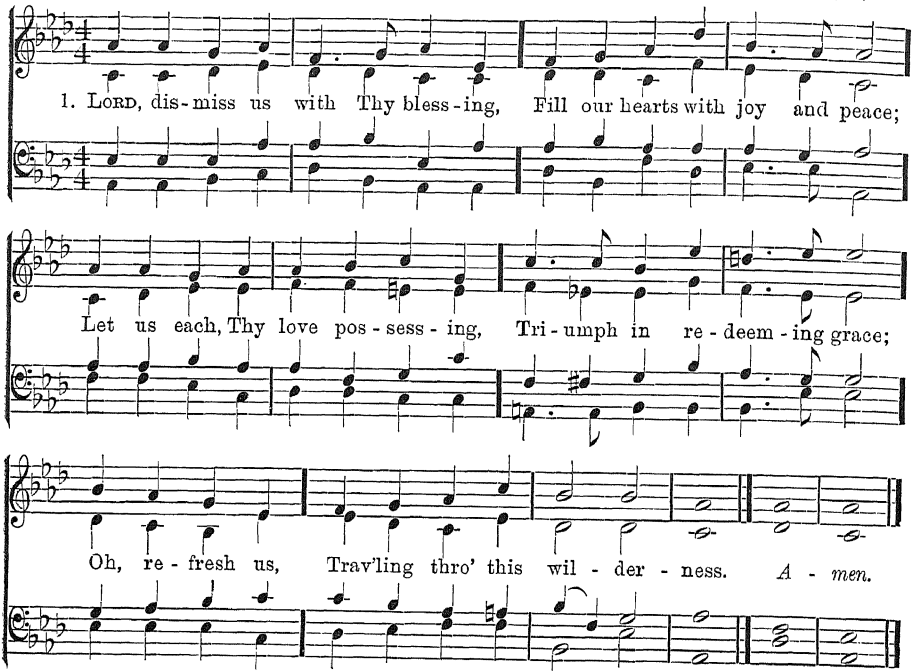
5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery, 1812

The Close of Worship

41 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)



1. LORD, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;
Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s, 7s. 6l. (Second Tune.)

Sicilian Melody



1. { LORD, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace; }
Oh, re-fresh us, Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

The Close of Worship

42 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. THE Sab-bath-day has reach'd its close, Yet, Sav-iour, ere I seek re- pose,

Grant me the peace Thy love be- stows: Smile on my eve-ning hour. A - men.

2 O heavenly comforter, sweet guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest:
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dew descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.

4 Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;

Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer, and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

43 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. O God, by whom the seed is giv - en, By whom the har-vest blest, Thy

word, like man - na shower'd from heav'n, Im - plant with-in our breast. A - men.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

The Close of Worship

44 WEYBRIDGE C. M.

W. H. Sangster From Hymns A. & M.

1. AND now the wants are told, that brought Thy chil-dren to Thy knee;

Here linger-ing still, we ask for nought, But sim-ply wor-ship Thee. A - men.

- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 Oh, wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;

- To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

W. Bright, 1866

45 HASTINGS 8s, 7s.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. { GEN - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears. }
Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, — Lead us in Thy per - fect way. } A - men.

- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

- And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

The Close of Worship

CHRISTI GRATIA 8s, 7s. 81. (Second Tune.) A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. GEN - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,

Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
And, when mor - tal life is en - ded, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

Let Thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest. A - men.

T. Hastings, 1830.

46

8s, 7s. (Or to Chilston, No. 849)

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton, 1779

47

8s, 7s. Evening (Or to Love Divine, No. 883)

LO, THE day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light!
While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing!

C. Robbins, 1845

(Either of these hymns may be sung to Hastings, No. 45.)

The Close of Worship

48

BENEDICTION (Ellers) 108.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

(Or to Longwood, No. 822)

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

49

(ST. HUGH) C. M.

- 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep;
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

The Close of Worship

SAN SALVADOR 10s.

(Second Tune.)

H. Houseley, 1896

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

ST. HUGH. C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;

His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

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The Close of Worship

50

ST. MATTHIAS

L. M. 61.

Evening

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SWEET Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light. A-men.

(Or to Valette, No. 502)

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1852

51 (GOUNOD) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- 1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

- 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

The Close of Worship

STELLA L. M. 61.

(Second Tune.)

From "Crown of Jesus."

1. SWEET Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A - men.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

C. F. Gounod (1818—1893)

1. SAV-IOUR, now the day is end-ing And the shades of eve-ning fall,

Let Thy Ho - ly Dove de - scend-ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all;

Set Thy seal on ev - ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A - men.

The Close of Worship

52 ABENDS L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873

1. AL-MIGHT-Y Fa-ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;
2. We praise Thee for the means of grace, Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.

O may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun-dant fruit.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here May all, at last, in heaven ap - pear. A - men.

Org. Anon.

53 L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
- J. Hart, 1762

54 SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. Hemy, 1865

1. AL-MIGHT-Y God, Thy word is cast Like seed in - to the ground;
O may it grow in hum-ble hearts, And right-eous fruits a - bound. A - men.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,

- But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Morning

55 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A - men.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask —
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble, 1827

56 ROSS 7s.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. As THE sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-ning all the morn - ing skies;
So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A - men.

2 Thou, by whom all things are fed,
Give us for the day our bread;
Strength unto our souls afford
From the Bread of heaven, O Lord.
3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;

While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.
4 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Anon. Tr. Earl Nelson, 1864

Morning

57 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6l.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. WHEN morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-men.

2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

58

MORNING HYMN L. M.

Morning

F. H. Barthélémon (1741-1808)

1. A - WAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

S. P. Warren, 1896

59

STEDMAN II, II, II, 5

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding, Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is
glowing; With fervent hearts, oh, let us all im-plore Him, Rul-er Al-might-y. A-men.

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us His salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace oh, grant us, Godhead ever-blessèd
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding.

Morning

60 MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. WHEN, stream-ing from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my darkness in-to day. A-men.

2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, 1813

BROWNELL L. M. 61.

(Second Tune.)

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. WHEN, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

Morning

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day. A - men.

61 KENT (Devonshire) L. M.

J. F. Lampe (1693—1751)

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve-ning new,

And morning mercies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Morning

62 RATISBON 7s. 6l.

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658

1. CHRIST, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740

63 KELSO 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ev' - ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;
Ev' - ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

Morning



For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin

And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailling prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863

BARMOUTH 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune.)

W. Macfarren, 1868



1. Ev'-ry morn-ing mer-cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;



Ev'-ry morn-ing let us pay Trib-ute with the ear-ly day;



For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure. A - men.

No Org. Ped. Ped.

Morning

64 WAKING 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him who made this
splen - dor See thou ren - der All thy fee-ble strength can pay. A-men.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1899 Tr. H. J. Buckoll, 1848

EDNA (Haydn) 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7 (Second Tune.)

Arr. fr. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the

Morning

earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him who made this

splen-dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

(Third Tune.)

STAINER 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7

J. Stainer, 1872

1. COME, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is break-ing O'er the earth an -

oth - - er day; Come, to Him who made this splen-dor

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

Morning

65 WARWICK C. M.

S. Stanley, 1800

1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye— A-men.

(Or to St. Fulbert, No. 125)

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. Watts, 1719

66 WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592

1. O God, be-fore the sun's bright beams All night's dark shad-ows fly; When on the soul Thy mer-cy gleams,

All doubts and ter - rors die. A - men.

(Or to St. Peter's, No. 166)

2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,
And guides in life and death.

3 O holy light! O light of God!
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know!

4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way;
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil
Whilst it is called to-day.

5 Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.

G. Philimore, 1862

Morning

67 BRACONDALE C. M.

J. Booth (1852—)

1. My soul, a - wake! thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light;

With song a - rise— glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 With courage drest, strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad;
Fearless and true, thy way pursue,
A happy child of God. | And thou shalt find, by faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart. |
| 3 Amid the strife of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet. | 5 Oh, blessed rest! With such a guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold, and, as of old,
The water turns to wine. |
| 4 In liberty of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part, | 6 Eternal praise to Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God, Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Emmanuel! |

J. E. Livock, 1880

68 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

T. Turton (1780—1864)

1. O FA - THER, hear my morn - ing prayer, Thy aid im - part to me,

That I may make my life to - day Ac - cep - ta - ble to Thee. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 May this desire my spirit rule,
And, as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die. | Some sin that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete. |
| 3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining victory meet, | 4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee. |

F. A. Percy

Morning

69

MORNING PRAISE IIS, IOS.

J. Stainer, 1872

1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the

sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are

fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee. A - men.

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confest.

Morning

70 BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. O LORD of life, Thy quick'ning voice A - wakes my morn-ing song;

In gladsome words I would re-joice That I to Thee be - long. A - men.

2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind;
Earth is Thy uttered word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.
3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee;

Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.
4 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labor done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

G. Macdonald, 1860

71 PRESBYTER L. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, (1805—1876)

1. O JE - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Thou brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face;

Thou fountain of e - ter-nal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night! A-men.

2 Come, holy sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.
4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;

May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
5 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

Morning

72 LITLINGTON TOWER L. M.

J. Barnby, 1862

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:

As in the dawn the shad-ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh. A - men.

- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart, 4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone [own;
 Fresh force to do our daily part; Canst make our darkened hearts thine
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore Though this new day with joy we see,
 A thousand-fold to serve Thee more. Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue, 5 Praise God, our Maker and our friend,
 Oft what we would we cannot do; Praise Him thro' time till time shall end,
 The sun may stand in zenith skies, Till psalm and song His name adore
 But on the soul thick midnight lies. Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave, 1867

73 WINDSOR 11s, 10s. Iambic

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the

Morning

the sweet



- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855

CULLINGWORTH 118, 108. (Second Tune.)

E. Moss.

1. STILL, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,

love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! A - men.

Morning

74 HINCHMAN 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

U. C. Burnap, 1869

1. LIGHT of light, en - light-en me! Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;
Sun of grace, the shad-ows flee; Bright-en Thou my Sab-bath morn-ing!
With Thy joy - ous sun-shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest. A - men.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who died'st to win me:
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Morning

75 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning

star, As that which calls me to.... Thy feet, The hour of prayer? A - men.

(Or to Riseholme, No. 833)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave. | What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind. |
| 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven. | 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away. |
| 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find, | 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. |

C. Elliott, 1834

LUX LUCIS 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7 (Second Tune)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. LIGHT of light, en-light-en me! Now a - new the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee;

Brighten thou my Sabbath morning! With thy joy and sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest. A - men.

Evening

76

HOPKINS (Twilight) O, 4, 6, 6

J. H. Hopkins, 1872

1. THE sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

18th Century Tr. E. Caswall, 1858

ST. COLUMBA 6, 4, 6, 6

(Second Tune.)

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. THE sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

Evening

77 STAINCLIFFE L. M.

R. W. Dixon, 1875

1. O LIGHT of life, O Sav-iour dear, Be-fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;

Thro' dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth-er hope but Thee. A - men.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall
Till psalm and song His name adore [end,
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave, 1865

78 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812

1. Now FROM the al-tar of my heart Let in-cense-flames a-rise;

As-sist me, Lord, to of-fer up Mine eve-ning sac-ri-fice. A - men.

2 Awake, my love! awake, my joy!
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

4 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require.
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

Evening

79 RADIANT MORN 8, 8, 8, 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872

1. THE ra-diant morn hath passed a-way And spent too soon her gold-en store; The shad-ows of de-

part-ing day Creep on once more. A-men.

(Or to St. Gabriel, No. 712)

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, 1864

TEMPLE 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4 (Third Tune)

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for toil hast

giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy

mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.

Evening

80

NUTFIELD 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for toil hast

giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy

mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

R. Heber, 1827, and R. Whateley, 1855

HARRIETTELE 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4 (Second Tune.)

H. G. B. Hunt, 1847—)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy

mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A - - men.

Evening

8I ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

A. H. Brown, 1862

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,

keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

2 The joys of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800 77. J. M. Neale, 1853

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 (Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

Evening

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,

keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

SPENCER 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 (Third Tune.)

A. H. Prentiss, 1896

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,

keep me in Thysight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

Evening

82 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. Barnby, 1861

1. As now the sun's de-clin-ing rays At e-ven-tide de-scend,

So life's brief day is sink-ing down To its ap-point-ed end. A-men.

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were
To draw Thy people nigh; [stretched
Oh, grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

C. Coffin, (1676-1749) Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

83 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THE hours of day are o-ver, The eve-ning calls us home;

Once more, to Thee, O Fa-ther, With thank-ful hearts we come.

For all Thy count-less bless-ings We praise Thy ho-ly name,

Evening

And own Thy love un - chang - ing, Thro' days and years the same. A - men.

2 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

J. Ellerton, 1871

4 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

T. Tallis, 1565

1. ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;

† At this note the Tenor takes up the melody of the Soprano.

Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings. A - men.

1 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

Evening

85 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)



1. Our day of praise is done, The eve-ning shad-ows fall;



But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,

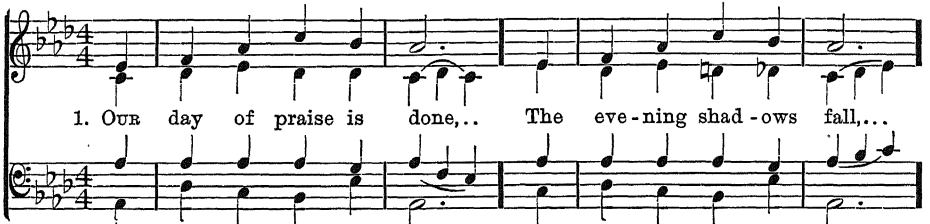
- We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton, 1867

GARDEN CITY S. M.

(Second Tune.)

H. W. Parker



1. Our day of praise is done,... The eve-ning shad-ows fall,...



But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - - men.

Evening

86 BALCOM L. M.

T. E. Aylward (1844—)

1. THE bright'ning dawn and voice-ful day Thy lov-ing-kind-ness, Lord, pro-claim; And

night, with its sub-lime ar-ray Of star-ry worlds, doth praise Thy name. A - men.

2 Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.

3 O holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power;

4 For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,

Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.

5 Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour;
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

6 In grief, console; in gladness, bless;
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
We all before Thy throne appear.

W. H. Burleigh, 1844

ST. IGNATIUS S. M. (Third Tune.)

J. Barnby, 1869

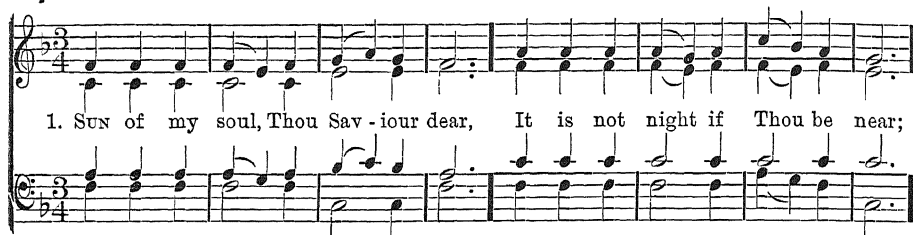
1. OUR day of praise is done, The eve-ning shad-ows fall; But

pass not from us with the sun, True light that light-est all. A - men.

Evening

87 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861



1. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

(Or to Maryton, No. 228)

J. Keble, 1820

KEBLE (Streatham) L. M. (Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1875



1. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.

Evening

88

ANGELUS L. M.

G. Josephi, 1657

1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! A-men.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 Oh, Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells, 1868

89

ABENDS L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873

1. GREAT God who know-est each man's need, Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep;
2. We thank Thee for the day that's done, We trust Thee for the days to be;

Forgive our sins of thought and deed, And in Thy peace Thy ser-vants keep.
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son—Oh, may we all His glo-ry see. A-men.

Org.

Evening

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847

BATTLE 105.

(Second Tune.)

R. Battell, 1882

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

Evening

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) 10s. (Third Tune.) A. H. D. Troyte (1811—1857)

A - men.

91 REDHEAD, 47 7s.

R. Redhead, 1852

1. God the Fa - ther, be Thou near, Save from ev - 'ry harm to - night;
Make us all Thy chil - dren dear, In the dark - ness be our light. A - men.

- 2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.
- 3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;

- In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Turn our darkness into light.
- 4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,
Mystery of love ador'd;
Help to live and help to die;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

Evening

92 NACHTLIED 108. 61.

H. Smart, 1872

1. THE day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

O brightness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

Where Thou art pres - ent, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth, 1863

Evening

EVENSONG ros. 61.

(Second Tune)

W. B. Gilbert, 1876

1. THE day is gen-ty sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the sun-light glows:

O bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

Where Thou art present, dark-ness cannot be; Mid-night is glo-ri-ous noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-men.

SUNDOWN ros. 61.

(Third Tune)

J. H. Gower, 1890

p Voices in Unison.

1. THE day is gen-ty sink-ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

Voices in Harmony.

O bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

p Unison.

cres.

Harmony. *f*

Where Thou art present, dark-ness can-not be; Mid-night is glo-ri-ous noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

Evening

93 ST. LEONARD C. M. 81.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. THE shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

- Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

Evening

94 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now THE day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing night;.....

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - men.
Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky;

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

- Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

BARD 6s, 5s.

(Second Tune)

W. H. Aylward, 1869

1. Now THE day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing night;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - men.

Evening

95 VESPERI LUX 7, 7, 7, 5

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;

Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day.... Light at eve - ning - time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

(Or to Vesper, opposite)

R. H. Robinson, 1869

96 CAPETOWN 7, 7, 7, 5

F. Filitz (1804—1876)

1. THREE in One, and One in Three, Rul - er of the earth and sea,

Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm. A - men.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter, we
Hope to bear the palm.

Evening

97 BARNBY 7, 7, 7, 5

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. WHEN the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,

Fa - ther, grant Thy wea - ried one Rest for ev - er - more! A - men.

- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!
- 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,

- Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton, 1871

98 VESPER 7, 7, 7, 5

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. JE - sus, Shep - herd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa - ther's flock dost keep,

Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guard - ed still by Thee. A - men.

- 2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak, we hear, at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.
- 3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

- 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free,
- 5 We in robes of glory drest
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

H. Cook, 1868

Evening

99 WARREN 8s, 7s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. HEAR our pray'r, O Heav-nly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-men.

Major—last verse, or all, at option.

5. Par-don all our past trans-gres-sions, Give us strength for days to come;

Guide and guard us with Thy bless-ing, Till Thine an-gels bear us home. A-men.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing.
Till Thine angels bear us home.

Evening

100 NIGHTFALL 11, 11, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield.. us. A - men.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

Evening

IOI HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

S. Webbe (1740—1816)



1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
2. Pil - grims here on earth and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose,



Je - sus, Thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last. A - men.

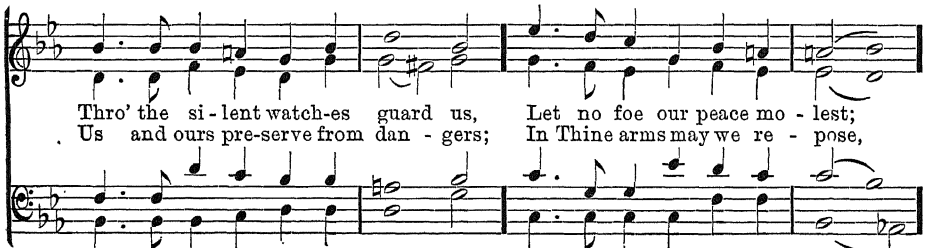
T. Kelly, 1806

GUNTHER 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 (Second Tune)

J. Barnby, 1872



1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose,

Evening

Je - sus, Thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last. A - men.

102 ARTAVIA 10, 10, 10, 6

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. THE day is end - ed. Ere I sink to sleep, My wea - ry

spir - it seeks re - pose in Thine. Fa - ther, for - give my tres - pass -

es and keep This lit - tle life of mine. A - men.

2 With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

Evening

103 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. A - GAIN, as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;

And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release, Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Here find the rest of God's own peace; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer, Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. Longfellow, 1839

104 ST. NICHOLAS 10, 6s

C. C. Scholefield (1839—)

1. O BRIGHTNESS of th'im-mor-tal Fa-ther's face, Most ho - ly, heav'n-ly, blest,

Lord Je-sus Christ, in whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex-pressed. A - men.

2 The sun is sinking now and one by one The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son, O And Holy Ghost divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive Our hallowed praises, Lord.
Son of God, be Thou, in whom we live, Through all the world adored.

Evening

I05 DEVOTION 8s.

J. A. Johnson, 1846

1. IN - SPIR - ER and hear - er of prayer, Thou shep - herd and guardian of Thine,

My all to Thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep - ing or wak - ing, re - sign. A - men.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

A. M. Toplady, 1774

INSPIRER 8s.

(Second Tune)

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. IN - SPIR - ER and hear - er of prayer, Thou shep - herd and guar - dian of Thine,

My all to Thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep - ing or wak - ing, re - sign. A - men.

Evening

106 VESPER HYMN 8s, 7s. 81.

D. S. Bortniansky (1751—1825)

1. Sav-our, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re-pose our spir-its seal.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee,

Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be. A-men.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
 Humbly we ourselves resign;
 Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
 Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
 Chase the darkness of our night,
 Till the perfect day before us
 Breaks in everlasting light.

Evening

GLOUCESTER 8s, 7s. 81. (Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley

1. { SAV - IOUR, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.
 Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. } A - men.

(Or to Salvator, No. 4)

STOCKWELL 8s, 7s. 81. (Third Tune)

D. E. Jones, 1847

1. { SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.
 Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. } A - men.

Evening

107 AUBER 8s, 7s. 81.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. VAIN-LY thro' night's wea-ry hours, Keep we watch, lest foes a-larm;

Vain our bulwarks, and our tow-ers, But for God's pro-TECT-ing arm.

Vain were all our toil and la-bor, Did not God that la-bor bless;

Vain, with-out His grace and fa-vor, Ev-ery ta-lent we pos-sess A-men.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
Which on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

Seek we, then, the Lord's anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

H. Auber, 1829

108 DULCE 7s.

(First Tune)

J. Barnby, 1880

1. SOFT-LY now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way;

Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-men.

Evening

CENTURY 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

S. P. Warren, 1896

Expressively.

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin. A - men.

SEYMOUR 7s.

(Third Tune.)

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

- Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Evening

109

EVENING HOUR 7s. 10l.

S. P. Warren, 1896

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1. FA-ther, by Thy love and power Comes a - gain the eve - ning hour;

Light has van - ished, la - bors cease, Wea - ry crea - tures rest in peace.

Thou, whose ge - nial dew's dis - til On the low - liest weed that grows,

Fa - ther, guard our couch from ill, Lull Thy chil - dren to re - pose.

We to Thee our - selves re - sign; Let our lat - est thoughts be Thine. A - men.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer.
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried,
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view:
Blessèd Saviour, yet, through Thee,
Grant that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm
Fall on us in evening's calm.
Yet a while, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Softly, strengthen, comfort, still.

Evening

4 Blessed Trinity, be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou more clearly present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Watch o'er our defenceless heads;
Let Thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our beds.
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

J. Anstice, 1836

IIO CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. GREAT God, to Thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise;

Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A-men.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart, 5
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

A. Steele, 1760

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

(Second Tune.)

E. Miller (1731-1807)

1. GREAT God, to Thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise;

Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A-men.

Evening

III VESPERTINE S. M.

H. Smart, 1877

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near. A - men.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here posset.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

J. Leland, 1792, 18.

II2 EMMAUS (Neale) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1862

1. The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest;

Our heart's de - sires are ful - ly bent On mak - ing Thee our guest. A - men.

(Or to St. Ignatius, No. 85)

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;

O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

J. M. Neale, 1842

The Lord's Day

113 GRANGE 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—)

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! fair-est morn - ing, Fair - er than our words can say!

Down we lay the heav - y bur - den Of life's toil and care to - day;

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A - men.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory,
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon the world of darkness
From thy blesséd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray:
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That, at last, Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

The Lord's Day

114 ROSWELL 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain—6, 6, 8, 4 A. Cottman (1842—1879)

1. A - GAIN the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here; And
earth it - self looks fair - er, And heaven it - self more near. The bells, like an - gel
voic - es, Speak peace to ev - ery breast; And all the land lies qui - et To
Refrain. His chil - dren
keep the day of rest.... Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all His chil - dren
say: Let all His
chil - dren say:
say: He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this glad day! A - men.
chil - dren say:

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
if Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.—*Ref.*

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.—*Ref.*

The Lord's Day

4 The Church on earth rejoices

To join with these to-day;

In every tongue and nation

She calls her sons to pray;

Across the northern snow-fields,

Beneath the Indian palms,

She makes the same pure offering,

And sings the same sweet psalms.—*Ref.*

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises;

Sing, children, sing His name!

Still louder and still further

His mighty deeds proclaim,

Till all whom He redeemèd

Shall own Him Lord and King,

Till every knee shall worship

And every tongue shall sing.—*Ref.*

J. Ellerton, 1886

II5

PAX DEI 108.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. A - GAIN re - turns the day of ho - ly... rest...

Which; when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blessed;

When, like His own, He... bade our la - bors cease,

And... all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace. A - men.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day

To learn His will, and all we learn obey;

So shall He hear, when fervently we raise

Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,

Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,

In life our guardian and in death our Friend,

Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

The Lord's Day

II16

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Walch, 1875

1. THE dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,

As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
Oh, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence
His blessed name adore.
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

The Lord's Day

6 So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;

When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer!
Most Holy Trinity!

A. C. Cross, v. 4, l. 3 *alt.* *Ab.* 1856

II7 CHENIES 7s, 6s. 8l.

T. R. Matthews, 1855

1. THINE ho - ly day's re - turn - ing Our hearts ex - ult to see,

And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.

To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thoughts from earth with - draw;

We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law. A - men.

(Or to Munich, No. 367 Or to St. George's, Bolton, opposite)

2 We join to sing Thy praises,
God of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing,
Oh, fill us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

R. Palmer, 1834

The Lord's Day

II8 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. W. Elliott, (1833—)

1. O DAY of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Unison. Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! *Harmony.* To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

- 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

The Lord's Day

GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby, 1869

1. O DAY of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, On thee the high and low - ly, Through a-ges
joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. 8l. (Third Tune) German Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1839

1. { O DAY of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee the high and lowly, { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beautiful, most bright, }
Thro' a-ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

(Or to Dies Dominica, No. 367 Or to Rotterdam, No. 290 Or to Gladness [No. 2], No. 269)

The Lord's Day

II9 BROCKHAM L. M.

J. Clarke, 1700

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;

To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A - men.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

(Or to Germany.)

I. Watts, 1719

I20 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. LORD of the Sab-bath, hear us pray, In this Thy house, on this Thy day;

And own, as grate-ful sac - ri - fice, The songs which from Thy temple rise. A - men.

2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But look for truer rest above;

To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free.
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

The Lord's Day

5 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes,
And let the world's true sun arise!

P. Doddridge, 1757 Alt. Cotterill's Sel., 1819

121 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. W. H. Havergal, 1849

1. This is the day of light. Let there be light to-day:
O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a-way. A-men.

2 This is the day of rest.
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
3 This is the day of peace.
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer.
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
5 This is the first of days.
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death!

J. Ellerton, 1867

DOMENICA (St. Domenica) S. M. (Second Tune.)

H. S. Oakeley, 1874

1. This is the day of light. Let there be light to-day:
O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a-way. A-men.

I22 SOHO C. M.

The Lord's Day

J. Barnby, 1872

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;

Let heav'n re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A - men.

(Or to St. John's College, No. 513)

- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts, 1719

I23 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812

1. BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;...

The laborer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise. A - men.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;

- And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. Mason, 1683

The Lord's Day

I24 ST. STEPHEN (Nayland) C. M.

W. Jones, 1789

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God hath called His own;

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne. A - men.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber, 1833

I25 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. A - RISE, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest!

Lo, Thy church waits with long-ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest. A - men.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts, 1719

The Lord's Day

I26

ST. GEORGE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. HAIL to the Sab - bath day, The day di - vine - ly giv'n, When
men to God their hom - age pay, And earth draws near to heav'n! A - men.

- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch, 1832

I27

BARNES S. M.

F. E. L. Barnes, 1875

1. WEL - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel -
come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - - men.

- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been

- Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I28

FERNshaw C. M.

The Lord's Day

J. Booth (1852—)

1. My Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied, He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweet-ness of His rest He makes His ser - vants share. A - men.

- 2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Who in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.
- 3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.
- 4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;

- But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!
- 5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.
- 6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

J. Mason, 1683

I29

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. Booth (1852—)

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing, To
praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grate - ful of-f'rings bring. A - men.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
- With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

The Lord's Day

I30 VERONA 7s. 6l.

J. H. Deane

1. SAFE-LY through an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek,
Wait-ing in His courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest! A-men.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand,
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

4 As we come Thy name to praise
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above.

J. Newton, 1779

SABBATH 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

L. Mason, 1824

1. { SAFELY thro' an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way; } Waiting in His courts to-day: Day of
all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest! Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest! A-men.

The Lord's Day

131 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. AN - OTH - ER six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

(Or to Ernan, No. 57c)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know! | Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains. |
| 3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest, | 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end. |

J. Stennett, 1712

SHEPHERD'S 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

J. H. Sheppard

1. SAFE - LY thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:

Day of all the week the best, Em - ble of e - ter - nal rest! A - men.

The Lord's Day

I32 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



1. This day at Thy cre - at - ing word First o'er the earth the light was poured:



O Lord, this day up - on us shine, And fill our souls with light di-vine. A - men.

- 2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.
3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:

- O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

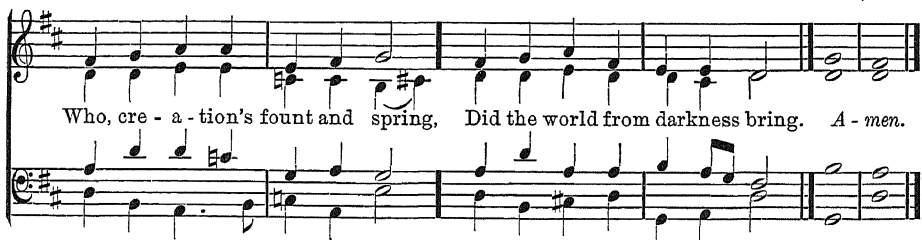
W. W. How, 1854

I33 LÜBECK 7s.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705



1. On this day, the first of days, God the Fa - ther's name we praise,



Who, cre - a - tion's fount and spring, Did the world from darkness bring. A - men.

- 2 On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.
3 Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light!

- 4 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.
5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee,
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

Tr. H. W. Baker, 1861

The Lord's Day

I34 WREFORD 8, 6, 8, 4

E. S. Carter, 1874

1. HAIL! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me. A - men.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine

Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring, 1898, 45.

I35 WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp, 1738

1. HOW PLEAS - ANT, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!

With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of Thy saints. A - men.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate; [road
God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

I. Watts, 1719

The Lord's Day

I36 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. A - WAKE, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In lof - tiest
songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that
God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,

Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!

E. Scott, 1756 T. Cotterill, 1810

I37 LISCHER 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arr. fr. F. J. C. Schneider, by L. Mason, 1841

1. { WEL - COME, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;
I hail thy kind re - turn: Lord, make these mo - ments blest. }

The Lord's Day

From the low train of mor-tal toys I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys,
 I soar.... to reach im-mor-tal joys. A-men.

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
 (Or to Croft's 148th, No. 398 Or to Bevan, opposite)

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Coll., 1806

I38 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. A-GAIN the Lord's own day is here, The day to Chris-tian peo-ple dear,
 As, week by week, it bids them tell How Je-sus rose from death and hell. A-men.

2 For by His flock their Lord declared
 His resurrection should be shared;
 And we who trust in Him to save
 With Him are risen from the grave.
 3 We, one and all, of Him possessed,
 Are with exceeding treasures blessed;
 For all He did, and all He bare,
 He gives us as our own to share.

4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
 A blessed immortality,
 True peace and gladness, and a throne,
 Are all His gifts, and all our own.
 5 And therefore unto Thee we sing,
 O Lord of peace, eternal King;
 Thy love we praise, Thy name adore,
 Both on this day and evermore.

The Holy Trinity

I39 ST. ATHANASIUS 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heavens and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

(Or to Ratisbon, No. 62 Or to Shepherd's, No. 130)

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

The Holy Trinity

140 CHERUBIM 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

G. F. LeJeune (1842—)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

1. HARK! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing.

Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,

Fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord, — Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

- 2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.
- 4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

The Holy Trinity

I4I HONITON 7s. 81.

E. Flood, 1845

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts! when heav'n and earth,

Out of dark - ness, at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,

While they sang, with one ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore:
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

The Holy Trinity

I42 WATTS 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. S. B. Hodges (1830—)

1. We give im-mor-tal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And all our

hopes a - bove: He sent His own E - ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

(Or to Croft's 148th, No. 398 Or to St. Godric, No. 635)

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

I. Watts, 1709

HADDAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

Arr. L. Mason, 1822

1. { We give im-mor-tal praise To God the Fa-ther's love, } And all our hopes a - bove: He

sent His own E - ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

The Holy Trinity

143 GROSTETTE L. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. O HO-LY, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
For-ev-er be Thy name a-dored, Thy glo-ries let the world pro-claim. A-men.

(Or to Rivaulx, below Or to Winchester, New, No. 249)

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,

- Thou source of ecstasy and love, [heaven.
Thy praises ring through earth and
- 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. Eastburn, 1815

144 RIVAULX L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. FA-THER of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,
Be-fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend. A-men.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

- Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

The Holy Trinity

I45 SPARK L. M.

W. Spark (1825—)

1. E - TER - NAL Fa - ther, when to Thee, Be - yond all worlds by faith I soar,

Be - fore Thy bound - less maj - es - ty I stand in si - lence, and a - dore. A - men.

(Or to Rivaulx, opposite)

2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.

Thou art my friend, my daily guide,
God over all, yet God with me.

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day:

The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

H. D. Ganse, 1872

I46 WEARMOUTH 8, 8, 8

C. Steggall (1826—)

1. O God of life, whose pow'r be - nign Doth o'er the world in

mer - cy shine, Ac - cept our praise, for we are Thine. A - men.

2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy, Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

God the Father

I47 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:

- For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton, 1623

I48 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. O LORD, how good, how great art Thou, In heav'n and earth the same:
There an-gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro-claim. A-men.

- 2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
Oh, what is man, I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee.
- 3 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod;

- And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.
- 4 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same:
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

God the Father

I49 INNOCENT'S 7s.

Old French melody

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang

When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A - men.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

J. Montgomery, 1819

VIENNA 7s.

(Second Tune.)

J. H. Knecht, 1797

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang

When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A - men.

God the Father

150

BROOKFIELD L. M.

T. B. Southgate (1814—1868)

1. O LOVE of God, how strong and true, E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new,

Un-com-pre-hend-ed and unbought, Beyond all knowledge and all thought. A - men.

2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort and to bless.

3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

4 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,

Sent by the Father from on high
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

6 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

H. Bonar, 1864

151

KESTON (Lythe) 8s, 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love. A - men.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

God the Father

152 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. O KING of earth, and air, and sea, The hun-gry ra - vens cry to Thee;

To Thee the sea - ly tribes that sweep The bo - som of the bound-less deep;

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

To Thee the li - ons roar - ing call, — The com - mon Fa - ther, kind to all:

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray, Our dai - ly bread from day to day. A - men.

2 The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine.
Thy bounteous Hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And oh, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our Heavenly Home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live,
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

God the Father

I53 BOWEN L. M.

Fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. LORD of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

(Or to Luton, No. 20)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> <p>3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.</p> | <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.</p> <p>5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.</p> |
|--|--|

(Or to Sheltering Wing, No. 429)

O. W. Holmes, 1848

I54 WILTSHIRE C. M.

(Or to Downs, No. 28)

G. T. Smart, 1833

1. THROUGH all the chang - ing scenes of life, In troub - le and in joy.
The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.</p> <p>3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.</p> | <p>4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.</p> <p>5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.</p> |
|---|--|

God the Father

I55 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848

1. LORD! Thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine eye com-mands, with pierc-ing view,

My ris-ing, and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs. A-men.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. Watts, 1719

I56 KIDLINGTON L. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1868

1. Lo! God is here: let us a-dore, And own how dread-ful is this place;

Let all with-in us feel His power, And hum-bly bow be-fore His face. A-men.

2 Lo! God is here, whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
The host of heaven their anthems raise.

3 Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;

Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

God the Father

I57 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, re-joice:

From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord om-nip-o-tent is King!" A-men.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,

Then may His children cease to sing
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Thro' earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

J. Conder, 1824

I58 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. KING-DOMS and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song;

His won-drous names and pow'rs re-hearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse. A-men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

God the father

I59 THANKSGIVING 7s. 81.

W. B. Gilbert, 1865

1. { PRAISE the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with-in His courts be - low, {
An - gels round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love. }

Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more. A - men.

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for men hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

NORFOLK L. M.

(Second Tune)

S. Howard (1710—1782)

1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye nations, in your song; His

wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse. A - men.

God the father

160 TEMPLE COURT L. M. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky

And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,

And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand. A - men.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

God the Father

CREATION L. M. 81.

(Second Tune.)

Air. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

The first system of musical notation for the song 'God the Father'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -' are written below the treble staff.

the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their' are written below the treble staff.

great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,' are written below the treble staff.

Does his... Cre-a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish-es.... to

Ped.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Does his... Cre-a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish-es.... to' are written below the treble staff. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present below the bass staff, indicating a sustained bass line.

ev - ery land The work of an.... al-might - y hand. A - men.

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'ev - ery land The work of an.... al-might - y hand. A - men.' are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

God the Father

161 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 8s, 7s. 81.

J. B. Powell, 1885

1. PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
Laws which nev - er shall be brok - en For their guid - ance He hath made. A - men.

(Or to Austria, No. 632)

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Foundling Chapel Coll., 1756

Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise:
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. Fawcett, 1767

162 8s, 7s. 81.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

God the Father

163 BETHANY (Smart) 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1867

1. SOULS of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?

Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er at His feet? A - men.

(Or to Chamouni, No. 661)

- 2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

- But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
- 4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

God the Father

164 WINCHESTER, OLD C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592

1. WHEN all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there. | And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew. |
| 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy. | 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore. |
| 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue; | 6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise! |

J. Addison, 1712

165 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro-claim,
And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly name. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind. | His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate. |
| 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait; | 4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He heals all thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death. |

God the Father

5 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace has made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

J. Montgomery, 1819

166

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled,

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
3 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see.
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. Williams, 1786

GIFT C. M.

(Second Tune.)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled,

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

I67

FARRANT C. M.

God the Father

R. Farrant (1530—1580)

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,

And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break

In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence

He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,

Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,

But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,

And scan His work in vain:

God is His own interpreter,

And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

I68

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. GREAT God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow And pay their praise to Thee. A - men.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,

Ere seas or stars were made:

Thou art the ever-living God,

Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,

Stands present in Thy view;

To Thee there's nothing old appears—

Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,

And vexed with trifling cares;

While Thine eternal thought moves on

Thine undisturbed affairs.

169

MANOAH C. M.

God the Father

Authorship uncertain

1. BE - GIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing,

The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - men.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;

Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

I. Watts, 1707

170

ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894

1. O God, we praise Thee, and con - fess That Thou the on - ly Lord

And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored. A - men.

2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

3 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,

6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

God the Father

I71

WESTMINSTER

C. M.

J. Turle, 1843

1. My God how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy Ma-jes-ty how bright;

How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light. A-men.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

F. W. Faber, 1849

I72

ST. ANNE

C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home! A-men.

(Or to Irish, No. 588 Or to Westminster, above)

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

God the Father

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts, 1719

I73 HONITON 7s. 8l.

E. Flood, 1845

1. God e - ter - nal, might-y King, Un - to Thee our praise we bring ;

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee; We a - mid the throng would be.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! cry An - gels round Thy throne on high:

Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud an - them ours. A - men.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise:
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear!
God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

God the Father

I74 ANGELICUM C. M. 81.

A. Stella, 1870

1. I SING th'al-might-y pow'r of God, That made the mount-ains rise,

That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies.

2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at His com-mand, And all the stars o-bey. A-men.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

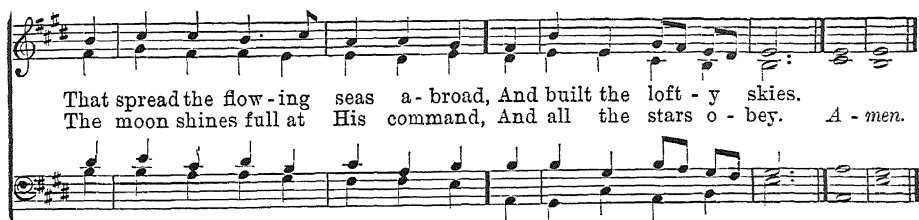
I. Watts, 1715

SURSUM CORDA C. M. (Second Tune.)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1748

1. I sing th'al-might-y pow'r of God, That made the mount-ains rise,
2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;


God the Father



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.
The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o - bey. *A - men.*

I75 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1867



1. God the Lord a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;



God hath'robed Him, and He reign-eth, He hath gird-ed Him with might.



Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! God is King in depth and height. *A - men.*

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God, who reigns on Heaven's high steep.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

God the Father.

I76 LEONI 6, 6, 8, 4 81.

Hebrew

1. THE God of A - brah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:

Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fest;

I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A - men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious, with His saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

God the Father

I77 GARFIRTH 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;...

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

(Or to Pearsall, No. 790 Or to Gladness [No. 2], No. 269)

- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
And unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

- On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Jesus Christ the Son

I78

VENI EMMANUEL L. M. 61.

Ancient Plain Song

1. Oh come, oh come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el,

That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el. A-men.

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and
cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of
might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

CAREY'S L. M. 61.

(Second Tune)

H. Carey, 1723

1. Oh come, oh come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el,

Advent



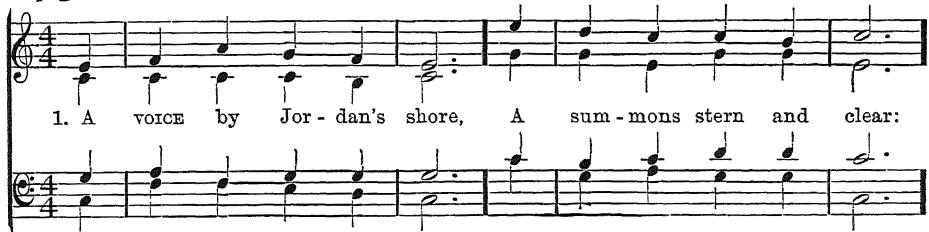
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.



Re-joice! re-joice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el. A-men.

I 79 ST. GEORGE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848



1. A voice by Jor - dan's shore, A sum - mons stern and clear:



"Re-form; be just, and sin no more: God's judg-ment draw-eth near!" A - men.

- 2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see
God's mercy draweth near!"
- 3 O voice of duty, still
Speak forth: I hear with awe;

- In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.
- 4 Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

Jesus Christ the Son

I80 STUTTGART 8s, 7s.

"Psalmody Sacra," Gotha, 1715

1. COME, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A - men.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king,

- Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley, 1744

I81 ST. EANSWYTH 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia

J. S. Sidebotham (1830—)

1. BLESS - ED night, when Beth-lehem's plain Ech - oed with the joy - ful strain,

"Peace has come to earth a - gain." Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

- 2 Blessed hills that heard the song
Of that glorious angel throng
Swelling all our slopes along.
Alleluia!

- 3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia!

- 4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,

Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

- 5 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring,
Alleluia!

- 6 Blessed Babe of Bethlehem.
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim and wear the radiant gem.
Alleluia!

Nativity

182

MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. BRIGHT and joy - ful is the morn, For to us a child is born;
From the high-est realms of heaven, Un - to us a son is given. A - men.

2 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
3 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet:

From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.
4 Glory be to God on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Montgomery, 1825

183

GLEBE 7s.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. HAIL, all hail the joy - ful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That "to us a child is born," That "to us a son is given." A - men.

2 Angels bending from the sky,
Chanted at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, good-will to man on earth."
3 Him prophetic strains proclaim
King of kings, the incarnate Word;

Great and wonderful His name,
Prince of Peace, the mighty God,
4 Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

H. Auber, 1829

Jesus Christ the Son

184 GLAD TIDINGS II, II, 12, II With Refrain

J. Goss (1800—1880)

Refrain.

Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -

Verse.

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

Son of the High - est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in

Repeat Refrain.

glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, Here reigns up - on earth. A - men.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

Nativity

AVISON II, II, 12, II With Refrain (Second Tune)

C. Avison (1710—1770)

Refrain.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

High - est, how low - ly His birth; The bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He

Repeat 1st Refrain.

After last verse.

stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;...

Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.


Jesus Christ the Son

185 PORTUGUESE HYMN P. M. Irregular

J. Reading, 1692




1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phane, Oh come ye, oh
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab-
 3. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing, Je-sus, to



come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of
 hors not the Vir-gin's womb; Ver-y God, Be-got-ten, not cre-
 ci-ti-zens of heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God In the
 Thee be glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-

After each verse.



An-gels;
 at-ed;
 high-est;
 pear-ing; } Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Oh come, let us a-dore Him,



Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-men.

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

Nativity

186

ADESTE FIDELES 6s, 5s. With Refrain

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umph-ant-ly sing; Come, see in the

man-ger The an-gels' dread King; To Beth-le-hem hast-en With

joy-ful ac-cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come

hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord. A-men.

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh come, let us hasten,
Oh come, let us hasten,
Oh come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. E. Caswall

(The tune on the preceding page may be used, if preferred)

Jesus Christ the Son

I87 MENDELSSOHN 7s. 81. Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by W. H. Cummings, 1855



1. HARK! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-men.

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Nativity

HERALD ANGELS 7s. 81. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

1. HARK! the her - ald an - gels sing.. "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A - men.

I 88 (MENDELSSOHN) 7s. 81.

- 1 He has come, the Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come, the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with His light,
All the shadows of our night.
- 2 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.

- He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.
- 3 Unto us a child is born;
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Out of all the morns of time
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a son is given;
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Jesus Christ the Son

I89 DEBENHAM (Old 120th) 8s, 7s. 81.

R. Redhead (1820—)

1. { HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic-es, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

Lo th'an-gel-ic host re - joic-es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.
"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry! be to God most high!" } A - men.

(Or to Austria, No. 632 Or to Bethany, No. 760)

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most High!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

J. Cawood, 1819

BEMINSTER 8s, 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

Bristol Collection

1. { HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic-es, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re - joic-es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.
"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!" } A - men.

Nativity

190 YORKSHIRE 10s. 6l.

J. Wainwright, 1760

1. CHRIS-TIANS, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the
 Sav-iour of man-kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love,
 Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
 ti - dings first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son. A - men.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth:
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
 To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
 And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
 Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
 Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
 The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Jesus Christ the Son

191 WEIMAR L. M.

C. P. E. Bach, 1784

1. ALL praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a-lone. A-men.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest:
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

1st. v. Ancient Requiem; others, Martin Luther, 1523

INCARNATION L. M.

(Second Tune)

Arr. by W. H. Walter (1825—1893)

1. ALL praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choos-ing a manger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine alone. A-men.

Nativity

192 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 61.

H. Smart, 1867

1. AN-GELS, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang cre-

a-tion's sto-ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth; Come and worship, Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery, 1819

WILDERSMOUTH 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune)

E. J. Hopkins, 1879

1. AN-GELS, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye, who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A - - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

193 PRINCE OF PEACE C. M. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,.... From

an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-

poco rall. will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King;... *tempo.* The world in sol-enn

stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing, To hear the an-gels sing. A-men.

To hear..... the an-gels sing

(Or to Stuyvesant, No. 197 Or to Carol, No. 197)

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come, Look now! for glad and golden hours
With peaceful wings unfurled, Come swiftly on the wing;
And still their heavenly music, rest beside the weary road,
O'er all the weary world; And hear the angels sing.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load, When peace shall over all the earth
Whose forms are bending low, Its ancient splendors fling,
Who toil along the climbing way And the whole world send back the song
With painful steps and slow, Which now the angels sing.
- 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Nativity

194 CALM C. M. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. CALM on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,

Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;

And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A-men.

(Or to Carol, No. 197)

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Jesus Christ the Son

I95 BONN 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. ALL my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est

an - gel - voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev - 'ry-where

Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you
Brethren, come! from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

ALL THIS NIGHT 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6 (Second Tune.)

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. ALL my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet-est an - gel - voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,

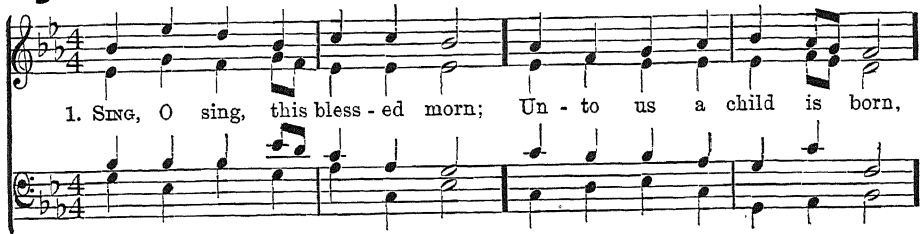
Nativity



Till the air ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

196 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813—1879)



1. SING, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a child is born,



Un - to us a Son is giv'n, God Him - self comes down from heav'n;



Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - men.

2 God of God, and Light of light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, etc.

Jesus Christ the Son

I97 CAROL C. M. 81.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;

"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind. A - men.

(Or to Flensburg, No. 231 Or to Christmas, No. 552)

This is the original setting

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nativity

STUYVESANT C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

W. B. Gilbert (1829—)

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A-men.

NOEL C. M.

(Third Tune)

Arr. Arthur Sullivan

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

198 LÜTZEN C. M.

N. Hermann, 1554

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.

(Or to Chesterfield, No. 487)

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns: He comes to make His blessings flow
 Let men their songs employ, Far as the curse is found.
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, The glories of His righteousness,
 No thorns infest the ground; And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

ANTIOCH C. M.

(Second Tune) Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by L. Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.
 And heav'n and nature sing,.....
 And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

Nativity

199 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour promised long;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare a throne And ev-ery voice a song. A-men.

- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him-burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge, 1735

200 ST. LUKE (New) C. M.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. AS SHAD-OWS cast by cloud and sun Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,

So, in thy sight, al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a-tions pass. A-men.

- 2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.
- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;

- And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet
- 4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light!

Jesus Christ the Son

201 BETHLEHEM P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. O LIT - TLE town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!...

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Nativity

ST. LOUIS P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6 (Second Tune)

L. H. Redner, 1868

1. O LITTLE town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last-ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

MASSACHUSETTS P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6 (Third Tune)

U. C. Burnap, 1896

1. O LIT-TLE town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev - er - last-ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

202 VENI, DOMINE JESU 10, 8, 10, 8, with Refrain, 8, 8 (Irregular) J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown When Thou camest to earth for me;

But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.

Refrain.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee! A - men.

(Second Tune)

MARGARET 10, 8, 10, 8, with Refrain, 8, 8 (Irregular)

T. R. Matthews (1826—)

1. THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,

Nativity



- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
 And in great humility.
 Oh, come, etc.
- 3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
 That should set Thy people free;
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary.
 Oh, come, etc.
- 4 When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing,
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
 There is room at My side for Thee."
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

203 ROCHE ABBEY C. M.

T. W. Staniforth



- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 The everlasting Lord,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The God by all adored.
- 3 His righteous government and power
 Shall over all extend;
- On judgment and on justice based,
 His reign shall have no end.
- 4 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
 And make us Thine alone,
 Who with the Father ever art
 And Holy Spirit, one.

Jesus Christ the Son

204 IRBY 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. ONCE in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Nativity

205 CORDE NATUS 8, 7, 8, 7 8, 7, 7,

H. Smart (1813-1879)

1. Or the Fa - ther's Love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be -

gan to be, He the Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the

end - ing He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture

years shall see, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more! A - men!

Org.

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of while ages ran,
Whom the faithful word of prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him every child of man,
Evermore and evermore.

3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens,
Praise Him, angels in the height;
All dominions bow before Him
And exalt His wondrous might.
Let no tongue of man be silent;
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing,
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering.
Let their guileless songs re-echo
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, might, dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

Jesus Christ the Son

206

FRANKSCOT 7s. 6s 8l.

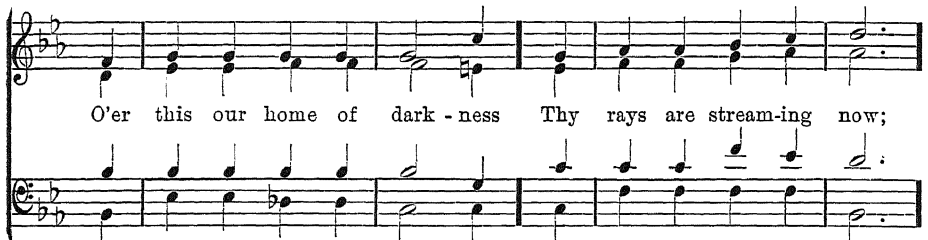
J. Barnby (1838-1896)



1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,



The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light,



O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;



The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee; The world's true Light art Thou. A - men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

Epiphany

WESTWOOD 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune.)

R. H. McCartney

1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright - ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream - ing now;

The shad - ows flee be - fore Thee; The world's true Light art Thou. A - men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

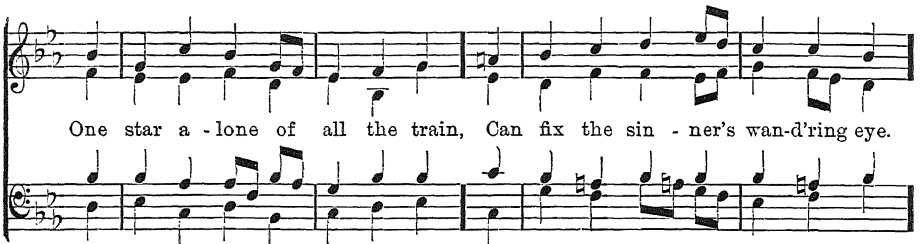
Jesus Christ the Son

207 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872



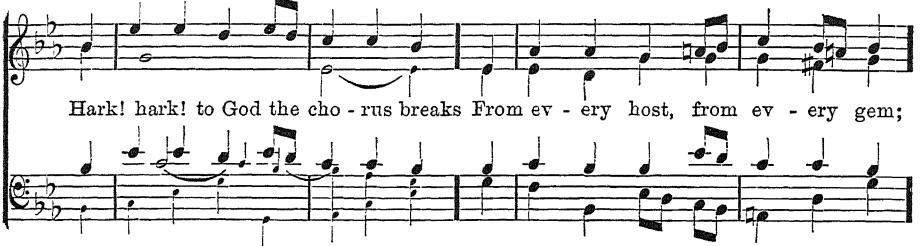
1. WHEN, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be - stud the sky,



One star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wan-d'ring eye.

Voices in Unison.

In Harmony.



Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem;

Voices in Unison.

In Harmony.



But one a - lone the Saviour speaks,—It is the Star of Beth - le - hem. A - men.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Epiphany

208 STAR L. M.

E. G. Monk (1819—1900)

1. WHAT star is this, with beams so bright, Which shame the sun's less

ra - dant light? It shines t'an - nounce a new - born King, Glad ti - dings

of our God to bring. A - men.

3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay,
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way;
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
They leave at once, at God's high call,

2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And lo, the eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

C. Coffin, 1736 T. J. Chandler, 1837

WARRINGTON L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. Harrison (1748—1810)

1. WHEN marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-tring host be-stud the sky,
2. Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem;

One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.
But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks, —It is the Star of Beth - le - hem. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

SANTA LAURA 11s, 10s.

W. A. Barrett, 1865

1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re - deemer is laid. A - men.

(Or to Wesley, No. 710)

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. R. Heber, 1811

ST. NINIAN 11s, 10s.

(Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re - deemer is laid. A - men.

Epiphany

EPIPHANY

IIS, IOS.

(Third Tune)

E. J. Hopkins, 1868

1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.

This musical score is for the third tune of 'Epiphany'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.'

BRIGHTEST AND BEST

IIS, IOS.

(Fourth Tune)

J. F. Thrupp, 1848

1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.

This musical score is for the fourth tune of 'Brightest and Best'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.'

Jesus Christ the Son

210 ST. EDWARD 7s. 8l.

C. Steggall (1826—)

1. Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise Je-sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
 Man-i-fest-ed by the star To the sa-ges from a-far,
 Branch of roy-al Da-vid's stem, In Thy birth at Beth-le-hem;
 An-thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in man made man-i-fest. A-men.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,
 And at Cana, wedding-guest,
 In Thy Godhead manifest;
 Manifest in power divine,
 Changing water into wine;
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
 Manifest in valiant fight,
 Quelling all the devil's might;
 Manifest in gracious will,
 Ever bringing good from ill;
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
 Star shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
 Christ will then like lightning shine,
 All will see His glorious sign;
 All will then the trumpet hear,
 All will see the Judge appear;
 Thou by all wilt be confessed,
 God in man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
 Present in Thy holy word;
 May we imitate Thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art Thou,
 That we like to Thee may be
 At Thy great Epiphany;
 And may praise Thee, ever blest,
 God in man made manifest.

Epiphany

211 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. As WITH glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

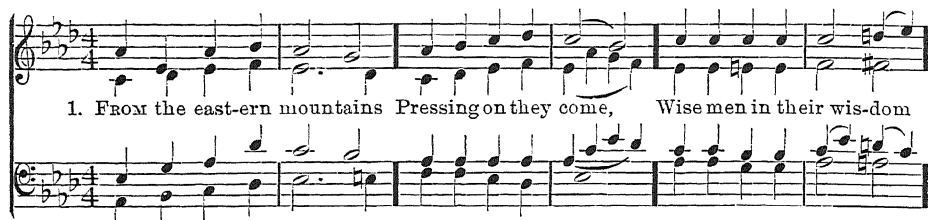
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluia to our King.

Jesus Christ the Son

212 VALOUR 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

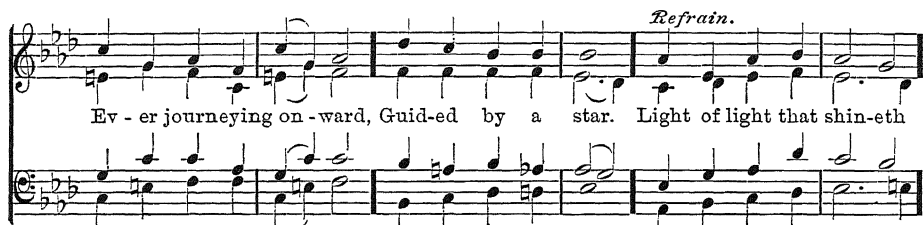
A. H. Mann, 1885



1. From the east-ern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wis-dom



To His humble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,....



Refrain.
Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid-ed by a star. Light of light that shin-eth



Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Every heart of man. A-men.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.—*Ref.*

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,

Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

Epiphany

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star —*Ref.*

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner.
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.—*Ref.*

G. Thring, 1879

(Second Tune)

GUIDING STAR 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

E. J. Hopkins, 1860

1. { From the east - ern mount - ains Press - ing on they come,
Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast - ing from a - far,

Wise men in their wis - dom To His hum - ble home;
Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. }

Refrain.

Light of light that shin - eth Ere the worlds be - gan,

Organ Pedal.

Draw Thou near, and light - en Ev - ery heart of man. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

213 HARLOW 8s, 7s.

F. J. Sawyer (1857—)

1. HAIL! Thou source of ev - ery bless-ing, Sov'-reign Fa - ther of man-kind,

Gen-tiles now, Thy grace pos-sess-ing, In Thy courts ad - mis-sion find. A - men.

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine,

Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

5 Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles now their offerings bring,
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

B. Woodd, c. 1830

ST. JUST 8s, 7s.

(Second Tune)

G. P. Harris

1. HAIL! Thou source of ev - ery bless-ing, Sov'-reign Fa - ther of man-kind,

Gen-tiles now, Thy grace pos-sess-ing, In Thy courts ad - mis-sion find. A - men.

Epiphany

214 ST. OSWALD 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1857

1. BETH-L'HEM, not the least of cit-ies, None can e'er with thee com-pare;
Thou a-lone the Lord from heav-en Didst for us in-car-nate bear. A-men.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Shone the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided
Eastern kings their wealth unfold;
Bending low their gifts they offer,—
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth;
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the gentile world displayed,
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Aurelius C. Prudentius 77. E. Caswall, 1849

215 ALEXANDER L. M.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. THE Star pro-claims the King is here; But, Her-od, why this sense-less fear? He
takes no realms of earth a-way Who gives the realms of heavenly day. A-men.

2 The wiser Magi see from far
And follow on His guiding star;
And led by light to light they press,
And by their gifts their God confess.

3 Within the Jordan's crystal flood
In meekness stands the Lamb of God,
And sinless sanctifies the wave,
Mankind from sin to cleanse and save.

4 At Cana first His power is shown;
His might the blushing waters own,
And changing, as He speaks the word,
Flow wine, obedient to their Lord.

5 All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany:
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Latin (5th Cent.) 77. J. M. Neale, 1852 Alt.

Jesus Christ the Son

216 SUPPLIANT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal-ing words re-ply-ing To the wea-ried cry of pain;

Voices in Unison. *rall. Harmony.*
Hear us, Je-sus, as we meet, Sup-pli-ants at Thy mer-cy seat. A-men.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants, to Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,

Comfort ever to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring, 1866

REQUIEM 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 (Second Tune)

W. A. F. Schulthes, 1868

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain,

Prayer and Praise

Still with heal-ing words re - ply - ing To the wea-ried cry of pain;

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppli-ants at Thy mer-cy-seat. A - men.

Org.

217 WILTON MERLE 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. B. Judd, 1896

1. JE-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same; Kins-man, friend, and

el-der broth-er, Is His ev-er-last-ing name. Sav-iour, who can love like Thee,

Grac-ious One of Beth-a - ny? A-men.

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

2 When the pangs of trial seize me,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

J. R. Macduff, 1899

Jesus Christ the Son

218 EASTCHEAP (St. Pancras) L. M.

J. Battishill (1738—1801)

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty

in.... Thy word; But in Thy life the law ap - pears Drawn

out in liv - ing characters. A-men. Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
Such deference to Thy Father's will, The desert Thy temptations knew,
Among the followers of the Lamb. Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

I. Watts, 1709

ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M. (Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters. A - men.

Prayer and Praise

219 TEMPLE L. M.

From Hymns of the Faith

1. How BEAU-TEOUS were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine;
That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God! A-men.

2 Oh, who like Thee so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?
3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to 'Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. Cox, 1840

220 NORWICH (Lusus) L. M.

A. H. Mann (1850—)

1. Where'er have trod Thy sa-cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in bus-y con-course meet, Or in the lone-ly wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.
3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;
Where'er Thou goest may we go:

With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.
4 Oh, may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

Jesus Christ the Son

221

QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. How SHALL I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?

Nor from those blessed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to His seat a - bove? A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road? | 5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these? |
| 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall. | 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory. |
| 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid that I should e'er repine; | |

J. Conder, 1824

222

SEFTON L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. O Love! how deep, how broad, how high, How pass - ing thought and fan - ta - sy,

That God, the Son of God, should take Our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
And He Himself to this world came. | For us He bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up His breath. |
| 3 For us to wicked men betrayed, [rayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns ar- | 4 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer. |

182

Anon. (Latin, 15th Cent.) 77. J. M. Neale, 1854

Prayer and Praise

223 TRANSFIGURATION L. M. 31.

J. Goss, 1864

1. O MAS-TER, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee,

Where stand revealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days,

Who once received on Ho-reb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right;

Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. A-men.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three,
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word
that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,

The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be
dim.

"This is my Son, oh, hear ye Him."

Jesus Christ the Son

224 REDHEAD 90 L. M.

R. Redhead, 1850

1. Oh, wondrous type, oh, vis-ion fair Of glo-ry that the Church shall share, Which
Christ up-on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.</p> <p>3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.</p> | <p>4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.</p> <p>5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.</p> |
|--|--|

Sarum, 1500 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854

225 GUILTON L. M.

J. Harrison

1. On Jordan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-nounces that the Lord is nigh;
Come, then, and hearken; for he brings Glad ti-dings from the King of kings. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast, 4
And furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each his heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.</p> <p>3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.</p> | <p>To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand:
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.</p> <p>5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.</p> |
|---|---|

184

From the Latin, 1736 Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

Prayer and Praise

226 ST AELRED 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FIERCE raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anx-i-ous ser-vants keep,

But Thou wast wrapp'd in guile-less sleep, Calm and still.... A-men.

- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry, The sullen billows ceased to leap,
 "O save us in our agony!" At Thy will.
 Thy word above the storm rose high, 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 "Peace, be still." And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep; "Peace, be still."

G. Thring, 1861

227 ALYSTON 7, 7, 7, 6

E. Bunnett, 1887

1. JE-sus, Son of God most high, God from all e-ter-ni-ty.

Born as man to live and die, Hear us, Ho-ly Je-sus. A-men.

- 2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,
 Making mortal cares Thine own,
 Making God's compassion known,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
 3 By Thy life, so lone and still,
 By Thy waiting to fulfil
 In its time Thy Father's will,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
 4 May we mark the pattern fair
 Of Thy life of work and prayer,
 And for truth all perils dare,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
 5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
 And forever perfect be,
 Where Thy glory we shall see,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus Christ the Son

228 MARYTON L. M.

H. P. Smith, 1874

1. O MAS-TER, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;

Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

(Or to Sefton, No. 222)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way. | In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way, |
| 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company, | In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. |

W. Gladden, 1880

229 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8

German Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850

1. FAIR-EST Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing. | 3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host; [er
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines pur-
Than all the angels heaven can boast. |
|---|--|

Prayer and Praise

230 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. IM - MOR - TAL love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,

For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea! A-men.

(Or to St. Hugh, No. 148)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.</p> <p>3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.</p> <p>4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.</p> | <p>5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.</p> <p>6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.</p> <p>7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

J. G. Whittier, 1866

SERENITY C. M.

(Second Tune.) Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace (1814—1865)

1. IM - MOR - TAL love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,

For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea! A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

231 VOX DILECTI C. M. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

p *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

$\text{♩} = 112.$

2nd v. Of that life - giv - ing stream;

3rd v. In Him my star, my sun;

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

(Or to Calm, No. 194)

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Prayer and Praise

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

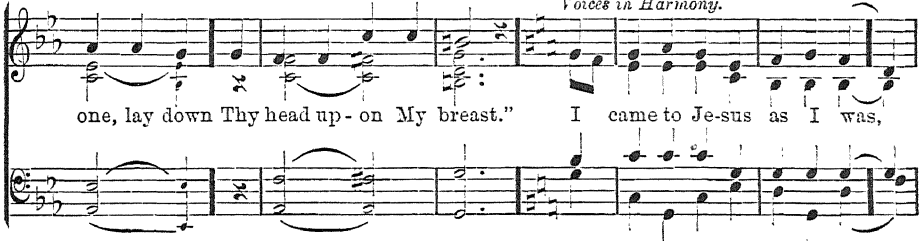
Arthur Sullivan, 1875

Voices in unison.

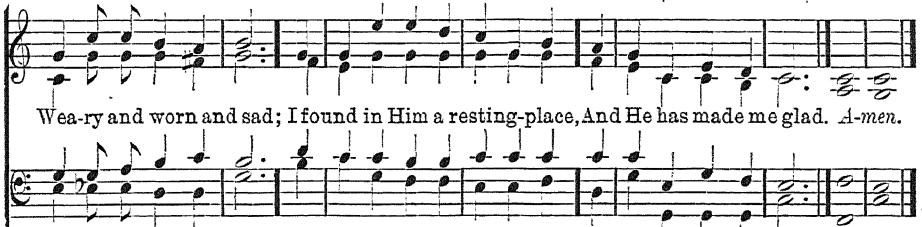


1. I HEARD the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry

Voices in Harmony.

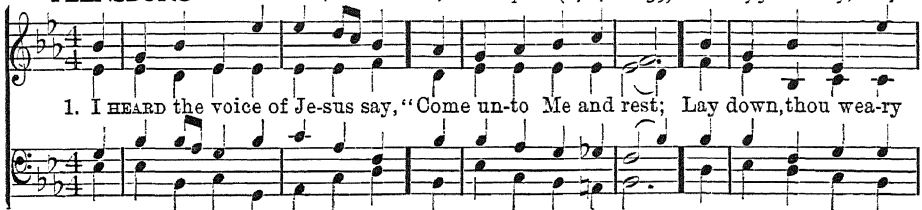


one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was,



Wea-ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad. A-men.

FLENSBURG C. M. 81. (Third Tune) L. Spohr (1784—1859) Har. by J. Barnby, 1867



1. I HEARD the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry



one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-



ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad. Amen.

Jesus Christ the Son

232 BURTON AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. THERE is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear. The sweet-est name on earth. A - men.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
3 It tells of one whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;

- No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
6 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. Whitfield, 1859

233 HAIGHT C. M.

J. H. Cornell (1828—1894)

1. THOU art the Way, to Thee a-lone From 'sin and death we flee,
And he, who would the Fa-ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;

- And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824

Prayer and Praise

234 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1560

1. BE - HOLD, where in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine;

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est radiance shine. A - men.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

W. Enfield, 1782

235 MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. Walker, 1876

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny, 1839

Jesus Christ the Son

236

LYNDHURST C. M.

F. C. Maker, 1876

1. Oh, mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 'twas the Lord's a - bode;

Our feet may mourn this thorn - y way, Yet here Em-man - uel trod. A - men.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne
And Thy bright raiment wear.

T. H. Gill, 1850 *Ab.*

237

CALLCOTT C. M.

J. W. Callcott (1766—1821)

1. LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - given,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - men.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

J. H. Gurney, 1838 *Ab.*

Prayer and Praise

238 ST. WERBERG L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

1. O Love, who formedst me to wear The im-age of Thy God-head here;
Who soughtest me with ten-der care Thro' all my wanderings wild and drear; O
Love, I give my-self to Thee, Thine ev-er, on-ly Thine to be. A-men.

- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

J. Scheffler, 1659 77. C. Winkworth, 1858 *Ad.*

239 L. M. 61.

Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of light,
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe.
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

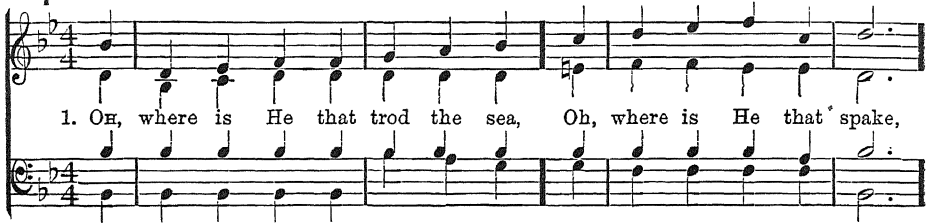
- 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;
And learn of Thee, the lowly one,
And like Thee all our journey run.
- 3 Oh, grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God;
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, who livest evermore.

A. C. Cox, 1840 Revised 1872

Jesus Christ the Son

240 FILIUS DEI C. M. 81.

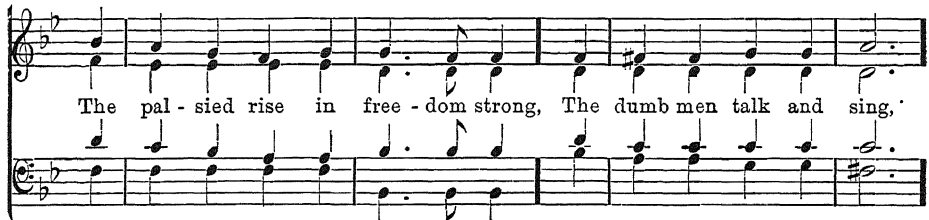
A. R. Gaul (1837—)



1. Oh, where is He that trod the sea, Oh, where is He that spake,



And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slum-bers break?



The pal-sied rise in free-dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,



And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morn-ing spring. A-men.

2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake?
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 'tis He can save.

4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take; [bread,
'Twas springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ. "I come."

Prayer and Praise

241 ST. ELWYN C. M. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,

The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,

Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;

Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
And strength, where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and
strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Jesus Christ the Son

242 CREDO L. M. 61.

J. Stainer (1840-)

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,

Nor e'er be-held Thy cot-tage-home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth;

A little slower.

ff But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. *A - men.*

Org.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry:
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Unknown American Author Rewritten by H. J. Buckoll, 1838
Afterwards rewritten by J. H. Gurney, 1851

GREENWAY L. M. 61. (Second Tune)

W. B. Gilbert, 1900

mf 1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,

Prayer and Praise

Copyright, 1900, by W. R. Gilbert

mf Nor e'er be-held Thy cot-tage-home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth;
dim.
f But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. A-men.
cres. *dim.*

243 WYVILL (Eaton) L. M. 61.

Z. Wyvill (1762—1837)

1. O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all From twilight dawn till perfect day, Shine Thou before the shadows fall
 That lead our wand'ring feet astray: That youth may love, and age adore. A-men.
 At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,

(Or to St. Matthias, No. 50)

2 O Way, thro' whom our souls draw near
 To yon eternal home of peace,
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
 And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;
 In strength or weakness may we see
 Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.
 3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
 Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
 To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
 Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
 When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
 Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,
 Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
 Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be Thou our conqueror over death.
 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,
 Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
 Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
 Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumtre, 1864

Jesus Christ the Son

244 MARGARETTING 6s, 4s. 8l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. FIERCE was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars labored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmer'd white;

Trembled the mariners, Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!" A - men.

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the stormy wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril there none can be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius, 458 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

EUROCLYDON 6s, 4s. 8l. (Second Tune)

G. W. Torrance, 1870

1. FIERCE was the wild billow, Oars labored heav-i-ly, Trembled the mariners,
Dark was the night, Foam glimmer'd white,

Peril was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I! Peace! It is I!" A - men.

For 2d and 3d verses first two bars will be:

Prayer and Praise

245 FIAT LUX 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. JE-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art

all to me; Nothing to please I see, Nothing a-part from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord! A-men.

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
How mighty is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,

What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1842

LYTE 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1865

1. JE-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art

all to me; Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing a-part from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord! A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

246 ST. MARK L. M. 61.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rug-ged val-ley o'er,

The thought how com-fort-ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver-y path be-fore!

Unison.

Our wants and weak-ness-es He knows, From life's first dawning to its close. A-men.

2 Does sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,

Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

J. Edmeston, 1847

CLENDENIN L. M. 61. (Second Tune)

G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)

1. As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rug-ged val-ley o'er,

Prayer and Praise

The thought how com-fort-ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver-y path be-fore!

Our wants and weak-ness-es He knows, From life's first dawn-ing to its close. A-men.

247 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. GRACE, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear;

Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-men.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Jesus Christ the Son

248 ST. THEODULPH 7s, 6s. With Refrain

M. Teschner, 1615

1. { ALL glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2nd and following verses.

2. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed one.

After each verse.

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - men.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Entry into Jerusalem

249 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;

O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-men.

(Or to Peterborough, No. 824)

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman, 1827

(Second Tune)

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Alt. fr. Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690

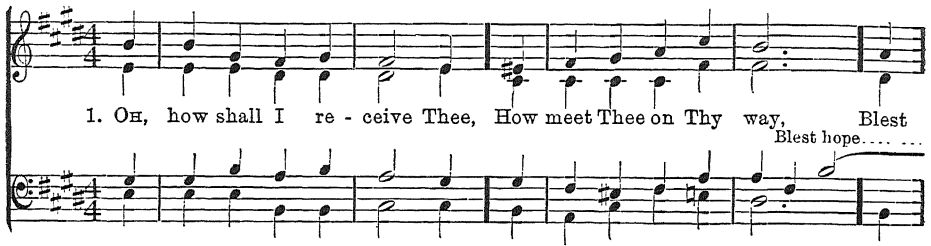
1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;

O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

250 GLADNESS No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869



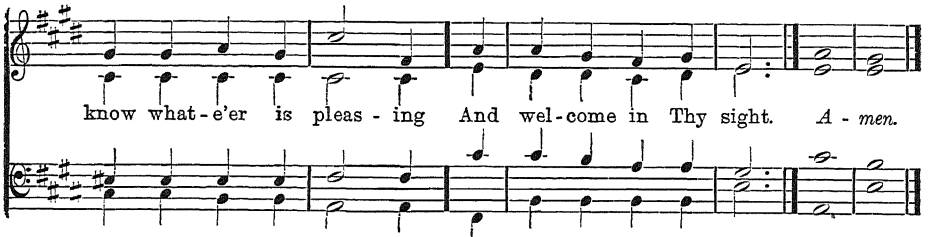
1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way, Blest
Blest hope.....



hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?



O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light, To



know what - e'er is pleas - ing And wel - come in Thy sight. A - men.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
With branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare;
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to Thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.

Oh, love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

4 Ye who, with guilty terror,
Are trembling, fear no more;
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

P. Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. Verses 1, 2, 4, A. T. Russell, 1851:
Verse 3, J. C. Jacobi, 1722 Alt.

In Gethsemane

251 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Walch, 1875

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of Thy face. A - men.

(Or to St. Hilda, No. 407)

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Jesus Christ the Son

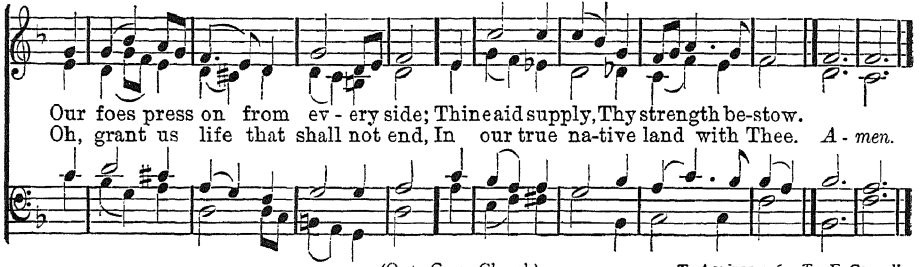
252 O SALUTARIS L. M.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

Slowly and smoothly.



1. O sav-ing vic-tim, opening wide The gate of heav'n to men be-low,
2. All thanks and praise to Thee as-cend For ev-er-more, blest One in Three;



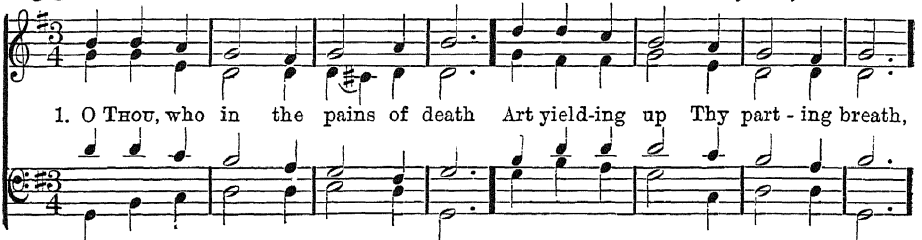
Our foes press on from ev-ery side; Thine aid supply, Thy strength be-stow.
Oh, grant us life that shall not end, In our true na-tive land with Thee. A-men.

(Or to Grace Church)

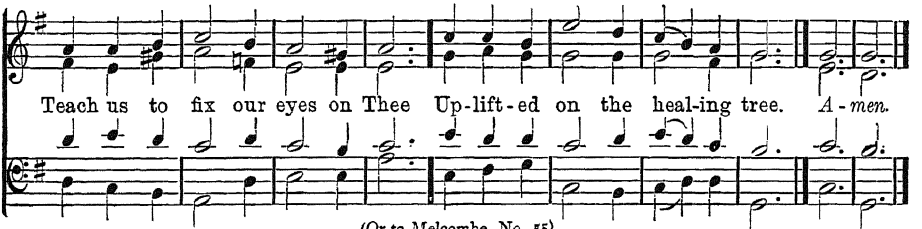
T. Aquinas, 1263 Tr. E. Caswall

253 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Fr. I. J. Pleyel, 1800



1. O Thou, who in the pains of death Art yield-ing up Thy part-ing breath,



Teach us to fix our eyes on Thee Up-lift-ed on the heal-ing tree. A-men.

(Or to Melcombe, No. 55)

2 To gaze on Thee in suffering
Shall heal the serpent's deadly sting;
For Thou art God, nailed there to give
This healing grace: we look and live.

3 There sons for glory Thou dost gain,
There martyrs for their triumph train,
There stablish Thy most Holy Faith
By love's best evidence, Thy death.

4 And from the earth uplifted high,
A King, enthroned in majesty,
Thine arms Thou spreadest on the tree,
And drawest all men unto Thee.

5 O Crucified, we cleave to Thee,
And Thou shalt our salvation be;
Thy cross, our only hope and pride,
Shall ever in our hearts abide.

Passion and Crucifixion

254 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Arr. by E. Miller, 1790

1. WHEN I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

(Or to Federal Street, No. 702)

I. Watts, 1707

255 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone. A-men.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. Tappan, 1822

Jesus Christ the Son

256

PASSION CHORALE No. 2 7s, 6s. 81.

H. L. Hassler (1564—1612)

1. { O SA-CRED Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }
Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; }

O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' despised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100. 7s. P. Gerhardt, 1666
J. W. Alexander, 1829. 1st.

GERHARDT 7s, 6s. 81.

(Second Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1862

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns, Thine only crown;

Passion and Crucifixion

O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

257 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7s, 6s. 8l.

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. O SA-CRED Head, sur-round-ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn, O bleed-ing Head, so

wound-ed, Re-vil-ed and put to scorn, Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er Thee, The

glow of life de-cays; Yet an-gel-hosts a-dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. A-men.

(Or to Greenport, No. 677)

- 2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face on me!
- 3 In this, Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be;

- Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.
- 4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me;
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux 7s. H. W. Baker, 1861
J. W. Alexander, 1829 12s.

Jesus Christ the Son

258

HOLY SEPULCHRE L. M.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. LORD Je-sus, when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly cross,

In love of Thee, and scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss! A - men.

(Or to St. Cross, opposite)

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God,
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,

- Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;
4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see,
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854

259

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1824

1. NA-TURE, with o - pen vol - ume, stands To spread her Mak-er's praise a - broad;

And ev-ery la - bor of His hands Shows something worthy of a God. A-men.

- 2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
3 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!

- Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds and bleeding
4 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Passion and Crucifixion

260 ELLSWORTH L. M.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross;

The sin-ner's hope let men de-ride, For this we count the world but loss. A-men.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up,
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure, and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly, 1815

261 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Oh, come and mourn with me a - while, And tar-ry here the cross be - side;

Oh come, to - geth - er let us mourn, Je-sus our Lord is cru-ci - fied. A - men.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of
love,
And all three hours His silence cried

- For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is
tried,
And victory remains with love,
For Thou our Lord art crucified!

Jesus Christ the Son

262 STABAT MATER, No. 1 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

J. B. Dykes, 1875

mf Slowly, and with expression.

1. NEAR the cross was Ma - ry weep - ing, There her mourn - ful sta - tion

keep - ing, Gaz - ing on her dy - ing Son; There, in speech - less an - guish

groan - ing, Yearn - ing, trem - bling, sigh - ing, moan - ing, Through her

soul the sword had gone. A - men.

'T was our sins brought Him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven;
All His griefs for us were borne.

2 What He for His people suffered,
Stripes and scoffs and insults offered,
His fond mother saw the whole;
Never from the scene retiring
Till He bowed His head, expiring,
And to God breathed out His soul.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed,
By His stripes He wrought our healing;
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
Our's cross to mourn;

5 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

Jacobus da Todi (—1306) Tr. J. W. Alexander, 1842 *Ad.*

Passion and Crucifixion

263 STABAT MATER, No. 2 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. DARK - LY rose the guilt - y morn - ing, When, the King of glo - ry

scorn - ing, Raged the fierce Je - ru - sa - lem; See the Christ, His

cross up - bear - ing, See Him strick - en, spit on, wear - ing The thorn -

plat - ted di - a - dem. A - men.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

Jesus Christ the Son

264

SEFTON L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. O JE-sus, cru-ci-fied for man, O Lamb, all-glo-rious on Thy throne, Teach

Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The mystery of Thy love un-known. A-men.

- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take 4 And week by week this day we ask
Our daily cross, whate'er it be, That holy memories of Thy cross
And gladly for Thine own dear sake May sanctify each common task,
In paths of pain to follow Thee. And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 3 As on our daily way we go, 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife, Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there,
In conquered sin and chastened life. And thro' the cross attain the crown.

W. W. How, 1871

265

HEINLEIN 7s.

P. Heinlein, 1677

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;

For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt-ed, and yet un - de - filed. A - men.

- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine,
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.
- 5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.

266

ROYAL BANNER L. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. THE roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow,

Where He in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,

How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The ransom He alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. Fortunatus (c. 580) 77. J. M. Neale, 1351

VEXILLA REGIS L. M.

(Second Tune)

H. W. Parker, 1894

1. THE roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow,

Where He in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

267 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:

'T is fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-tory won. A - men.

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

(Or to Olive's Brow, 255)

S. Stennett, 1787

268 CASWALL 6s, 5s.

F. Filitz (1804—1876)

1. GLO - RY be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the life-blood
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find, Blest be His com - pas - sion,

From His sa - cred veins.
In - fi - nite - ly kind. A - men.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Doth the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

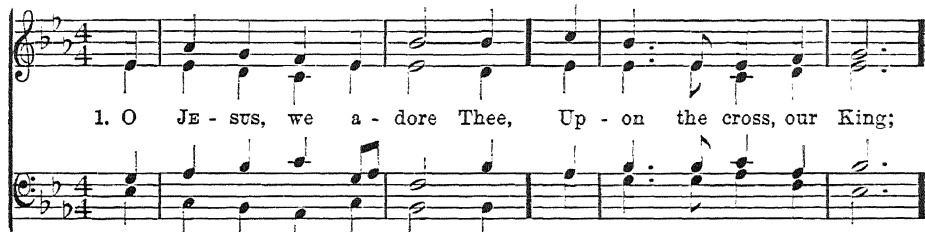
5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

Passion and Crucifixion

269 GLADNESS No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Stainer, 1875



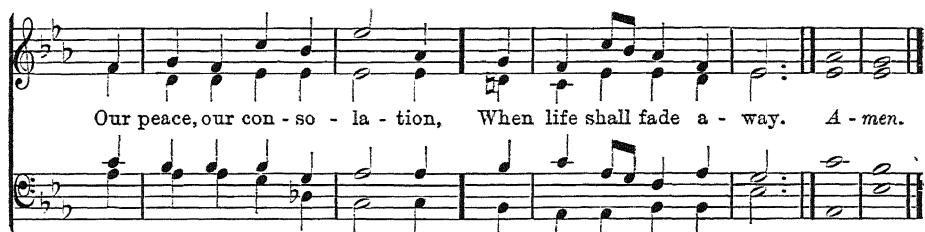
1. O JE - sus, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King;



We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious name we sing;



That name hath brought sal - va - tion, That name, in life our stay,



Our peace, our con - so - la - tion, When life shall fade a - way. A - men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross.
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assured
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

Jesus Christ the Son

270 ST. MARY C. M.

Att. to J. Blow (1648—1708)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die,
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts, 1707

(Second Tune)

MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

Passion and Crucifixion

271 HORSLEY C. M.

W. Horsley, 1844

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander, 1843

(Second Tune)

ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

272 AUSTIN 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Gregorian

1. HARK! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it

rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; It is fin-ished!

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

2 It is finished! Oh what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans, 1784

ST. ANDREW No. 1 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune) J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. HARK! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;

See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;

It is fin-ished! Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

273 CROSS OF JESUS 8s, 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring, 1825

RATHBUN 8s, 7s.

(Second Tune)

I. Conkey, 1851

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

274 GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 6l.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re-deem-er's

con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour; Turn not from His griefs a-way,

Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-men.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820 (Text of 1853)

275 OUSELEY 7s. 6l.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1869

1. THRONED up-on the aw-ful tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee:

Dark-ness veils Thine anguished face, None its lines of woe can trace,

Passion and Crucifixion

None can tell what pangs un-known Hold Thee si-lent and a-lone. A-men.

- 2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till th' appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.
- 3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,

- Thou, His own anointed one,
Thou dost ask Him, can it be?
"Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
- 4 Lord, should fear the anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

J. Ellerton, 1875

276 MEREDITH 7s. 6l

J. B. Powell, 1884

1. JE - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur - chased Thine a - lone to be,

By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb, Shed so will - ing - ly for me,

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a lone. A - men.

- 2 Other lords have long held sway,
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

- 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my all in all.

277

ABER S. M.

Jesus Christ the Son

W. H. Monk, 1875

1. O PER - FECT life of love! All, all is fin - ished now, All

that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low. A - men.

(No organ ped.) (Ped.)

- 2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.
- 3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.
- 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

- 5 In perfect love He dies,
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.
- 6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.
- 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought,
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker, 1874

278

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER C. M.

J. Turle, 1862

1. To CAL - VARY, Lord, in spir - it, now, Our wea - ry souls re - pair; To

dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love And taste its sweet - ness there. A - men.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.
- 3 There, thro' Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

Passion and Crucifixion

4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding
With cords of love divine [wounds,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.
5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:
Dear Lord, we wait to see

Creation, all below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.
6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now. E. Denny, 1839 A.D.

279 KESTON (Lythe) 8s, 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. SWEET the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - men.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

(Or to Ludwigsburg, No. 686) W. Shirley, 1770 Verse 5, Cook and Webb. 1853

DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

(Second Tune)

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. SWEET the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

280 WINDSOR C. M.

G. Kirbye, 1592

1. O Thou, th'e - ter - nal Son of God, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

We wor - ship Thee, whose head is bowed In ag - o - ny and pain. A - men.

2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path,
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside,
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified!

W. C. Dix, 1864

281 REDHEAD 47 7s.

R. Redhead, 1852

1. SEE the des - tined day a - rise! See a will - ing sac - ri - fice!

Je - sus to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross. A - men.

Passion and Crucifixion

2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace,
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (c. 550—609; Par. R. Mant, 1837)

282 TINTERN 7s. 6l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. Ev - er pa - tient, gen - tle, meek, Ho - ly Sav - iour, was Thy mind;



Vain - ly in my - self I seek Like - ness to my Lord to find;



Yet that mind which was in Thee May be, must be formed in me. A - men.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control:
Lord, that mind which was in Thee
May be, must be formed in me.

3 Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
For each sufferer Thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,

Every wounded spirit heal:
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

4 When my pain is most intense,
Let Thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear Thee, ev'n from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

Jesus Christ the Son

283 ST. CYPRIAN 6s. (Trochaic)

R. R. Chope, 1862

1. Je - sus, meek and low - ly, Sav - iour, pure and ho - ly,

On Thy love re - ly - ing Hear me hum - bly cry - ing. A - men.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless, I adore Thee.

4 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

H. Collins, 1854

284 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. LORD Je - sus, by Thy pas - sion, To Thee I make my prayer, Thou

who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare. A - men.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side.
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified.

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Zion
I may appear at length.

Passion and Crucifixion

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more.

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessed place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face,

6 Where gladsome alleluias
Unceasingly resound,
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white and crowned.

7 Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng;
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song.

8 Oh, give that last blest blessing,
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go.

9 Not wisdom, might or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love!

R. F. Littledale, 1864

285 ST. ATHANASIUS 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. BLESS - ED Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove,

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side:

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss,
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Jesus Christ the Son

286

GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 6l.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. REST - ING from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,

Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone. A - men.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene,
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine

In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead, 1842

OUSELEY 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)

1. REST - ING from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

Resurrection

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud-ed in the wind-ing sheet,

Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A-men.

287 REDCLIFF 8, 8, 8, 4

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. MORN's roseate hues have deck'd the sky, The Lord has ris'n with vic-to-ry;

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 The Prince of life with death has striven, 5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given, And fleshly passions crucifies,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven. In body like to Thine shall rise.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth, 6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
Has given a glorious harvest birth: To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth And love the things above the sky.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay, 7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day; Who has for us the triumph won,
For He by rising burst the way. And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Jesus Christ the Son

288 ST. ALBINUS 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

H. J. Gauntlett (1805 - 1876)

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841 *All.*

(Second Tune)

JESUS LIVES! 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

Resurrection

289 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. Lift up, lift up your voices now, The whole wide worldre-joice now;

The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously. A-men.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred, And hope and joy and peace begin,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard; For Christ has won, and man shall win.
Majestic from the spoilt tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe;
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thee:
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author unknown

REDHEAD 4 L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. Redhead, 1850

1. Lift up, lift up your voices now, The whole wide world re-joice now;

The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously. A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

290 LANCASHIRE

7s, 6s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1836



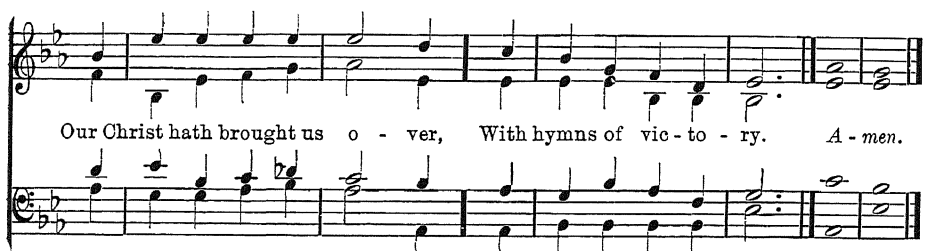
1. THE day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His Own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Resurrection

ROTTERDAM (Tours) 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune)

B. Tours, 1875

1. THE day of Res-ur-rec-tion, Earth, tell it out a-broad, The Pass-o-ver of
 glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world
 to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece is titled 'Resurrection' and is identified as 'ROTTERDAM (Tours) 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune)' by 'B. Tours, 1875'.

TRIUMPH, No. 2 7s, 6s. 81. (Third Tune)

W. H. Vibbert, 1896

1. THE day of Res-ur-rec-tion, Earth, tell it out a-broad, The Pass-o-ver of
 glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world
 to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o-ver, With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece is titled 'Resurrection' and is identified as 'TRIUMPH, No. 2 7s, 6s. 81. (Third Tune)' by 'W. H. Vibbert, 1896'.

Jesus Christ the Son

291 WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11s. With Refrain J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. WEL-COME, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is

vanquish'd, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

God for ev-er - more; Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.

poco rit.

ff

svas.

ff Refrain in unison.

Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,

Resurrection

rall.

God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-a - tor, all His works a-dore. A-men.

rall.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) 77. J. Ellerton, 1868

(This hymn will be found on the next page also, set to Fortunatus)

Jesus Christ the Son

FORTUNATUS 11S.

(Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. WEL-COME hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more; Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say. A - men.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Resurrection

292 SPONSA 8s, 7s. 8l.

S. Nottingham

1. Sing, with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion-song.

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long.

E - ven now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,

And, in God's own like-ness wak - ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! Heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! Oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith, what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!

Jesus Christ the Son

293 RESURREXIT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)



1. CHRIST is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.



For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up -



Refrain.
on the cross, But our God is He. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en!



He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en!



Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. Amen.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,

Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—*Ref.*
3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.
REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

Resurrection

294 DOMINION 10s, 11s. 8l. Irregular

S. P. Warren, 1872

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and

man can-not die. Vain were the ter-rors that gath-ered a-round Him. And

short the do-min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of

dark-ness that bound Him, Re-splendent in glo-ry to live and to save. Loud was the

cho-rus of an-gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris-en, and man shall not die." A-men.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
 The being He gave us, death cannot destroy;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Jesus Christ the Son

295 VICTORY 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515? - 1594)

AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org. \rightarrow

1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst, 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed; The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let shout of holy joy outburst, Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped, 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
He rises glorious from the dead; From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
All glory to our risen Head! That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. F. Pott, 1861

(Second Tune)

CHRISTENDOM 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

Voices in unison.

AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! 1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The

Resurrection

cres. *In harmony*

vic-to-ry of life is won; The song of triumph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia!

Org.

Last verse slower.

5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

Tempo lmo. cres. *rit.*

That we may live and sing to Thee. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

296 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. YE choirs of new Je-ru-sa-lem, Your sweet-est notes em-ploy,

The Pas-chal vic-to-ry to hymn In strains of ho-ly joy. A-men.

2 For Judah's lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head,
And cries aloud through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.
3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;

To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.
4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within His palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore.

Fulbert of Chartres, 1020 77. R. Campbell, 1850 *Ad.*
Recast H. A. & M., 1859

Jesus Christ the Son

297 TRINITY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l. With Alleluia

W. B. Gilbert, 1895

mf

1. COME, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant gladness, God hath brought His

cres. *dim.*

Is - ra - el In-to joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke

cres.

Jacob's sons and daughters, Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea waters.

Chorus ad libitum.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

Resurrection

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day,
 Christ hath burst His prison,
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun hath risen;
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.—*Cho.*

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 Jesus' resurrection.—*Cho.*

4 Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal:
 But to-day amidst the twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.—*Cho.*

John of Damascus (6th Cent.): Tr. J. M. Neale, 1850

ST. KEVIN 7s, 6s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. COME, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness,

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,

Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

Jesus Christ the Son

298

WORGAN 7s. With Alleluia

Lyra Davidica, 1708



1. JE - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Alleluia!

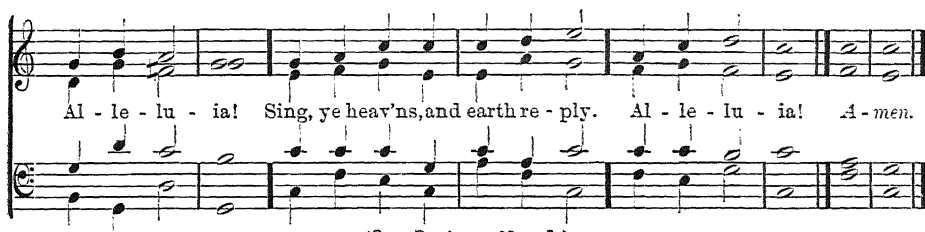
Resurrection

299 EASTER HYMN 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)



1. { CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! } Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia! } Raise your joys and triumphs high;



Al - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

(Or to Eeminster, No. 189)

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

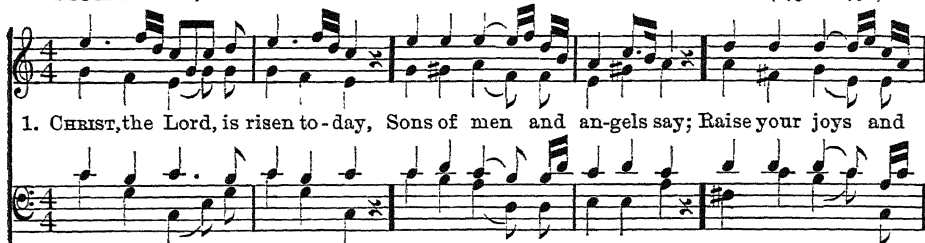
5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley, 1739

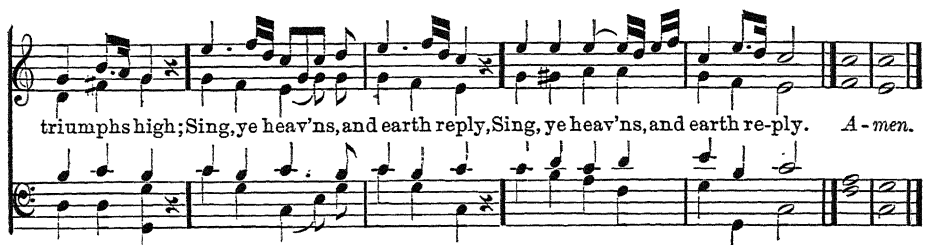
MOZART 7s.

(Second Tune)

W. A. Mozart (1756—1791)



1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say; Raise your joys and



triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth reply, Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

300

ST. ANDREW

8s. 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1870

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Resurrection

DAWN 8s. 7s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

LUX EOI 8s. 7. 8l.

(Third Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1. AL - LE - LU - IA Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

301 WIRTEMBERG 7s. With Alleluia

J. Rosenmüller (1610—1686)

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen a - gain, Christ hath brok - en

ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Sing - ing ev - er -

more on high, Al - - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We, too, sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing, by night and day,
Alleluia!

Resurrection

302 EASTER 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. AN - GELS, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up the might - y prey:

See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen..... to - day. A - men.

2 Shout, ye seraphs, angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

T. Scott, 1769, and T. Gibbons

FIRTH 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

(Second Tune)

R. A. Firth

1. AN - GELS, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up the might - y prey:

See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

303 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the port - als of the sky.

Voices in Unison *In Harmony.*

There His tri - umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay:

In Unison. *In Harmony.*

"Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors give way!" A - men.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way."
Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley, 1741

DUKE STREET L. M.

(Second Tune)

J. Hatton, c. 1790

1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
2. There His tri - umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay:

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the port - als of the sky.
"Lift up your heads ye heav'n - ly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors give way!" A - men.

Ascension

304 TRANSFIGURATION L. M. 81.

J. Goss, 1864

1. O Sav-iour, who for man hast trod The wine-press of the wrath of God,

As-cend and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us to die.

A ra-diant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd be-neath Thy feet;

Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing, And share the triumph of their King. A-men.

2 The Angel-host enraptured waits:
Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
O God-and-Man, the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.
Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

3 And thence the church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Thro' all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

Jesus Christ the Son

305 HYMN OF GLORY L. M.

G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)

1. A HYMN of glo - ry let us sing: New hymns throughout the world shall ring,

Christ by a new and wondrous road Ascends un - to the throne of God. A - men.

2 The Apostles on the mountain stand,
The mystic mount, in Holy Land,
And with the Virgin-Mother see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

3 To whom two shining angels cry,
“Why stand ye gazing on the sky?
This is the Saviour, upward borne
On this His glorious triumph-morn.

4 Ye see Him now, ascending high
To seek the portals of the sky:
Hereafter Jesus ye shall see
Return in equal majesty.”

5 Lord, grant that we may thither tend,
And with unwearied hearts ascend
Where, seated on Thy Father's throne,
Thee reigning, King of kings, we own.

6 Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,
Who art to be our great reward;
And as the countless ages flee,
Let all our glory be in Thee.

7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory, Jesus Christ, to Thee,
Who didst to heaven above ascend,
And to the Spirit, without end.

Venerable Bede (7th Cent.) Tr. Elizabeth Charles, 1858 Alt.

306 DIADEM 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. B. Gilbert, 1872

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now; From the

fight returned vic - to - ri - ous, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him!

Ascension

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 On the seat of power enthrone Him.
 While the vault of heaven rings;
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the victor's fame!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation:
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly, 1809

CORONÆ 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune)

W. H. Monk, 1871

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now;

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

307 ST. PATRICK 7s. 8l.

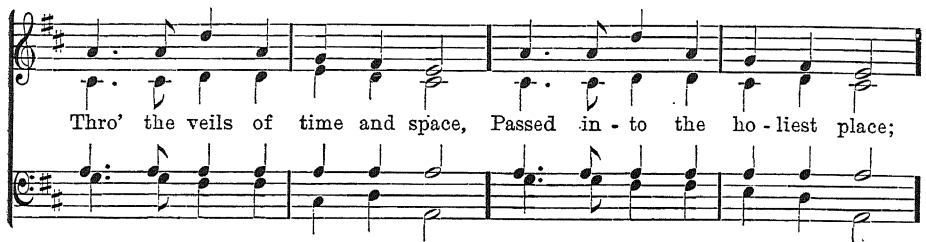
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)



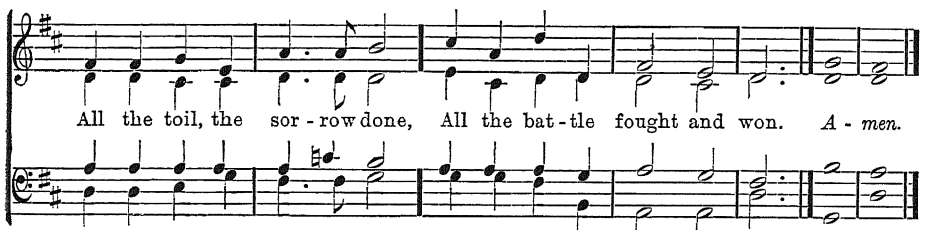
1. HE is gone: a cloud of light Has received Him from our sight;



High in heav'n, where eye of men Fol - lows not, nor an - gel's ken,



Thro' the veils of time and space, Passed in - to the ho - liest place;



All the toil, the sor - row done, All the bat - tle fought and won. A - men.

2 He is gone: towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.

In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone; but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again.
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere,
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own eternal friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

Ascension

308

ASCENSION 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;

Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Jesus Christ the Son

309 REX GLORIÆ 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1868

1. SEE the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,
Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!
Hark! the choirs of an-gel-voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-men.

(Or to St. Asaph, No. 618)

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Ascension

310 HERMAS 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

F. R. Havergal, 1872

1. GOLD-EN harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

Refrain.
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! A-men.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

Jesus Christ the Son

311 HOADLEY S. M. 81.

J. Naylor, 1872

Voices in Unison. *Voices in Harmony.*

1. THOU art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies, And

Org.

round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise.

But we are lin - g'ring here With sin and care op - press'd; Lord,

send Thy prom-ised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest! A - men.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

Ascension

312 TRIUMPH 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. COME ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise, Sing to Him who found the ransom.

Ancient of e - ter - nal days: God e - ternal, Word in - carnate, Whom the heav'n of heav'n's obeys. A - men.

(Or to St. Pancras, 315)

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Led the Lord of life to die;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

They upraise, the sons of light:
Zion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

3 Now on these eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
Where unceasing alleluias

4 Bring your harps and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Job Hupton, 1805 7s. J. M. Neale, 1852

ST. PETER'S WESTMINSTER 8s, 7s. 6l. (Second Tune)

J. Turle, 1862

1. COME ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise, Sing to Him who found the ransom,

Ancient of e - ternal days; God eternal, Word incarnate, Whom the heav'n of heav'n's o-beys. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

313 ST. PANCRAS 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1868

1. JE - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

(Or to Benedic Anima, No. 8ro)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair. | 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years. |
| 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven. | 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. |

G. Thring, 1864

FENITON COURT 8s, 7s. 6l. (Second Tune) E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. JE - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Second Coming

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

314 SONANS 8s, 7s.

E. Hodges, 1859

1. HARK! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A - men.

(Or to Stuttgart, No. 180)

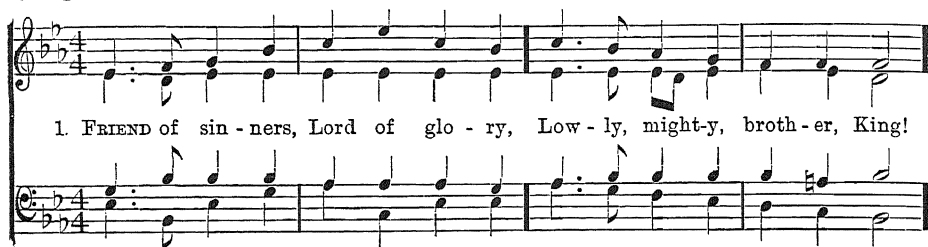
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
All the powers of darkness vanish;
Christ our Day-Star mounts the skies.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

- 4 So when next He shines in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.
- 5 Honor, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

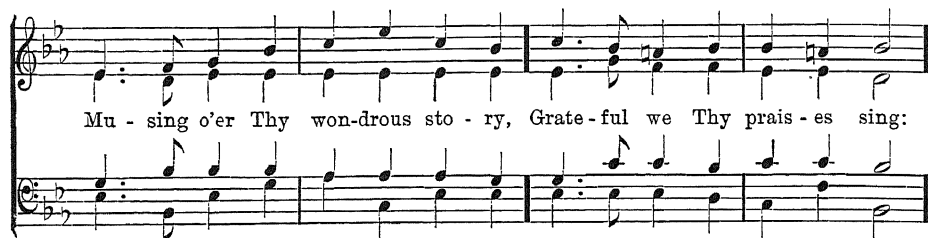
Jesus Christ the Son

315 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 8s, 7s. 8l.

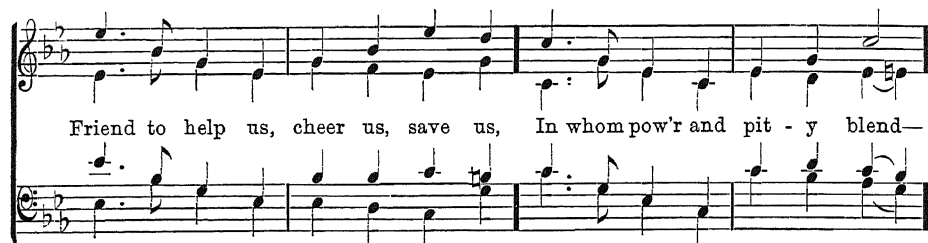
J. B. Powell, 1885



1. FRIEND of sin - ners, Lord of glo - ry, Low - ly, might-y, broth - er, King!



Mu - sing o'er Thy won-drous sto - ry, Grate - ful we Thy prais - es sing:



Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pit - y blend—



Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ, the sin-ners' friend. A - men.

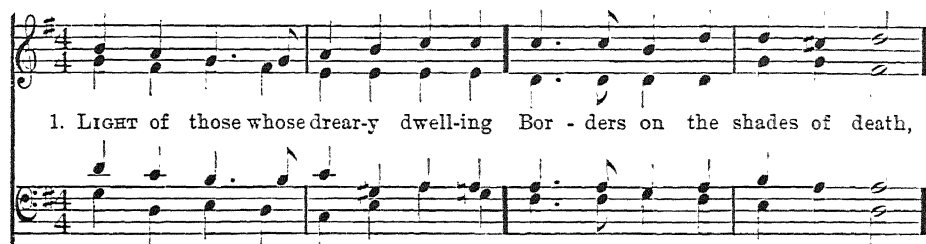
2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind;
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find.
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end;
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' friend.

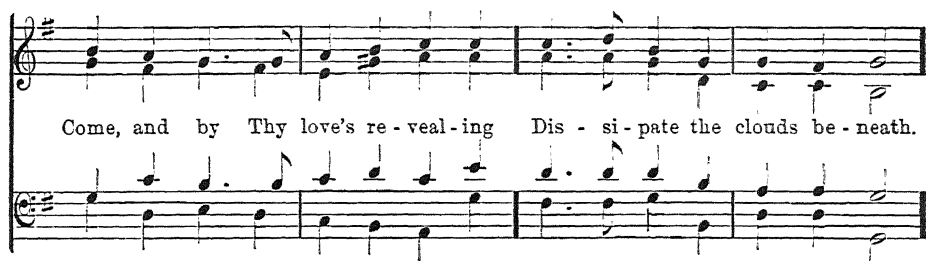
Second Coming

316 FALFIELD 8s, 7s. 81.

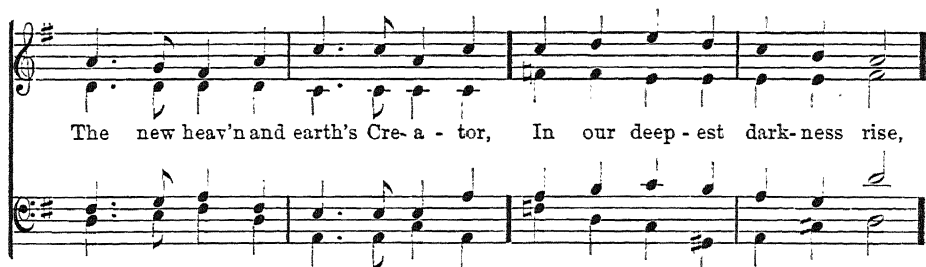
Arthur Sullivan, 1867



1. LIGHT of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,



Come, and by Thy love's re - veal-ing Dis - si-pate the clouds be - neath.



The new heav'n and earth's Cre - a - tor, In our deep - est dark-ness rise,



Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing eye-sight on our eyes. A - men.

(Or to Sardis, No. 418)

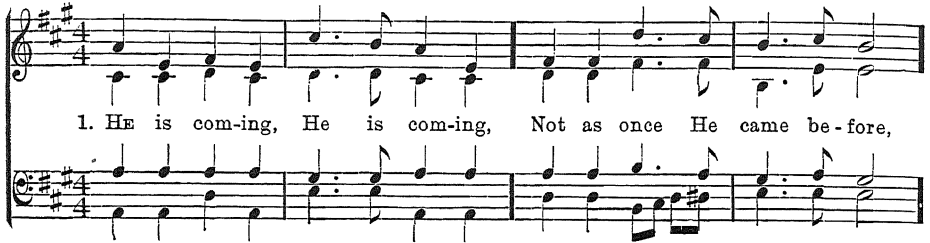
2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

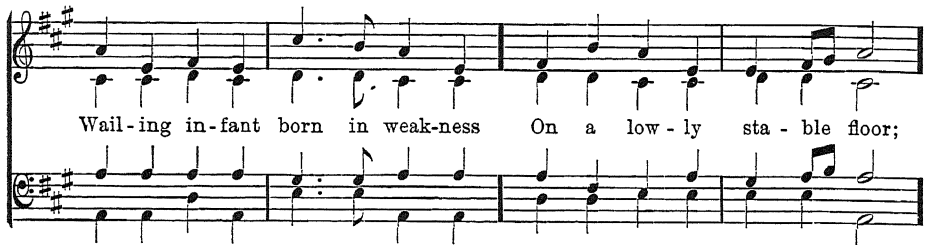
Jesus Christ the Son

317 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 81.

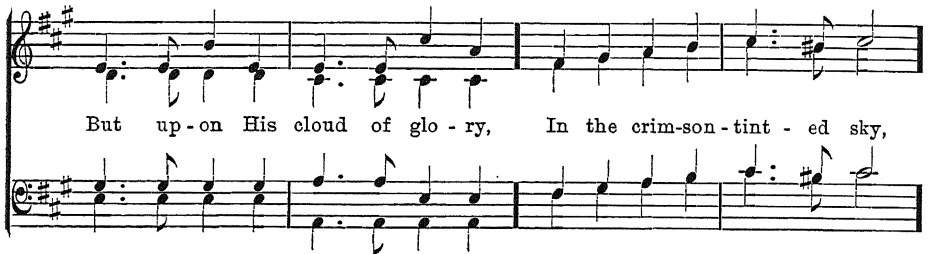
H. F. Hemy (1818—)



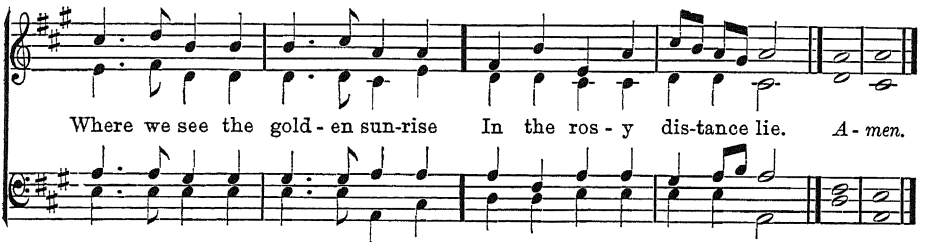
1. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Not as once He came be-fore,



Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;



But up-on His cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,



Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros-y dis-tance lie. A-men.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Second Coming

318 ST. NICHOLAS 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. F. Bridge (1844—)

1. Lord, Thy ran-som'd Church is wak - ing Out of slum-ber far and near,
 Know - ing that the morn is break-ing When the Bride-groom shall ap - pear;
 Wak - ing up to claim the treas - ure With Thy pre-cious life-blood bought,
 And to trust in full - er meas-ure All Thy wondrous death hath wrought. A-men.

- 2 Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
 Precious drops of latter rain,
 Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
 Thou hast quickened us again;
 That Thy gospel's priceless treasure
 Now is borne from land to land.
 And that all the Father's pleasure
 Prospers in Thy piercèd hand.
- 3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
 O'er the lost and wand'ring throng;
 Praise for voices daily learning
 To upraise the glad new song;

- Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
 Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
 Praise for souls believing, tasting
 All Thy love has won for them.
- 4 Set our hearts, O Lord, on fire
 With the love of Thy dear name;
 Touch our lips, our souls inspire
 Now to spread abroad Thy fame;
 Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
 Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
 Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
 Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

Sarah G. Stock, 1874

Jesus Christ the Son

319 BRIDEGROOM 145.

G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)

1. BE - HOLD, the Bride-groom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,

And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;

But woe to that dull ser - vant whom the Mas - ter shall sur - prise

With lamp untrimmed, un-burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes. A - men.

- 2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us!"
- 3 That day, the day of fear, shall come: my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride!"
- 4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of the Son.

Second Coming

320 LUTHER'S HYMN 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 Jon. Klug's Gesangbuch, Wittenberg, 1535



1. { GREAT God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - at - ed; /
The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed; /

The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him. A - men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
And greet th' archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
They shake before the Judge's throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt, 1585, and W. B. Collyer, 1812 *Alt.*

(The above hymn and tune are often erroneously attributed to Luther.—The hymn is an imitation of the well-known Latin hymn, "Dies irae, dies illa," by Thomas of Celano, who died c. 1255)

Jesus Christ the Son

321

ADVENT

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7

W. H. Monk, 1875

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King,
In Thy beau-ty all-re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cen-dent;
Well may we re-joice and sing: Com-ing! In the ope-ning east Her-ald bright-ness
slow-ly swells: Com-ing! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-men.

- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.
- 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord;
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,
Thee, my master, and my friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Second Coming

322 BLESSED HOME 6s. 81.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. Lift up your heads, re-joice,... Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh;

Now breathes a soft-er air, Now shines a mild-er sky;

The ear-ly trees put forth Their new and ten-der leaf; Hushed

is the moan-ing wind That told of win-ter's grief. A-men.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Oh, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;

The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King;
He comes, the true heart's friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye.
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

Jesus Christ the Son

323 HERRNHUT P. M.

P. Nicolai, 1608 Har. by Mendelssohn

1. { WAKE, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watch-men on the
Mid - night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing: His char - iot wheels are

heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! }
near - er roll - ing; He comes; prepare, ye (Omit.....) } vir - gins wise.

Rise up, with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!

Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite. A-men.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious.
Her star is risen, her light is come:
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!

We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:

We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

Second Coming

(Second Tune)

WAKE, AWAKE P. M.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)

1. WAKE, a-wake, for night is fly-ing: The watch-men on the heights are cry-ing.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

A-wake, Je - ru - sa-lem, a - rise! Mid-night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing:

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

His char - iot wheels are near - er roll - ing; He comes; pre-pare, ye vir-gins wise.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Rise up, with will-ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar-riage rite. A-men.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Jesus Christ the Son

324 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l.

Lausanne Psalter.

1. RE-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning

is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near. The Bride-groom is a-

ris-ing, And soon He draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle:

At mid-night comes the cry. A-men.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

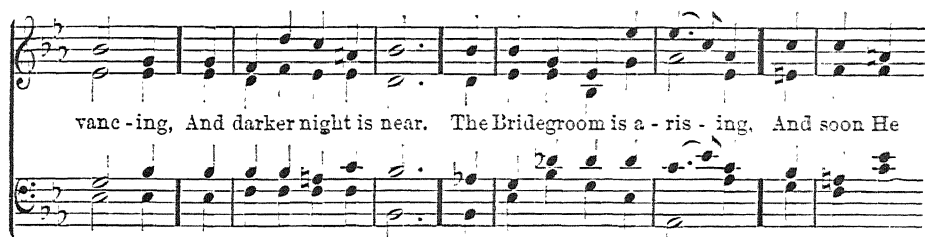
L. Laurenti, 1700 7r. S. B. Findlater, 1853

LANCASHIRE 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Tune)

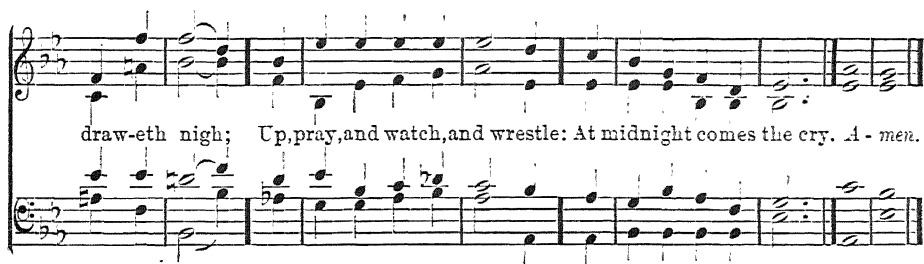
H. Smart, 1836

1. RE-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-

Second Coming



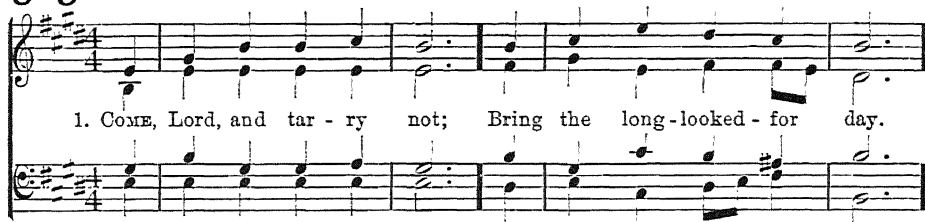
vanc-ing, And darker night is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He



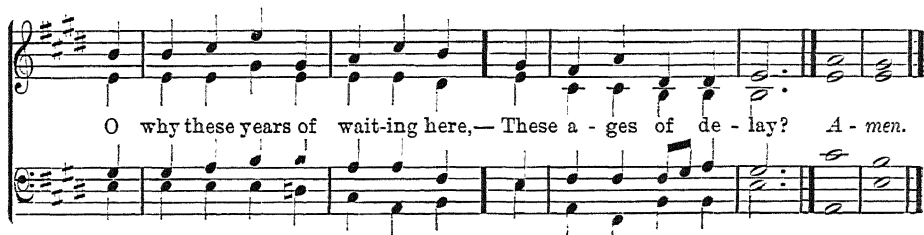
draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle: At midnight comes the cry. A - men.

325 HOLYROOD S. M.

J. Watson (1816—1880)



1. COME, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long-looked - for day.



O why these years of wait-ing here, — These a - ges of de - lay? A - men.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come:"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

6 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

Jesus Christ the Son

326 HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

S. Webbe (1740—1816)

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God ap-pears on earth to reign. A-men.

(Or to St. Peter's Westminster, No. 312)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see. | Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear. |
| 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected, | 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. |

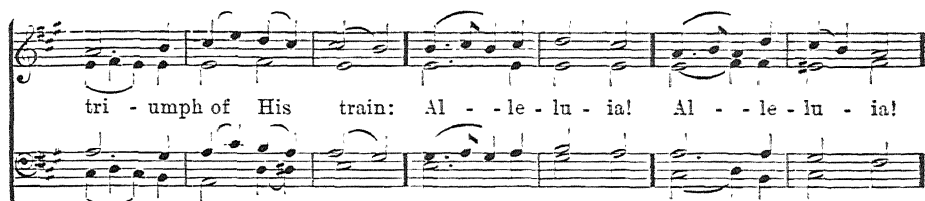
V. 1, 2, 4, C. Wesley, 1758; v. 3, J. Cennick, 1752;
Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

HELMSLEY 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune)

M. Madan, 1769

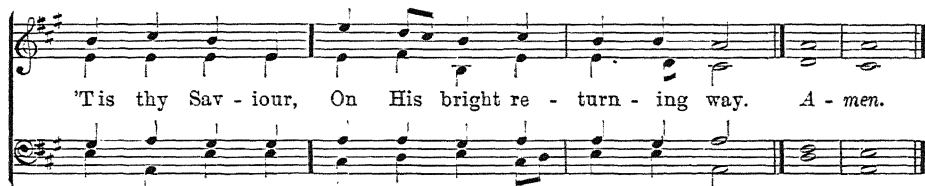
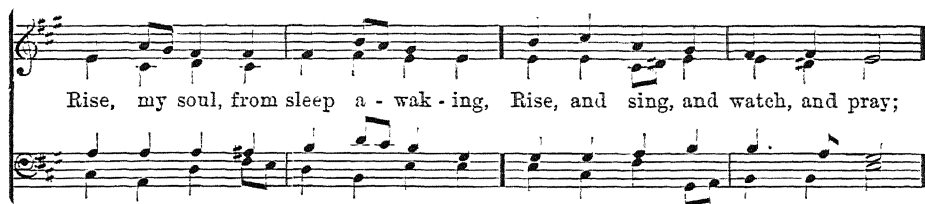
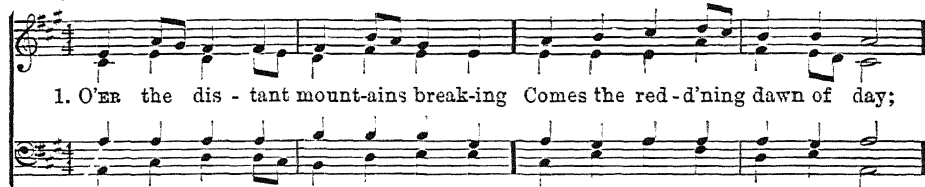
1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored
sin-ners slain; Thou-sand thou-sand saints... at-tend-ing Swell the

Second Coming



327 STÖRL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. G. C. Störl, 1734



2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,

Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

Jesus Christ the Son

328 PENIEL 8s. 6l.

J. Booth, 1887

1. Oh, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful though Thine ad-vent be,

All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:

Oh, quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near. A-men.

2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all,
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Oh, quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,

On every heart his mark is found:
Oh, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign,

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Oh, quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttielt, 1854

329 EATON C. M. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1882

1. LIGHT of the lone - ly pil-grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

Second Coming

A - rise, and with Thy morn-ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.

Come, bless-ed Lord! let ev - ery shore And an-swering is - land sing

The prais-es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King. A - men.

2 Bid the whole earth. responsive now
To the bright world above.
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In mem'ry of Thy love.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

E. Denny, 1848

(Or to Wiltshire, No. 154)

EAGLEY C. M.

(Second Tune)

J. Walch, 1860

1. LIGHT of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day.
2. Come, bless-ed Lord! let ev - ery shore And an-swering is - land sing

A - rise, and with Thy morn-ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.
The prais-es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King. A - men.

Jesus Christ the Son

330 ALLELUIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! sing to Je - sus; His the seep - tre, His the throne; Al - le - lu - ia!

His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone: Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a

might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deem - ed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

W. C. Dix, 1866

331 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. 8l.

L. von Esch, c. 1810

1. MIGHT-Y God, while angels bless Thee, May a mor-tal lip Thy name? Lord of men, as well as an-gels,
Sound-ed thro' the wide cre-a-tion

Thou art ev-ery creature's theme. Lord of ev-ery land and na-tion, Ancient of e-ter-nal days,
Be Thy just and end-less praise. A - men.

FINE. D. S.

Reign and Mediation

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe.
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

R. Robinson (1733—1790)

332 PARKHURST (St. Hilda) 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1861

1. HAIL, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King! Thou didst suf-fer
to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour,
Bear-er of our sin and shame! By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor;
Life is giv-en thro' Thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee are laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

281

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell, 1757—M. Madan—A. M. Toplady

Jesus Christ the Son

333 MILES LANE C. M.

W. Shrubsole, 1785

1. ALL hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;

The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!
6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
7 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
8 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1779-80; J. Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M.

(Second Tune)

O. Holden, 1793

1. ALL hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all! A - men.

Reign and Mediation

334 LAUD C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. COME, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne:

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give.
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1757

SOUTHWICK C. M.

(Third Tune)

H. Hiles (1826—)

1. ALL hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-men.

(Or to Laud, above)

Jesus Christ the Son

335 JESSICA C. M.

Anon, 1884

1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;
With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Ex - alt th'In-car-nate Word. A - men.

(Or to Laud, No. 334)

- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest, Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
How vast Thy gifts, how free: But hearts to be Thine own,
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; 4 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy name, our only plea. Thy temple we behold,
3 Hosanna, Master! lo, we bring Hosannas through eternity
Our offerings to Thy throne; We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. Havergal, 1833

336 NATIVITY C. M.

H. Lahee, 1855

1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-rious name A-wake the sa-cred song;
Oh, may His love, im-mor-tal flame, Tune ev-ery heart and tongue! A-men.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach, 4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
What mortal tongue display; Our humble thanks to Thee,
Imagination's utmost stretch May every heart with rapture say,
In wonder dies away. The Saviour died for me.
3 Let wonder still with love unite, 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
And gratitude, and joy; Fill every heart and tongue,
Be Jesus our supreme delight, Till strangers love Thy charming name,
His praise our best employ. And join the sacred song.

Reign and Mediation

337 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. Baker, 1872

1. O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's de-sire, Re-demp-tion's on-ly spring,
Cre-a-tor of the world art Thou, Its Sav-iour and its King. A-men.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free.
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid,
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

- 4 Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
Oh, may we come before Thy throne
And find acceptance there!
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

Latin 17th or 18th Cent. Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

338 MANCHESTER C. M.

R. Wainwright, 1782

1. BE-HOLD the glo-ries of the Lamb, A-midst His Fa-ther's throne;
Pre-pare new hon-ors for His name, And songs be-fore un-known. A-men.

- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

Jesus Christ the Son

339 LEEDS C. M.

W. Spark, c. 1869

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;

A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1742 *Ab.*

BRADFORD (*Messiah*) C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;

A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

Reign and Mediation

340 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M.

J. Clarke 1670—1707

1. THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :

- Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

341 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844

1. THE gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide;

The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - men.

(Or to St. John's College, No. 513)

- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,

- That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;
- 4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Jesus Christ the Son

342 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. COME, ev - ery pi - ous heart That loves the Sav - iour's name,

Your no - blest pow'r ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame: Tell all a -

bove, and all be - low, The debt or love to Him you owe. A - men.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

S. Stennett, 1787

Reign and Mediation

343 GOPSAL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

G. F. Hündel, 1745

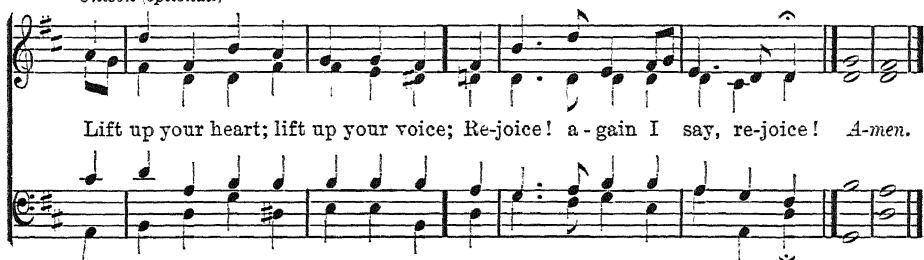


1. RE-joyce, the Lord is King!.... Your Lord and King a - dore!



Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Unison (optional.)



Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re-joyce! a - gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

(Or to Darwall, No. 730)

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope.
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

C. Wesley, 1744 J. Taylor, 1795

(Composed by Händel for this hymn; and in the form here given)

Jesus Christ the Son

344 PRESCOTT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. HARK! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;

Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joic - es,— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.

See, He sits on yon - der throne: Je - sus rules the world a - lone. A - men.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face!

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

T. Kelly, 1804

345 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 With Refrain

L. Mason, 1840

1. { WHO is this that comes from Edom, All His raiment stain'd with blood; } Glorious in the garb He wears,
{ To the slave proclaiming freedom; Bringing and bestowing good: }

Glorious in the garb He wears,

Reign and Mediation

Refrain.

Glorious in the spoils He bears! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men. A-men.

Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; oh how glorious,
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.—*Ref.*

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,

None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.—*Ref.*

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes:
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.—*Ref.*

T. Kelly, 1809

346 ALLEN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

E. Prout, 1865

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let prais-es fill the sky; Praise ye His name: An-gels His name a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore; And saints cry ev-er more, "Worthy the Lamb!" A-men.

(Or to St. Austin, No. 15)

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear name abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join all the human race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,

Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him, our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen, 1765

- The Holy Ghost

347 CHARITY 7, 7, 7, 5

J. Stainer, 1868

1. GRA-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most

Voices in Unison. rall.

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly heav - enly Love. A - men.

- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;

- Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing,
Holy heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

348 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875

1. SPIR - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;

De - scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, Oh come, great Spir - it, come! A - men.

- 2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;

- And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.
- 4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

A. Reed, 1829

The Holy Ghost

349 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A - men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son, and Thee. [love

J. Hart, 1759 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

350 BUDDINGTON S. M.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power. A - men.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

The Holy Ghost

351 SÂLES 8, 8, 6.

F. Champneys

1. To THEE, O Com-fort-er di-vine, For all Thy grace and pow'r be-nign,

Sing we Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

4 To Thee, whose faithful pow'r doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our teacher and our friend,
Our faithful leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

F. R. Havergal, 1872

352 SOLITUDE (Downes) 7s.

L. T. Downes, 1851

1. Ho-LY Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shade of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day. A-men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

The Holy Ghost

353 VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS 7s. 6l.

J. H. Knecht (1752—1817)

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of light, From the clear ce - les - tial height Thy pure beam-ing

ra-diance give. Come, Thou Fa-ther of the poor, Come, with treasures which en-dure,

Come, Thou light of all that live! A-men.

3 Light immortal. Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

2 Thou of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat.
Solace in the midst of woe.

4 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess, and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France Tr. E. Caswall, 1849

LIGHT 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of light, From the clear ce - les - tial height

Thy pure beam-ing ra-diance give. Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor,

Come, with treasures which en - dure, Come, Thou light of all that live! A-men.

The Holy Ghost

354 ST. CUTHBERT 8, 6, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

355 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. COME, O Cre-a-tor Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-men.

- 2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!
- 3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

- 4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
- 5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

The Holy Ghost

356 ANGELS SONG L. M.

O. Gibbons 1583—1625

1. COME, dear-est Lord, de-scend, and dwell, By faith and love, in ev-ery breast;

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The joys that can-not be expressed. A-men.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; 3 Now to the God whose power can do
Make our enlargèd souls possess, More than our thoughts or wishes know,
And learn the height and breadth and length Be everlasting honors done,
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. By all the church, through Christ His Son.

L. Watts, 1709

357 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. Oh, grant us light, that we may know. The wis-dom Thou a-lone canst give;

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless wher-e'er we live. A-men.

2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttle, 1864

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The Holy Ghost

INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Arr. by J. R. Dykes, 1862

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav - en - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side. A - men.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose our way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
Lead us to God; our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

S. Browne, 1720 Alt.

359

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5

F. Filitz (1804—1876)

1. COME to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

Ho - ly Ghost the in - fi - nite, Com - fort - er di - vine. A - men.

- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.
- 4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
- Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.
- 5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.
- 6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

The Holy Ghost

360

MAGDALEN (Rest) L. M. 61.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. CRE - A - TOR Spir-it, by whose aid The world's foun-da-tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - ery hum-ble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on ha - man kind;

Voices in unison. Harmony. dim.
From sin and sor-row set us free, And make Thy tem-ples wor - thy Thee. A-men.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. J. Dryden, 1693 *Alt. and Ad.*

The Holy Ghost

361 ST. TIMOTHY C. M.

H. W. Baker, 1874 Har. by W. H. Monk

1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple bless, Who long to feel Thy might;

And fain would grow in ho - li - ness, As chil - dren of the light. A - men.

2 To Thee we bring, who art the Lord,
Ourselves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

3 Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep;

4 Great gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

H. W. Baker, 1874

362 GOUDA C. M.

B. Tours (1838-1897)

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some tok - ens of Thy grace. A - men.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

363

HIGBEE C. M.

The Holy Ghost

J. Barnby, 1883

1. WHEN God of old came down from heav'n, In power and wrath He came;

Be - fore His feet the clouds were riv'n, Half dark-ness and half flame. A - men.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,

The trump that angels quake to hear.
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love and pow'r,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th'accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

J. Keble, 1807

364

ST. AGNES C. M.

(Or to Balerma, No. 590)

J. B. Dykes, 1866

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

L. Watts, 1707

The Holy Ghost

365 HERMON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. G. Braun, 1675

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart: Oh come to - day! A - men.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

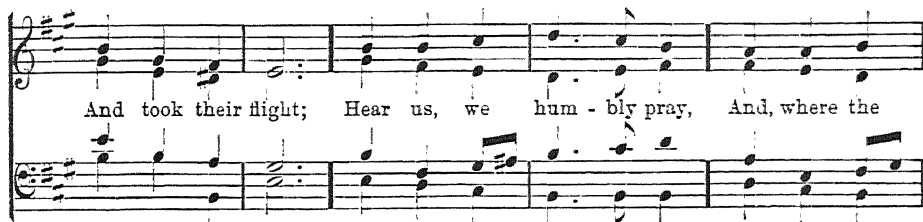
Latin (13th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

366 FIAT LUX 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4


J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

The Holy Ghost



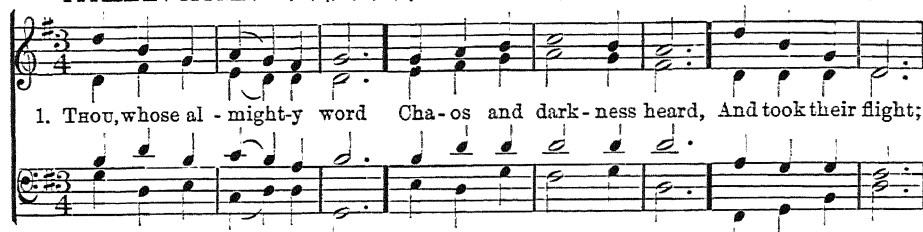
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the



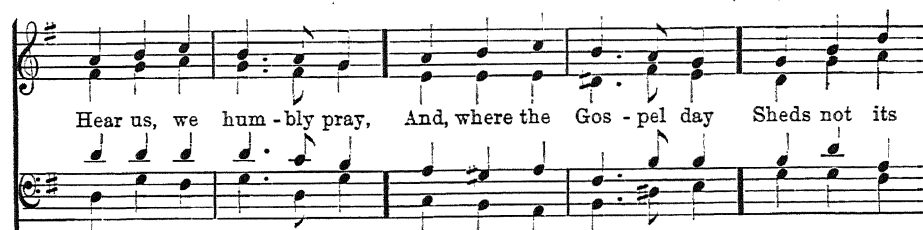
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

F. de Giardini, 1769



1. Thou, whose al - mighty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight;



Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the Gos - pel day Sheds not its



glorious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

J. Marriott, c. 1873

The Holy Scriptures

367 MUNICH 7s, 6s. 81.

J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710

1. O WORD of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page.

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

(Or to Aurelia, No. 633 Or to Chenies, No. 117)

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

The Holy Scriptures

DIES DOMINICA 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Time)

J. B. Dykes, 1870

1. O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-

chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra-diance That

from the hallow'd page, A lantern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

368

DALLAS 7s.

Arr. fr. M. L. Cherubini (1760—1842)

1. SPREAD, oh, spread, Thou might-y word, Spread the king-dom of the Lord,

Where-so - e'er His breath has given Life to be - ings meant for heaven. A - men.

(Or to Ravenna [Vienna], No. 149)

- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:

- Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 4 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
Let the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

The Holy Scriptures

369 CÆLI 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. THE heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, The firm - a-ment Thy pow'r; Day un-to day the

sto - ry Re-peats from hour to hour; Night un - to night re - ply - ing Proclaims in

ev - ery land, O Lord, with voice un - dy - ing, The won - ders of Thy hand. A - men.

2 The sun with royal splendor
Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise:
O'er ev'ry tribe and nation
That music strange is poured;
The song of all creation
To Thee, creation's Lord.

3 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given!
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven;
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day!

4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart:

Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.

5 Oh who can make confession
Of every secret sin;
Or keep from all transgression
His spirit pure within?
But let me never boldly
From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
The service of my heart.

6 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still:
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee.

The Holy Scriptures

370 EVANGELIST 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

German, 1738



1. COME, pure hearts, in sweet-est meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures



In the ho - ly Gos - pel shrined; Bless - ed tid - ings of sal - va - tion,



Peace on earth their proc-la - ma-tion, Love from God to lost man-kind. A - men.



2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Saviour dear:
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Here our souls, by Jesus sated,
More and more shall be translated
Earth's temptations far above:
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on angelic pinion,
They shall reach the source of love.

4 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
Rise to Thee, O Saviour blest:
With Thy gracious aid defend us;
Let Thy guiding light attend us;
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

Adam of St. Victor, 1150 Tr. R. Campbell, 1850

371

CHESTERFIELD

C. M.

The Holy Scriptures

T. Haweis (1733—1820)

1. FA-THER of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For
 ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-men.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

372

ORTONVILLE C. M.

A. Steele, 1760

T. Hastings, 1837

1. THE Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and prom-is-
 es af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. A-men.

(Or to Southwell, No. 794)

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

The Holy Scriptures

373 ARMAGH C. M.

J. Tuttle (1802—1882)

1. How PRE-cious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given:

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven. A-men.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett, 1782 *Ad.*

374 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875

1. LAMP of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray,

Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveller's way. A-men.

- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,

- 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

The Holy Scriptures

375 HOLY WORD C. M. 81.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. THERE is a book, who runs may read, Which heav'n-ly truth im - parts,
And all the lore its schol - lars need, Pure eyes and Chris-tian hearts.
The works of God, a - bove, be - low, With - in us and a - round,
Are pag - es in that book to show How God Him-self is found. A - men.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

3 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

4 One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
The Spirit's viewless way.

5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to desecry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere.

The Holy Scriptures

376 ALFRETON L. M.

Anon., 1703

1. God, in the Gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:

'Tis here His rich-est mer-cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines. A-men.

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease.
The mourner find the way of peace. *

4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes.
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome, 1757. Alt. T. Cotterill, 1819

377 RAVENSHAW

6s.

(Or to St. Cyprian, No. 283)

German Hy. A. & M., 243

1. Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid-eth; Who its truth be-liev - eth

Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A-men.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,

Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. Baker, 1861

Invitation

378 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Hullah, 1867

1. "COME un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O bless-ed voice of

Je-sus, Which comes to hearts op-prest! It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of par-don,

grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which cannot cease. A-men.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix, 1867

COME UNTO ME 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. "COME un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest."

Invitation

Cres.
p O bless-ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
mf. It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
f. Of joy that hath no end - ing, *rall.* Of love which can-not cease. A - men.

ENTREATY 7s, 6s. 8l.

(Third Tune)

J. Barnby, 1883

1. "COME un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless-ed voice of
 Je - sus, Which comes to hearts opprest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don,
 grace and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease. A - men.

Invitation

379

QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. "TAKE up Thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;

Take up thy cross with will - ing heart And hum - bly fol - low af - ter Me." A - men.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;

For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest, 1833

380

SERVETUS L. M.

E. G. Monk (1819—1900)

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie? A - men.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Invitation

381 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866

1. THE Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-pering, "Sin-ner, come;" The

Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, "Come." A-men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. C. Onderdonk, 1866

382 ST. LAWRENCE L. M.

L. G. Hayne, 1863

1. BE - HOLD, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! Oh seest thou not His plead-ing eye?

With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world and fol-low Me." A-men.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear;
Its echoes stirred his spirit still.
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

W. W. How (verses 4, 5, alt. fr. T. Ken, 1722) 1871

Invitation

383

COME 7s.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil - grim, hith-er come. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.</p> <p>3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;</p> | <p>Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.</p> |
|---|---|

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1792

384

ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. HARK! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word:
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me? A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.</p> <p>3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.</p> <p>4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,</p> | <p>Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.</p> <p>5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"</p> <p>6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!</p> |
|---|---|

Invitation

385

BLUMENTHAL 7s. 81.

J. Blumenthal, 1847

1. SIN - NERS, turn! Why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live,

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands;

Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why,
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 God, who died that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify the Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why,
 God, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will you not the grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

Invitation

386 STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. Baker, 1861

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

J. M. Neale, 1862

BULLINGER 8, 5, 8, 3

(Second Tune)

E. W. Bullinger, 1877

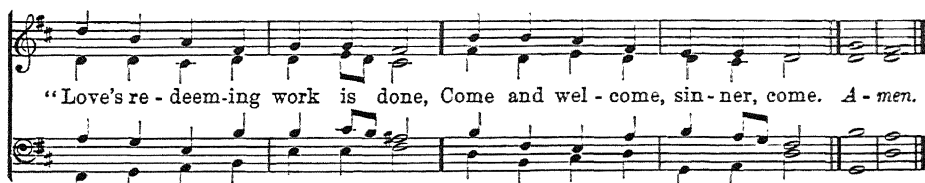
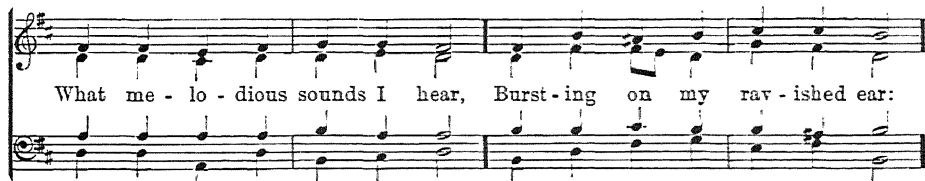
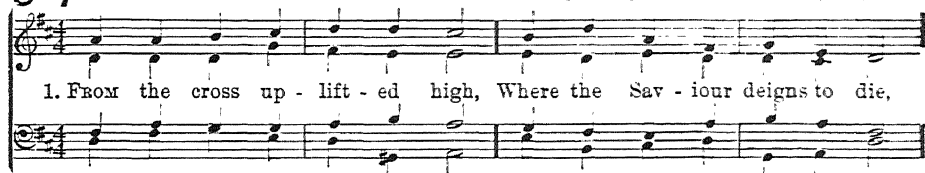
1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be..... at rest." A - men.

Invitation

387 RATISBON 7s. 6l.

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658

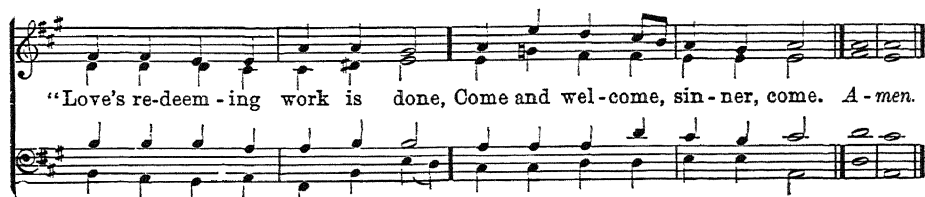
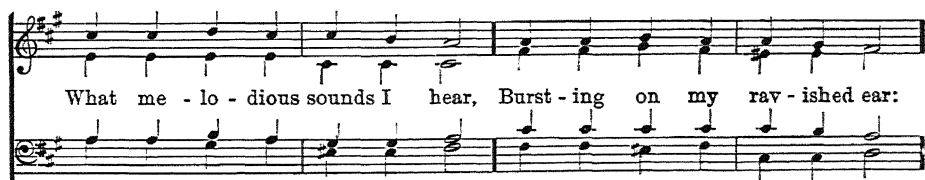
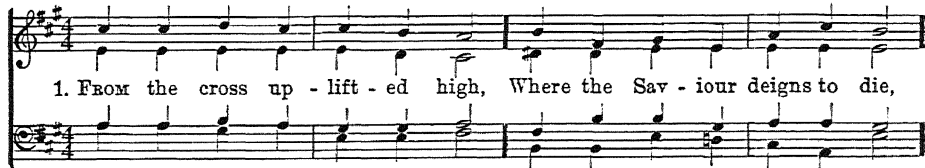


2 “Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

3 “Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

T. Haweis, 1792 *Ab.*

ROCK OF AGES (Elvey) 7s. 6l. (Second Tune) G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)



Invitation

388 TO-DAY 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1883



1. To - DAY Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,

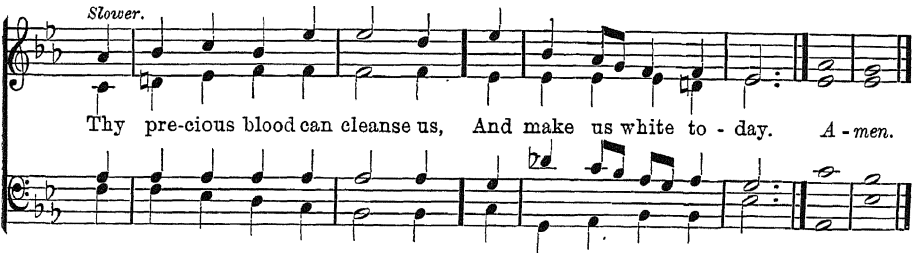


How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way,

Slower.



Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates.

No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

Salvation

389 LUX MUNDI 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Not too fast.

1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance Be - fore Thy throne of love;

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;

Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee,

And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

(Or to Union Square, No. 480 Or to To-day, opposite)

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee,
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

T. R. Palmer, 1834

390

Salvation

GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 61.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

ROCK OF AGES (Dykes) 7s. 61. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

Salvation

HURSTLEIGH 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

H. Leslie (1822—1896)

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

- Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die?
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776

TOPLADY 7s. 6l.

(Fourth Tune)

T. Hastings, 1830

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

Salvation

391 ECCE AGNUS 6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4

Old Melody

1. BE - HOLD the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain,

Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour

let me take, My on - ly ref - uge let me make Thy pierc - ed side. A - men.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious blood
 My soul I cast;
 Wash me and make me clean within,
 And keep me pure from every sin,
 Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
 All hail, incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord,
 Saviour most blest;
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us, with all Thy blessèd saints,
 Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Worthy is He alone
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All light and love.

M. Bridges, 1848

Salvation

392 SPRINGCROFT 7s.

R. L. W. Mallary, 1895

1. PRINCE of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug-gling heart be still;

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir-it in - to peace. A - men.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
May Thy will and mine be one;

Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

M. S. B. Shindler, 1898

393 REMEMBER ME (Holy Cross) C. M.

Anon.

1. JE - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend: As such I look to Thee;

Now, in the ful-ness of Thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me. A - men.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free:
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me.

R. Burnham, 1783

Salvation

394 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. E - TER - NAL Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,

When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with

calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee! A - men.

(Or to Ravensbourne, opposite)

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

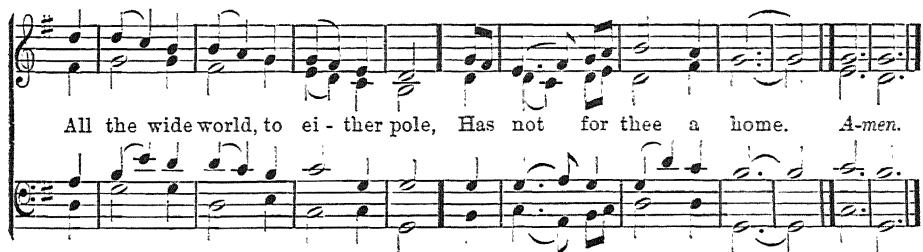
Salvation

395 SERENITY S. M.

C. Bryan (1775—1840)



1. Oh CEASE, my wandering soul,.... On rest - less wing to roam;



All the wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home. A-men.

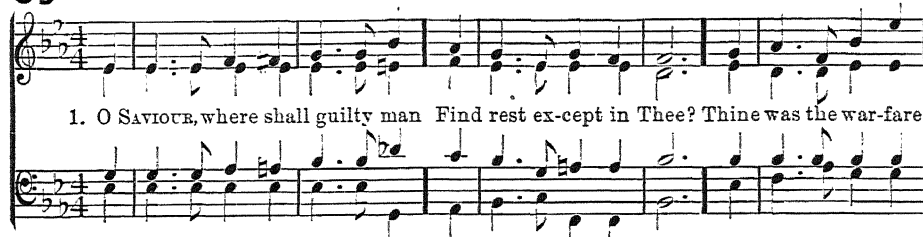
2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

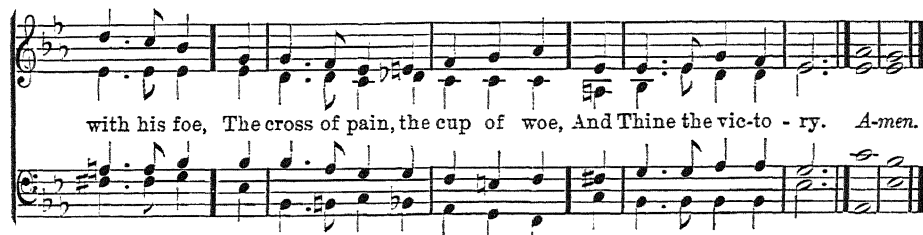
W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

396 RAVENSBORNE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)



1. O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man Find rest ex-cept in Thee? Thine was the war-fare



with his foe, The cross of pain, the cup of woe, And Thine the vic-to - ry. A-men.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's
power,
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,

That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee.

Mrs. C. E. May, 1861

Salvation

397 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart; They

tell me all is done; They bid my fear de-part, To whom, save

Thee, who canst a-lone For sin a-tone, Lord, shall I flee? A-men.

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine

Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

398 CROFT'S 148TH 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

W. Croft, 1700

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-lemn sound;

Salvation

Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The

year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home. A-men.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750

LENOX 6. 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

L. Edson, 1782

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-bi-
year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home. A-men.
lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

Salvation

399 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. THERE is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins,

And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious
blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1777

COWPER C. M.

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A - men.

Penitence and Confession

400

SEMPER ASPECTEMUS C. M.

J. H. Casson, 1889

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing - place,
By storms of sin and sor - row toss'd, I seek Thy sheltering grace. A - men.

- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry,
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.
3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;

- There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.
4 And when I stand before Thy Throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1852

401

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. LORD Je - sus, are we one with Thee? O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Cal - va - ry, We one with Thee a - bove. A - men.

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.
3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.
4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;

- Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.
5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.
6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

J. G. Deck, 1837

Penitence and Confession

402 BLENDED C. M. 8l.

C. E. Kettle (1833—)

1. O LORD, turn not Thy face a - way From them that low - ly lie,

La - ment - ing sore their sin - ful life, With tears and bit - ter cry.

Thy mer - cy - gates are o - pen wide To them that mourn their sin;

O shut them not a - gainst us, Lord, But let us en - ter in. A - men.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have.
Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

Penitence and Confession

403 ST. BERNARD C. M.

Arr. by J. Richardson, 1863

1. WHEN wound-ed sore the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un-bound,

One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can salve the sin-ner's wound. A - men.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1858 Alt.

404 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. DEPTH of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? A - men.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;

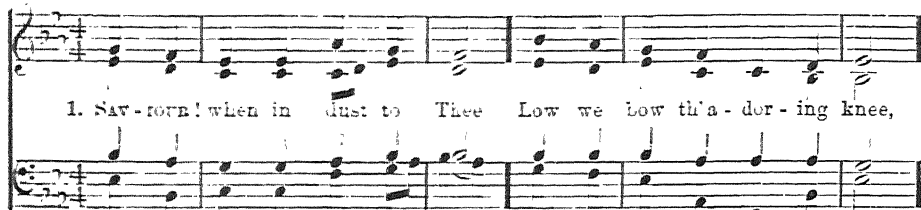
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

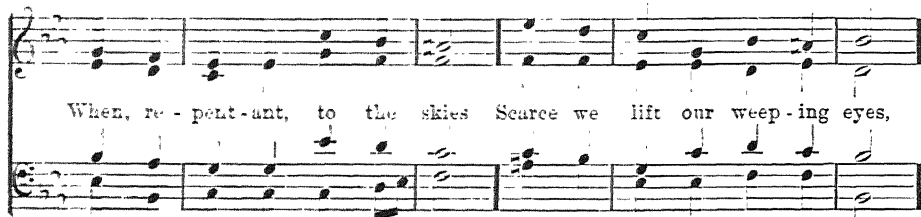
Penitence and Confession

405 REFUGE 78. S1.

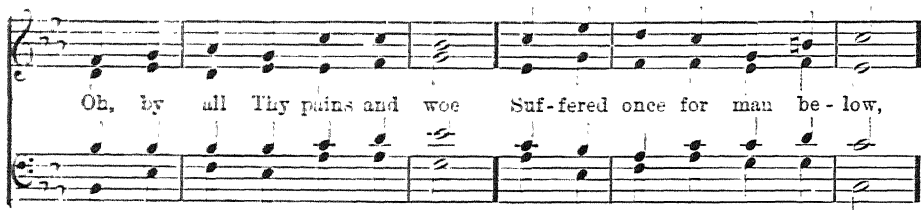
H. Smart, 1813-1879)



1. Sav-ern! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fered once for man be-low,



Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-men.

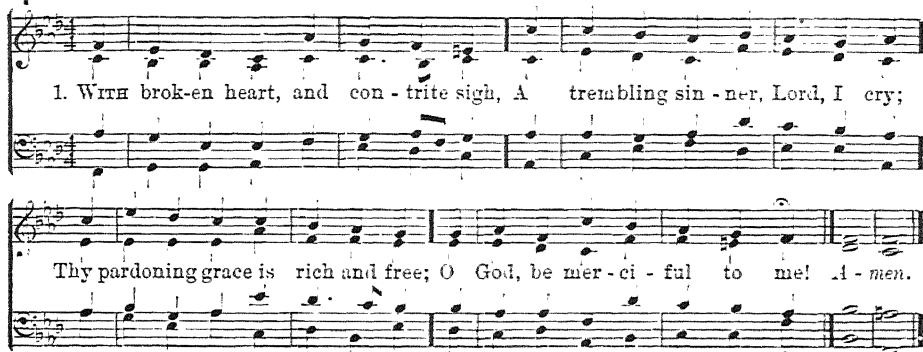
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told;
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Penitence and Confession

406 ST. LUKE L. M.

J. F. Lampe, 1746



1. WITH brok-en heart, and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast.
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1850

SPANISH CHANT 7s. 8l. (Second Tune)

Spanish Melody.

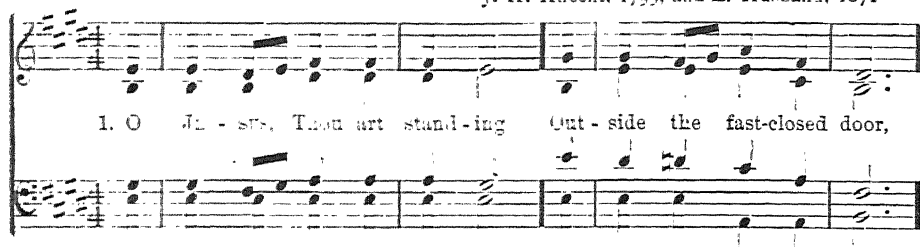


1. SAY - IOUR! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

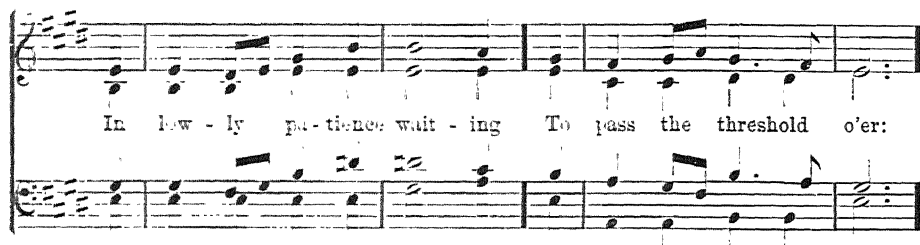
Penitence and Confession

407 ST. HILDA 79, 66. S.

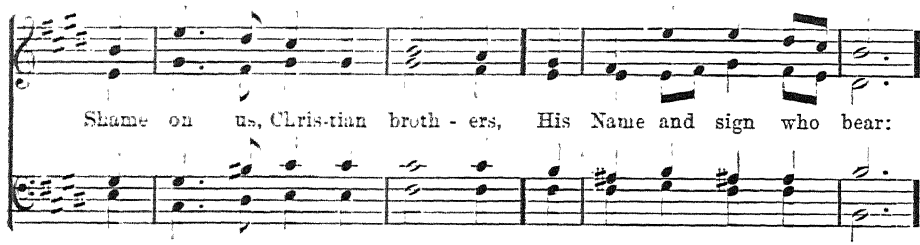
Arr. by W. H. Walter, from
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871



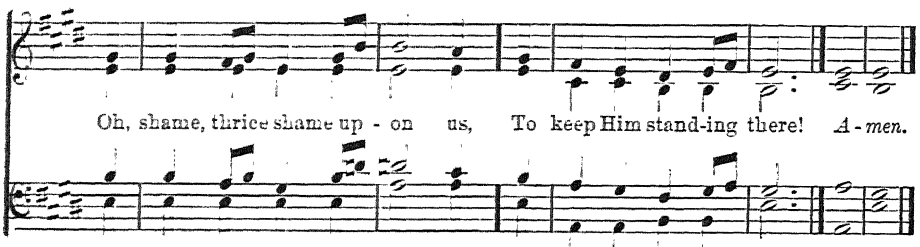
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

(Or to Lux Mundi, No. 339)

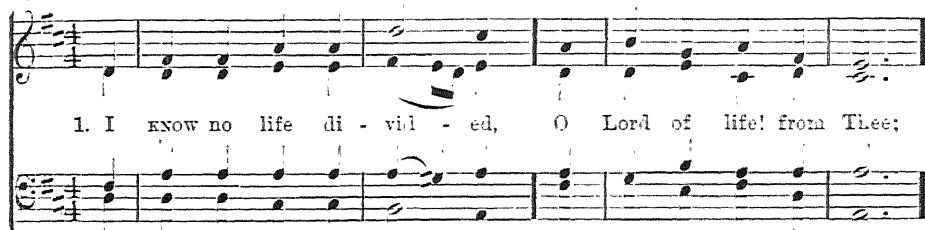
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred.
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

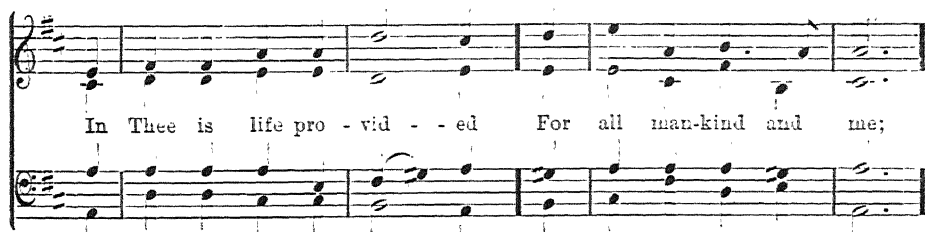
Penitence and Confession

408 CATHERINE (St. Catherine) 7s. 6s. 8l.

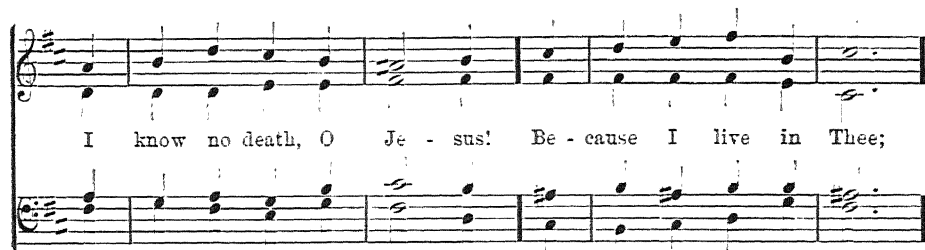
R. F. Dale



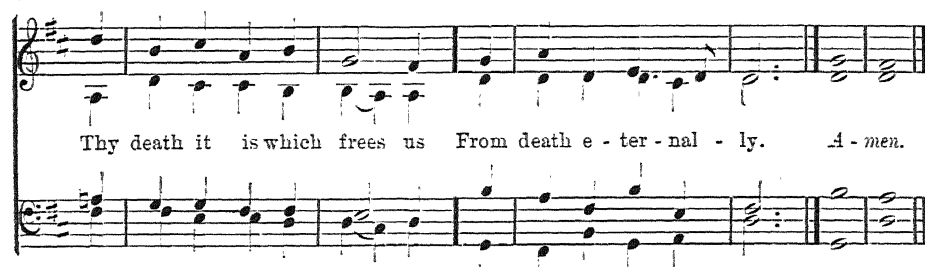
1. I KNOW no life di - vil - ed, O Lord of life! from Thee;



In Thee is life pro - vid - - ed For all man-kind and me;



I know no death, O Je - sus! Be - cause I live in Thee;



Thy death it is which frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me:
If Thou, my God and teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne,

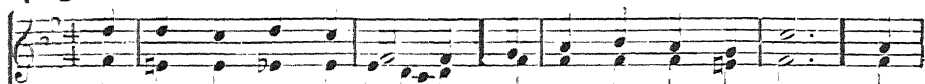
3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta, 1835 77. R. Massie, 1859

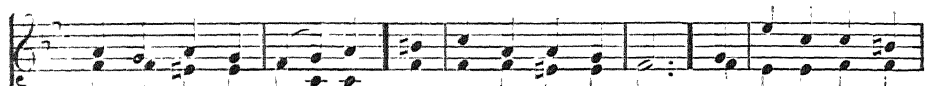
Penitence and Confession

409 BLENHAM 7s, 6s. Sl.


M. B. Foster, (1851—)




1. O Je - sus, our Sal - va - tion, Low at Thy cross we lie; Lord,



in Thy great com - pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry. We come to Thee with



mourn - ing, We come to Thee in woe; With con - trite hearts re - turn - ing,



And tears that o - ver - flow. A - men.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.

We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary:
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone.
O Priest! O spotless Offering,
Plead for us, and atone.

J. Hamilton, 1865 *Ad.*

410

L. M.

(To either St. Crispin or Woodworth, opposite)

1 JESUS, the sinner's friend! to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms, and take me in.
2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest till Thou art mine,
Until in me Thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee;
Here then, to Thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
4 What can I say, Thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love;
I give up every plea beside;
Lord! I'm condemned, but Thou hast died.

Penitence and Confession

411 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. JusT as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

(Or to Quebec, No. 379)

C. Elliott, 1836

WOODWORTH L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. JusT as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

Penitence and Confession

412

AMBROSE 7. 7. 7. 5

Gregorian Ad. H. J. Gauntlett (1865—1876)

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,
Mak-er, teach-er in-fin-ite, Je-sus, hear and save. A-men.

- 2 Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child.
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then.
Jesus, hear and save.

Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive and save.

- 2 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

- 3 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

- 4 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.

R. Heber, 1827

413

7. 7. 7. 5

- 1 God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,

Eliza F. Morris, 1896 Ab.

414

IRVINE S. M.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee; Be-
fore Thy throne of grace I fall, Be mer-ci-ful to me. A-men.

- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame.

From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Penitence and Confession

415 ST. PHILIP 7s, 3l.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day. Ere the time shall
pass a-way, On our knees we fall and pray. A-men.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams, 1244

416 LACRYMÆ 7s, 3l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HEAL me, O my Sav-iour, heal; Heal me as I
sup-pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par-don seal. A-men.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

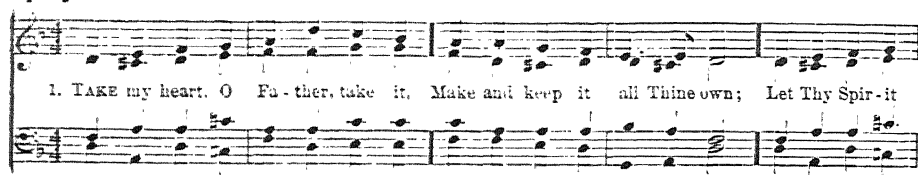
5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

G. Thring, 1866

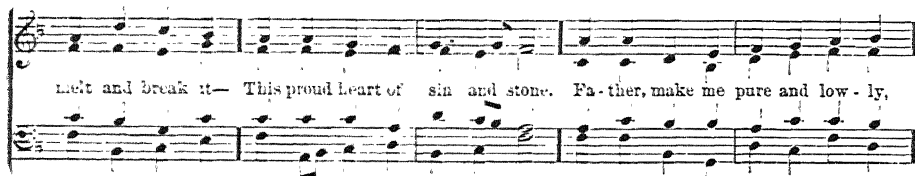
Penitence and Confession

417 SUPPLICATION Ss. 7s. 8l.

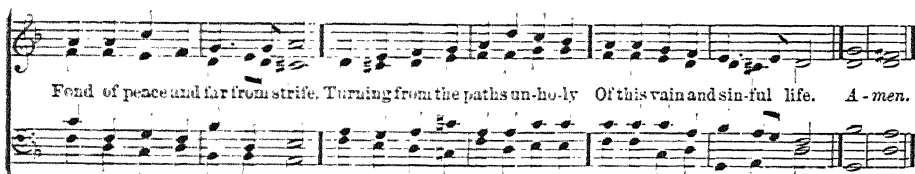
W. H. Monk (1823—1889)



1. TAKE my heart. O Fa-ther, take it. Make and keep it all Thine own; Let Thy Spir-it



Left and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. Fa-ther, make me pure and low-ly,



Fond of peace and far from strife. Turning from the paths un-ho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life. A-men.

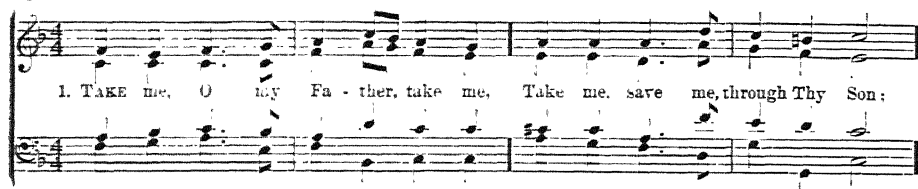
2 Ever let Thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me;
Make me to be wholly Thine.

May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

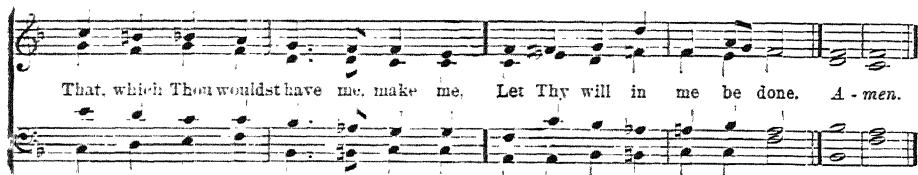
Anon., 1849

418 SARDIS Ss. 7s. 4l.

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)



1. TAKE me, O my Fa-ther, take me, Take me, save me, through Thy Son;



That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me. Let Thy will in me be done. A-men.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying
Take me to Thy love, my God.

At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer.
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Penitence and Confession

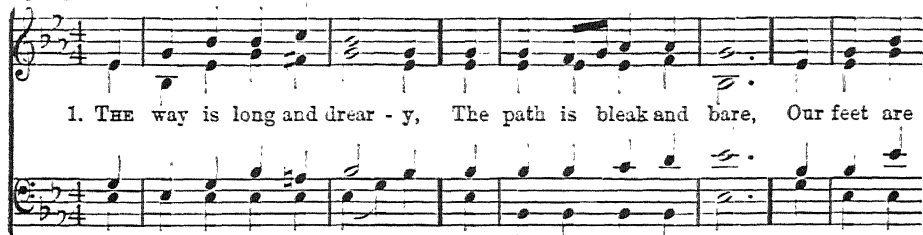
5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

6 Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast:
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

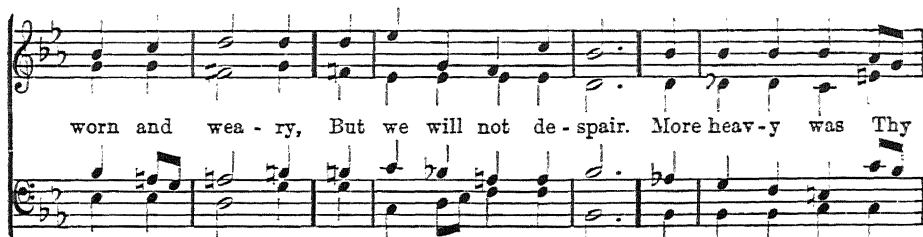
H. R. Palmer, 1864

419 VIA DOLOROSA 7s, 6s. 9l. Irregular

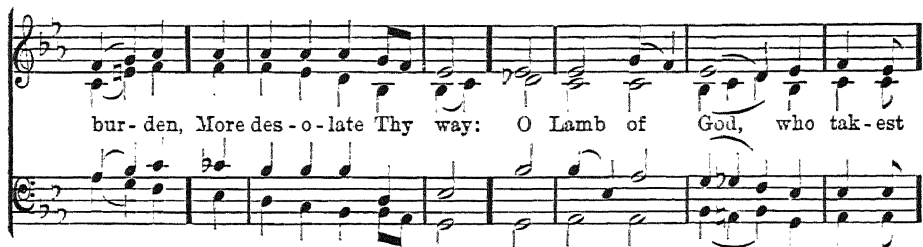
J. B. Dykes, 1874



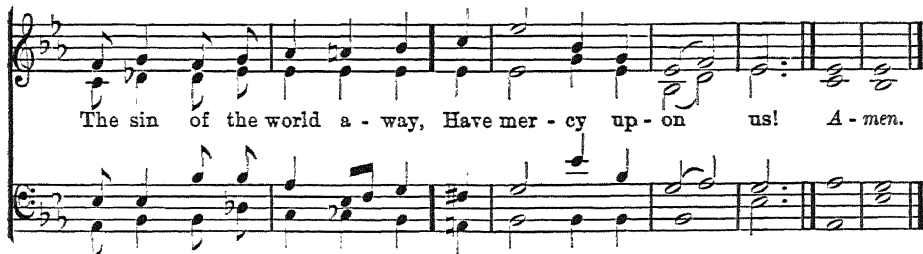
1. THE way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are



worn and wea - ry, But we will not de - spair. More heav - y was Thy



bur - den, More des - o - late Thy way: O Lamb of God, who tak - est



The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us! A - men.

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Oh give to us Thy peace!

A. A. Procter, 1858

Penitence and Confession

420 FLEMMING S. S. S. 6

Arr. fr. F. F. Flemming (1778—1813)

1. O Thou, the con-tribute - sh - her's Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a - lone my hopes de - pend That Thou wilt plead for me. A - men.

(Or to Elmhurst, No. 718)

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place.
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace.
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me.

C. Elliott, 1833

421 DERRY S. S. S. 6

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. His are the thou-sand spark-ling rills That from a thou-sand fount-ains burst,

And fill with mu - sic all the hills, And yet He saith "I thirst." A - men.

2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever-beds where sick ones toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

That thirsted for the souls of men;
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then,
Was the deep longing thirst divine,

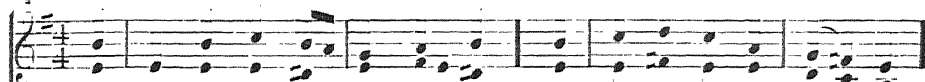
4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee:
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst was all for me.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander 1833,

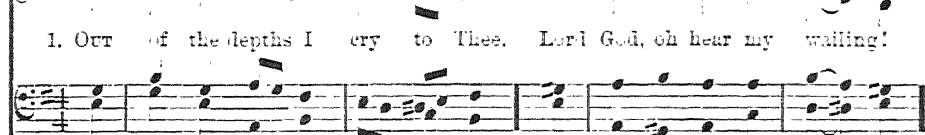

Penitence and Confession

422 COBURG P. M.


J. Walther'sches Gesangbuch, 1524 Har. S. P. Warren, 1896



1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord God, oh hear my wailing!

Thy gracious ear in - cline to me, And make my prayer a - vail - ing.




On my mis - deeds in mer - cy look, Oh deign to blot them




from Thy book, Or who can stand be - fore Thee? A - men.

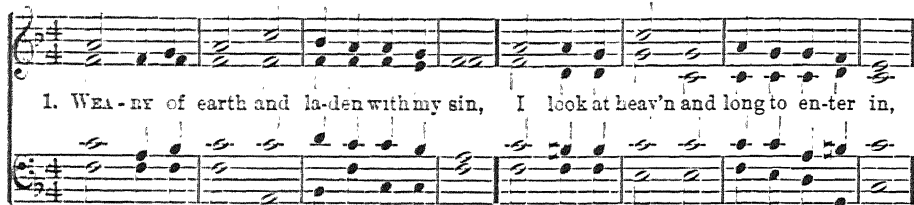


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving:
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear:
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.</p> | <p>4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.</p> |
| <p>3 Thou canst be merciful while just,—
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.
Shielded by Thee, I stand secure:
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.</p> | <p>5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded:
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.</p> |

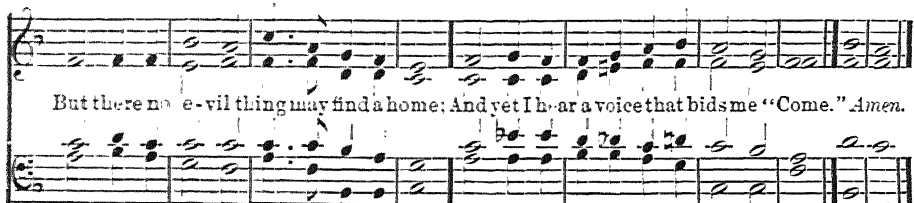
Penitence and Confession

423 LANGRAN 10s.

J. Langran, 1862



1. WEA-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,



But there no e-vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." Amen.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great re-ward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. Stone, 1866.

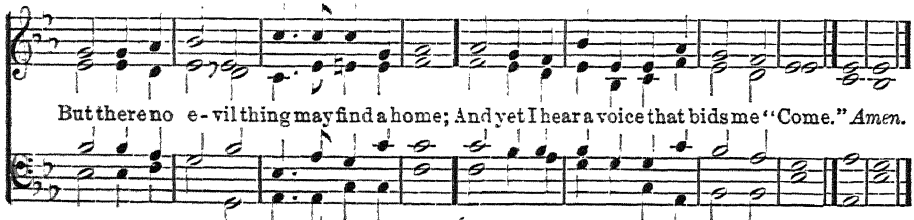
PENITENTIA 10s.

(Second Tune)

E. Dearle, 1874



1. WEA-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,



But there no e-vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." Amen.

Penitence and Confession

424 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A - men.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

I. Watts, 1709 *Ab.*

LEIGHTON S. M.

(Second Tune)

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A - men.

Penitence and Confession

425 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. BE - NEATH the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The

shad - ow of a night - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess,—
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

Penitence and Confession

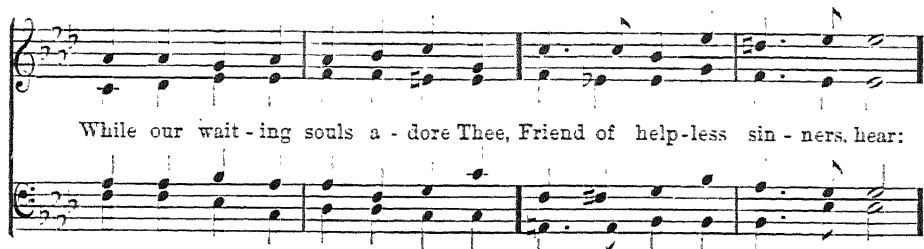
426

ST. RAPHAEL S: 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

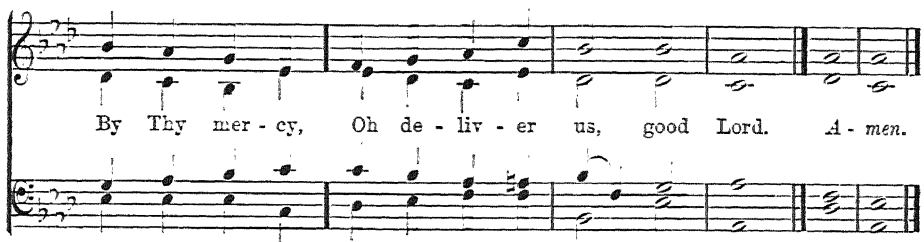
E. J. Hopkins (1878-1901)



1. JE-sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra-cious ear;



While our wait-ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin - ners, hear:



By Thy mer-cy, Oh de - liv - er us, good Lord. A - men.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

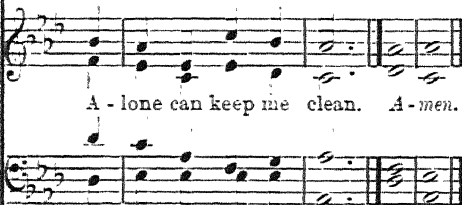
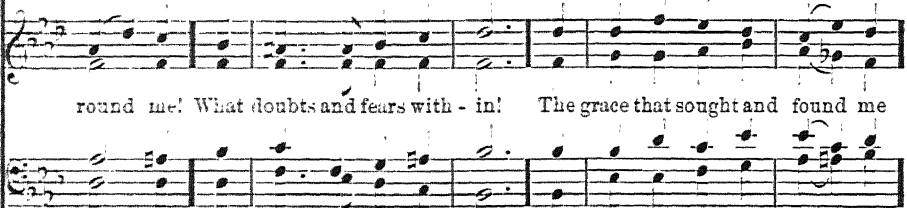
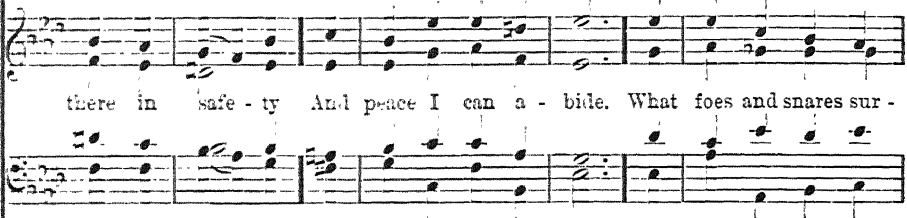
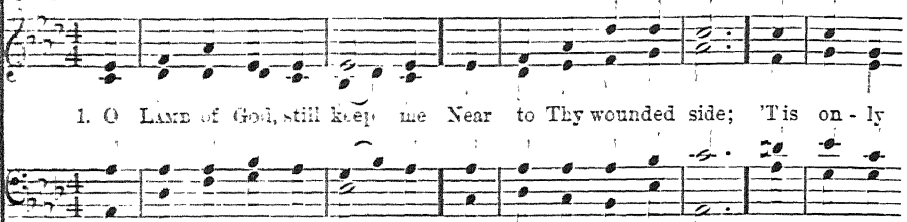
5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

Faith and Consecration

427 DAVENPORT 7s. 6s. 8l.

M. D. Babcock, 1896



Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

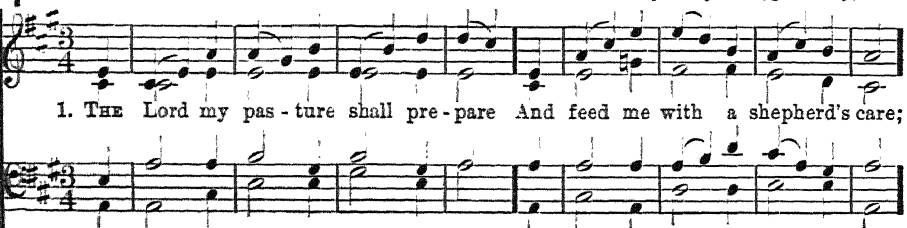
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck, 1842

428 BROWNELL L. M. 6l.

F. J. Haydn (1732-1809)



Faith and Consecration

His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply And guard me with a watch-ful eye;

My noonday walks He shall at-tend And all my mid-night hours de-fend. A-men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. Addison, 1712

429 SHELTERING WING L. M.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. LORD, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;

With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A-men.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Faith and Consecration

430

BEN RHYDDING S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799-1877)

1. Nor all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could
give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain. A-men.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name.
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts, 1759.

431

SUNDERLAND S. M.

H. Smart, 1867

1. Yorn harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;
Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev-ery string a-wake. A-men.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation. Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady, 1774

Faith and Consecration

432

SEFTON L. M.

(Or to Wareham, No. 135)

J. B. Calkin, 1872

I. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits,

The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A-men.

- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest;
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart

- From earthly use for heav'n's employ,
Adorned with pray'r and love and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come; I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious goal be won.

G. Weissel, 1855 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855 Alt.

433

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. JE - srs, I live to Thee, The lov - li - est and best; My

life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

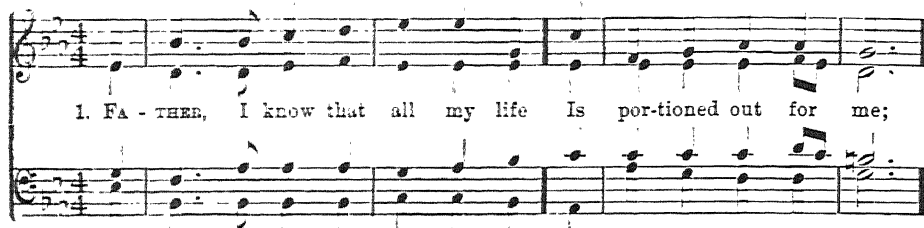
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;

- To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

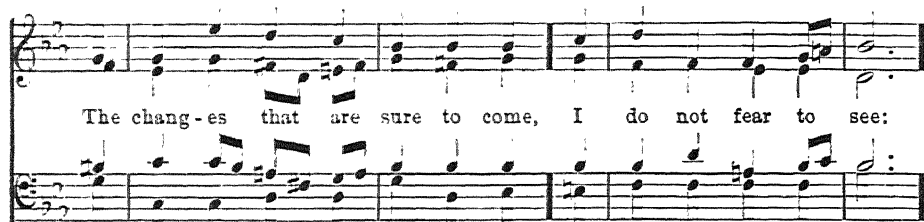
Faith and Consecration

434 ST. BEDE C. M. 61.

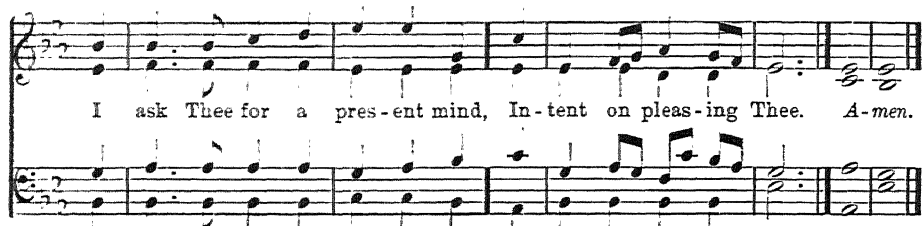
J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)



1. FA - THEE, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;



The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:



I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro.
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied.
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Faith and Consecration

435 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. THOU hid-den source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,

My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine;

Slower.

And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name. A - men.

(Or to Magdalen No. 829)

2 Thy mighty name salvation is.
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty power,
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief, my joy unspeakable,—
My life in death, my all in all.

(Or to Wavertree, No. 830)

C. Wesley, 1749

I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen, 1729 Tr. J. Wesley, 1736 44.

436 L. M. 61.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man
knows,

Faith and Consecration

437 DESIRE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to Thee. I plead,

Not mine to Thee: This is my com-fort strong, This is my on - ly song,

Thy love to me A - men.

2 Thy record I believe,
Thy word to me;
Thy love I now receive,
Full, changeless, free,—
Love from the sinless Son,
Love to the sinful one,
Thy love to me.

3 Immortal love of Thine,
Thy sacrifice.
Infinite need of mine
Only supplies.
Streams of divinest power,
Flow to me, hour by hour,
Thy love to me.

4 Let me more clearly trace,
Thy love to me,
See in the Father's face,
His love to Thee;
Know as He loves the Son,
So dost Thou love Thine own
Thy love to me.

Mrs. M. E. Gates, 1885

438 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1. My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-ery serv-ice I can pay,

And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates, and o-bey. A-men.

Faith and Consecration

2 What is my being but for Thee.
 Its sure support, its noblest end,
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend?
 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live.
 To Him who for my ransom died:

Nor could the bowers of Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
 4 His work my hoary age shall bless.
 When youthful vigor is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, His saving power.

P. Bodinidge, 1747

439 PROPRIOR DEO 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make

On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek;
 Give what is best;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Faith and Consecration

440

WINTERTON 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. Barnby, 1892

1. NEAR - ER, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my pray'r; E'en though a
heav-y cross Faint-ing I bear, Still all my pray'r shall be, Near-er, O
God, to Thee, Near-er, O God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A - men.

2 If where they led my Lord,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn:
There even let me be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around.
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come.
Oh, for a dwelling-place,
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

W. W. How, 1864

EDEN 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

(Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. NEAR-ER, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my pray'r; E'en though a heav-y cross Faint-ing I bear,
Still all my pray'r shall be, Near-er. O God, to Thee Near-er. O God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A-men.

Faith and Consecration

441 WILBER 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. B. Judd, 1896

1. SAV - IOUR, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,

Nor should I aught with - hold, My Lord, from Thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,

Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A - men.

(Or to Winterton, opposite)

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me.
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Faith and Consecration

442 NEARER TO THEE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 *Ad. fr. Händel by J. Goss (1800—1880)*

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - men.

(Or to St. Edmund, No. 378 Or to Propior Deo, No. 439)

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. Adams, 1847

HORBURY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 *(Second Tune)*

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth
me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - men.

Faith and Consecration

KEDRON 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (Third Time)

A. B. Spratt

1. NEAR - ER, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it

Ped.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (Fourth Time)

L. Mason, 1856

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

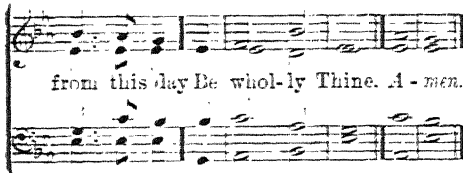
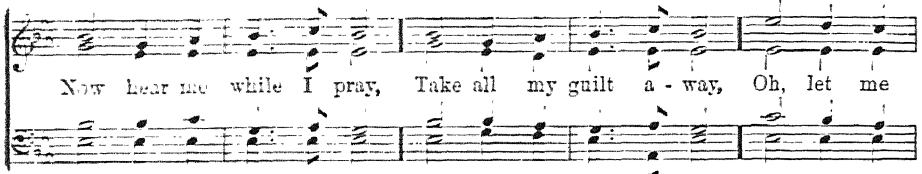
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

Faith and Consecration

443 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

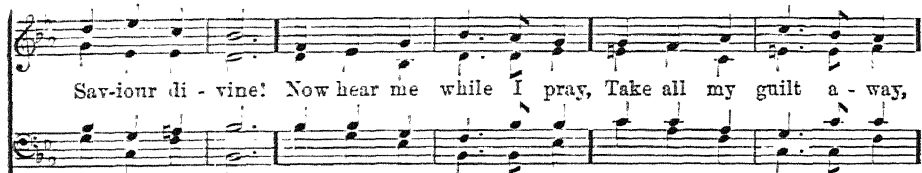
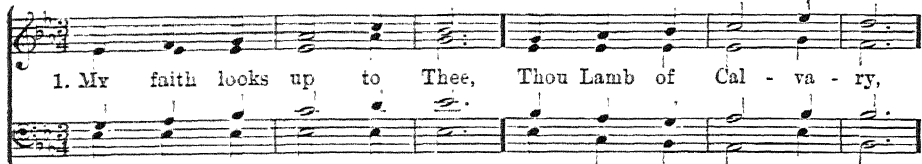
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

R. Palmer, 1830

HAZELWOOD 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

(Second Tune)

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)



Faith and Consecration

SUTTON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Third Tune)

H. Houseley, 1895

Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

ST. AMBROSE, No. 2 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Fourth Tune) W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

Faith and Consecration

444 BUDLEIGH 10s

T. M. Mudie (1809—1876)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to me,

and I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this, That "my Be -

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
lov-ed's mine, and I am His"? A-men. From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?

<p>2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe; All that I have and am, and all I know. All that I have is now no longer mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.</p>	<p>4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love, Until death's holy sleep shall me remove To that fair realm, where sin and sorrow o'er, Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.</p>
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C. E. Mudie, 1873

JESU DILECTISSIME 10s (Second Tune)

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to me,

and I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this,

That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His"? A men.

Faith and Consecration

445 INNSBRÜCK 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. Isaac, c. 1490
Har. S. P. W.

1. O Lord, how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove

In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best. A - men.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach.
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice, 1836

SONG OF FAITH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (Second Tune) G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)

1. O LORD, how happy should we be If we could cast our care on Thee, If we from self could rest;

And feel at heart that One a - bove In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is working for the best. A - men.

Faith and Consecration

446 TRUST 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840

1. COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. A-men.

(Or to Sharon, No. 643)

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

- He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.
- 5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. Wyeth, 1812

1. COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Praise the mount; I'm fixed up on it, Mount of God's un-changing love! A - men.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

Faith and Consecration

447 MUNUS 7s.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. Sol - diers who to Christ be - long, Trust ye in His word, be strong;
For His prom - is - es are sure, His re - wards for aye en - dure. A - men.

2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade:
His the light that knows no shade:

3 His the home for spirits blest,
Where He gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts, then, to the skies,
God Himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son, and Spirit blest;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

Anon., 1736 Tr. I. Williams, 1835; recast in The Hymnary, 1872

448 HEINLEIN 7s.

P. Heinlein, 1677

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;
Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear. A - men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Faith and Consecration

449

CLINGING S. S. S. 6

G. W. Torrance (1835—)

1. O Ho - ly Sav - our, from hun - der - ed, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;

Help me, throughout life's vary - ing scene. By faith to cling to Thee. A - men.

(18 to Fleming, No. 420)

2 Blest with communion so divine.

Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine.

When, as the branches to the vine,

My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,

And earthly friends and joys remove;

With patient, uncomplaining love,

Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone

Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,

A voice of love, in gentlest tone,

Whispers, "Still cling to me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,

I ask not, need not aught beside;

How safe, how calm, how satisfied,

The souls that cling to Thee!

C. Elliott, 1835. Alt.

450

POSEN 7s.

G. C. Strattner (1650—1705)

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.

2 With a childlike heart of love,

At Thy bidding may I move;

Prompt to serve and follow Thee,

Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,

Strong to follow in Thy grace;

Learning how to love from Thee;

Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,

In obedience all her joy;

Ever new that joy will be,

Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show

That I feel the love I owe;

Singing, till Thy face I see.

Of His love who first loved me.

Faith and Consecration

451 EVERMORE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. THINE for ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;

Thine for ev - er may we be. Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

- 2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

- 4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. Maude, 1847

452 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. LORD, for ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be;

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken: I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.
- 3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,

- By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Faith and Consecration

453 CEASELESS PRAISE 7s. 8l.

Anon.

1. TAKE my life, and let it be Con-se-crated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments

and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my hands, and let them move At the

impulse of Thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee. A-men.

(Or to Culford, No. 623)

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

PATMOS 7s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

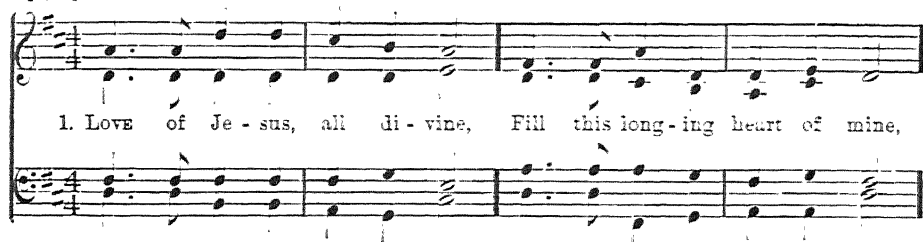
W. H. Havergal, 1869

1. TAKE my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise. A-men.

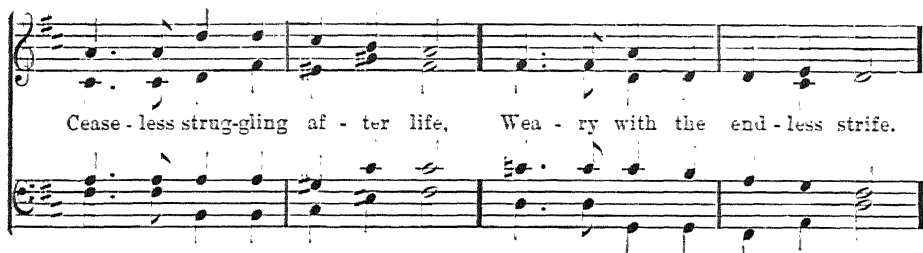
Faith and Consecration

454 RAMOTH 7s 8l.

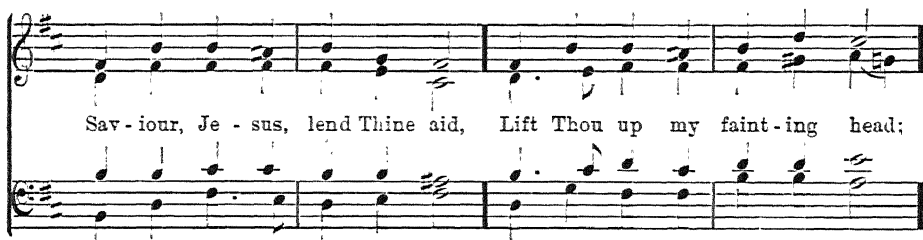
J. B. Calkin, 1867



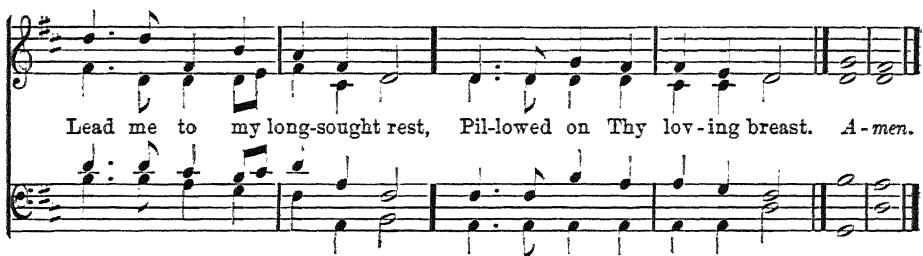
1. Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine,



Cease - less strug-gling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.



Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid, Lift Thou up my faint-ing head;



Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil-lowed on Thy lov-ing breast. A-men.

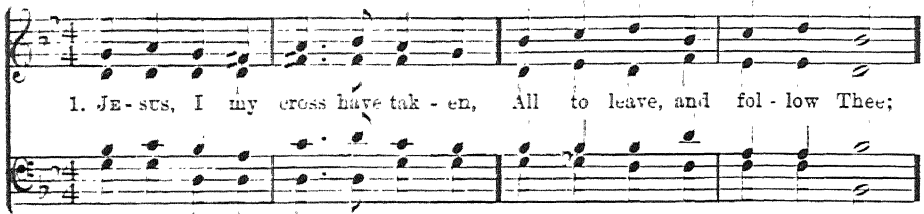
2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

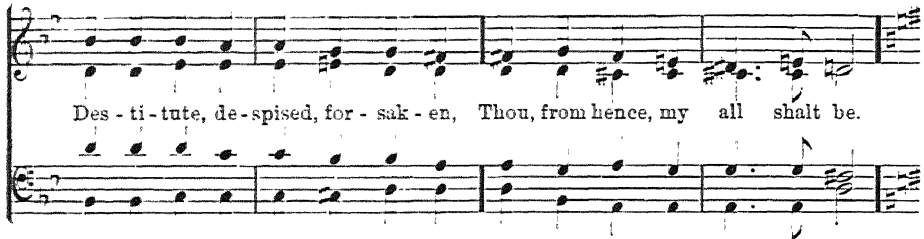
Faith and Consecration

455 ST. FABIAN Polycarp 8s. 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1872

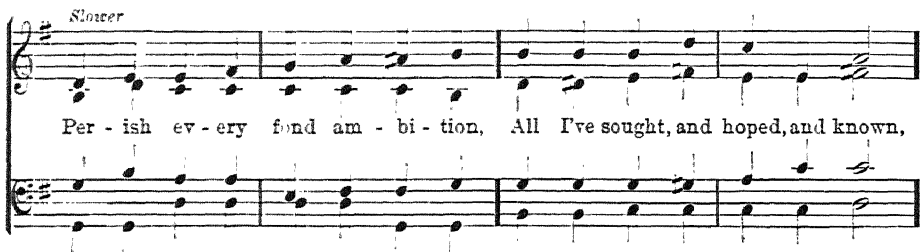


1. JE-sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

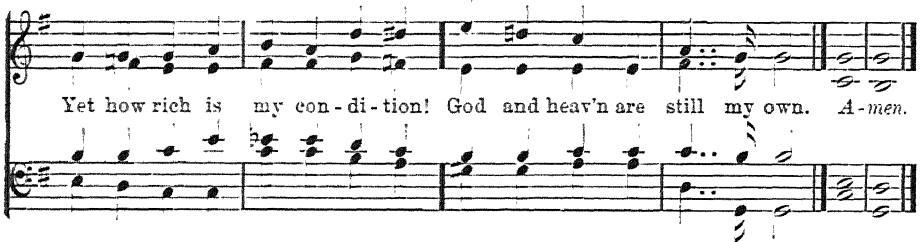


Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

Slower



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;

They have left my Saviour, too;

Human hearts and looks deceive me:

Thou art not, like them, untrue;

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,

God of wisdom, love, and might,

Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;

Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!

Come disaster, scorn and pain!

In Thy service, pain is pleasure;

With Thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called Thee Abba, Father;

I have stayed my heart on Thee:

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,

All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,

'T will but drive me to Thy breast;

Life with trials hard may press me,

Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,

While Thy love is left to me;

Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me.

Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

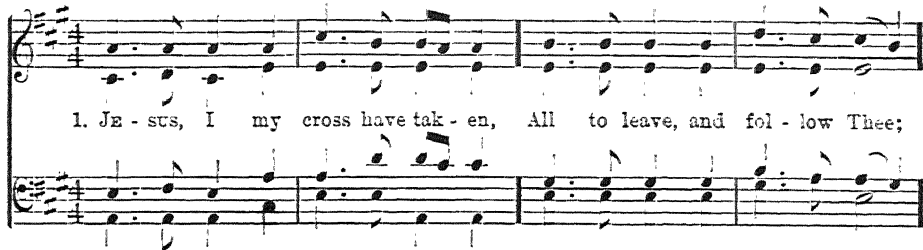
Faith and Consecration

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine.
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

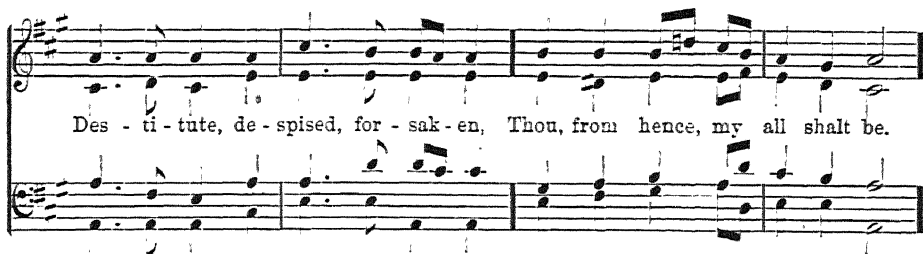
6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days.
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1825

DISCIPLE (Ellesdie) 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Time) Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by H. P. Main



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

(Or to Bethany, No. 760)

Faith and Consecration

456

ST. HELEN'S P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. I AM trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!

Trust-ing Thee for full sal-va-tion. Great and free. A-men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood:
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead.

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus:
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

457

PASCAL, No. 1 8, 8, 8, 6

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. God of my life, Thy boundless grace Chose, pardoned, and a-dopt-ed me;

My rest, my home, my dwell-ing - place; Fa-ther, I come to Thee. A-men.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield.
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield:
Saviour, I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God,
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;

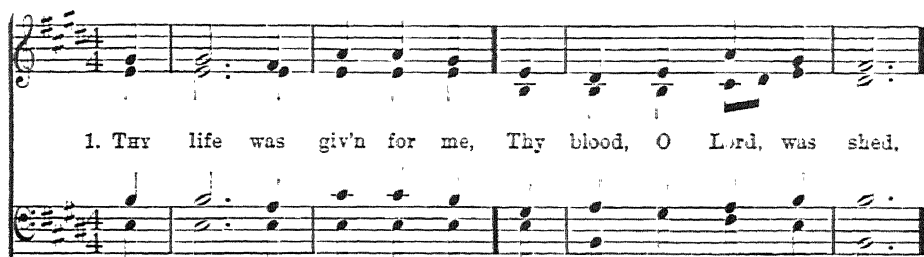
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed:
My God, I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My God, I come to Thee.

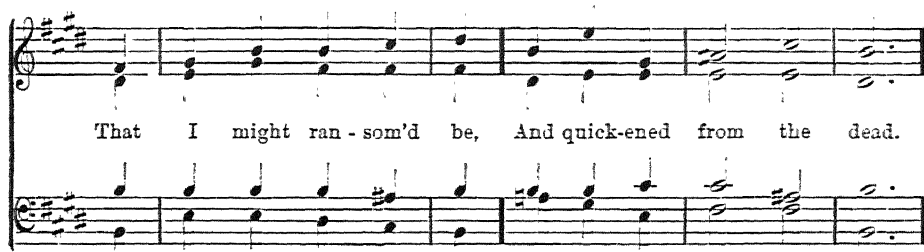
Faith and Consecration

458 FALCONER 6s. 6l.

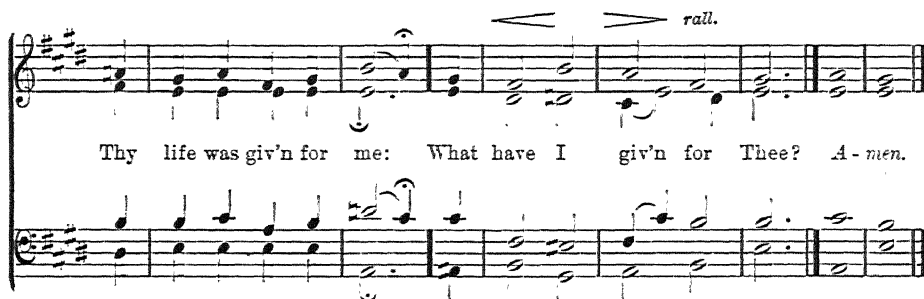
A. C. Falconer (1850—)



1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,



That I might ran-som'd be, And quick-en'd from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne.
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

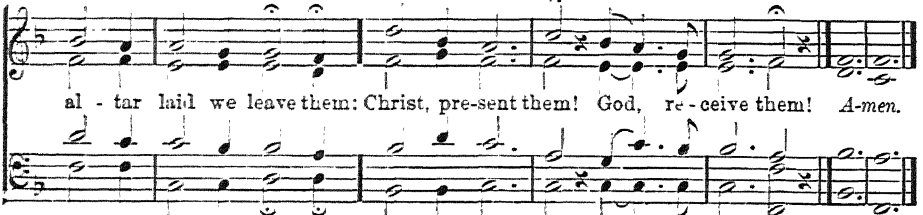
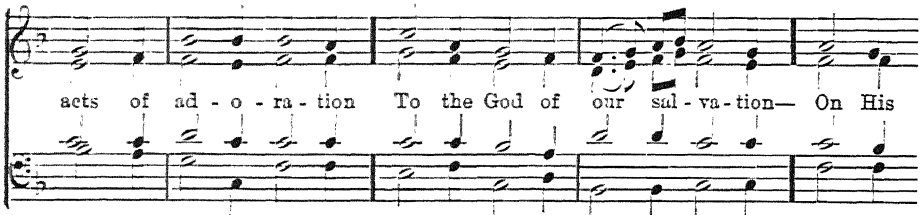
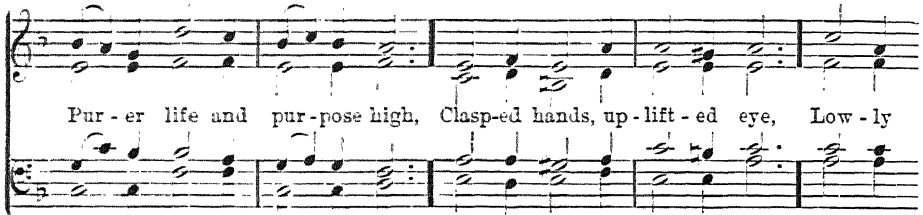
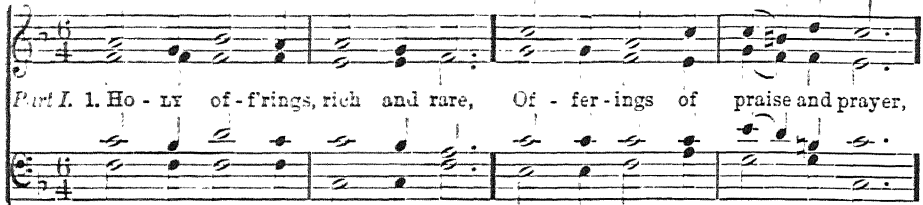
5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1898

Faith and Consecration

459 HOLY OFFERINGS 7, 7, 7, 7, S, S, S, S

R. Redhead (1820—)



Part II.

- 2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears.
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Part III.

- 4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 5 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray
Following too far away,
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

Faith and Consecration

Part IV.

- 6 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears.
Lowlier penitence for sin.
More of Christ our souls within:
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!
- 7 Beamings of the gentle face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance—
Lost too often, we deplore them:
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

Part V.

- 8 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart:
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy:
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 9 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1897

HOMAGE 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8 (Second Time)

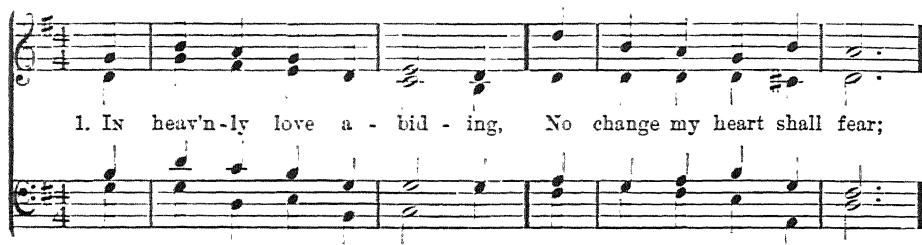
G. F. Cobb (1838—

1 Ho - ly of-frings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and prayer,
Pur - er life and pur- pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,
Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion—
On His al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them! A-men.

Faith and Consecration

460 HOLY CHURCH 7s, 6s. 8l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A - men.

(Or to Savoy Chapel, opposite)

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

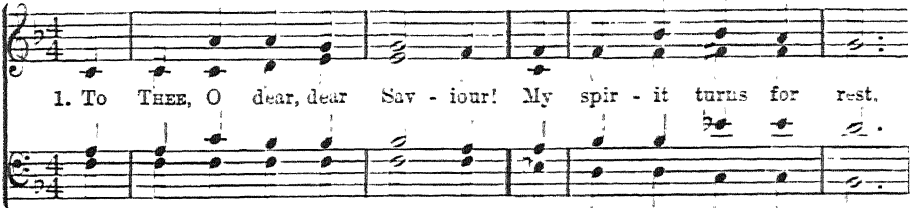
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Faith and Consecration

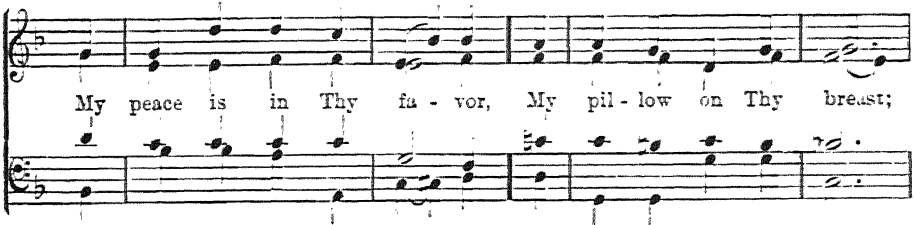
461

SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.


J. B. Calkin (1827—)



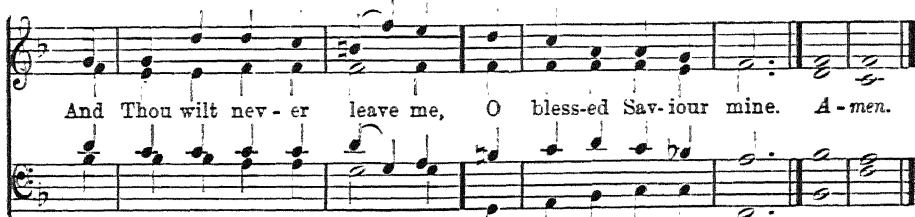
1. To THEE, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest.



My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;



Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,



And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

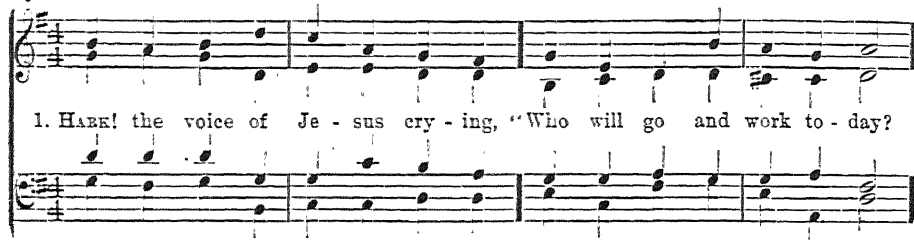
- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies:
O Thou whose mercy found me
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dullness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fullness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

- 4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me!
Oh, for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.
- 5 Oh, for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
Oh, for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

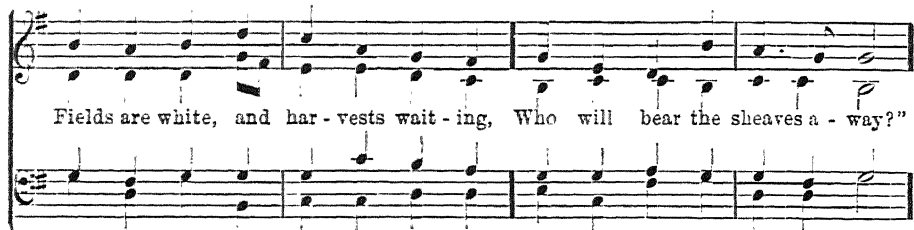
Faith and Consecration

462 GALILEAN Ss, 7s. 8l.

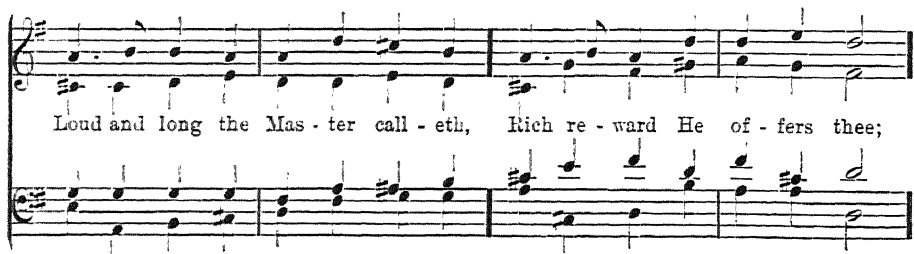
J. Barnby, 1883



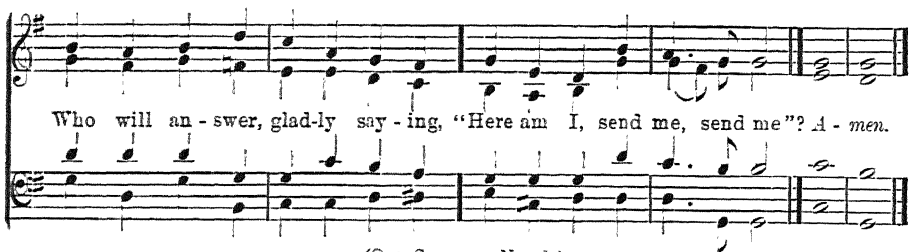
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?



Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me"? A - men.

(Or to Sanctuary, No. 710)

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

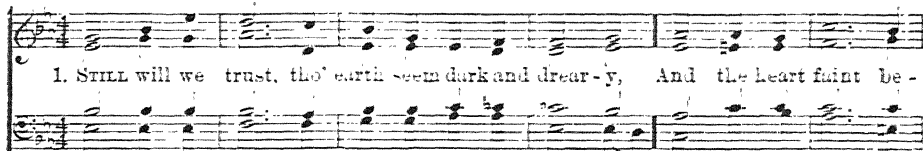
4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Faith and Consecration

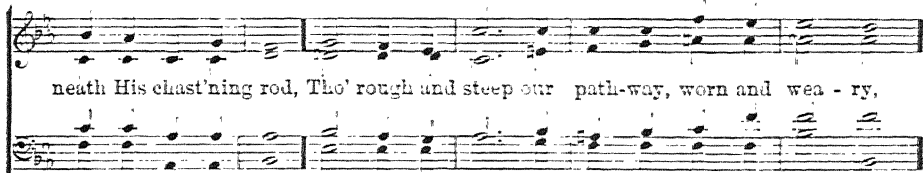
463

BIRKDALE P. M. II, IO. II, 6

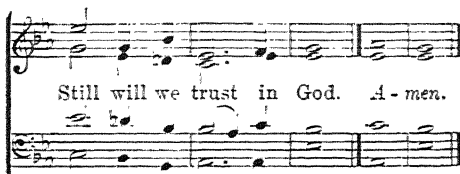
J. Barnby, 1883



1. STILL will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and drear-y, And the heart faint be -



neath His chast'ning rod, Tho' rough and steep our path-way, worn and wea - ry,



Still will we trust in God. A - men.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou
hast designed;
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is un-
erring,
And we are fools and blind.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain:
Through Him alone who hath our way
appointed.
We find our peace again.

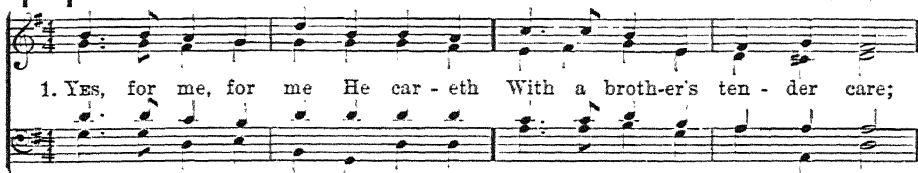
4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from
the loss:
Our portion lies beyond the hour of
trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh, 1868

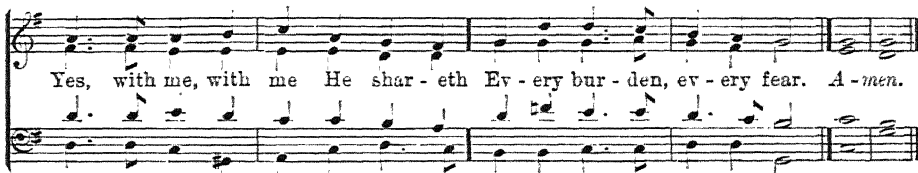
464

MABYN 8s, 7s.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth - er's ten - der care;



Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear. A - men.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Faith and Consecration

465

BURLINGTON C. M.

J. F. Burrowes, 1830

1. Mr God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,

Behold. I prostrate fall;

Let every sin be crucified,

And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,

And seal me for Thine own,

That I may see Thy glorious face,

And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,

To Thee be ever given;

Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,

And death the gate of heaven.

M. Bridges, 1843

466

ARGYLE 7s, 6s.

E. H. Turpin (1835—)

1. In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee, Thine

ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,

I will be Thine alone,

Myself and my possessions

Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;

Oh make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,

It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,

Rule over everything;

And keep me always loyal,

And true to Thee, my King.

F. R. Havergal, 1869

Faith and Consecration

467 ERSKINE PARK 8s, 7s.

R. de W. Mallary, 1896

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1. Ah! the heart that has for-sak-en All things to se-cure the one.

In the se-cret of its cham-bers Finds the joy of heaven be-gin. A-men.

- 2 Ah! the heart that is contented
Nought to know save God alone,
In the fullness of His blessing
Finds a peace before unknown.
- 3 Ah! the heart that once is bathed
In salvation's boundless sea,
In its waters drops the burden
Of a life-time's misery.
- 4 Oh! that thus we could surrender
Worldly pomp, and pride, and show.

- Seeking Him in whom is centred
All of good that man can know.
- 5 Oh that thus His blessed presence
In our hearts we here enjoyed!
For without Him all is dreary.
Earth is dark, and vain, and void.
- 6 Oh! Thou Fount of every blessing
Draw us, by the cross, till we,
Heart and soul and will and spirit,
Are forever one with Thee!

Anon. German. Tr. Mrs. S. Findlater, 1859

LASTINGHAM 7s, 6s,

(Second Time)

A. Gray, 1895

1. In full and glad sur-ren-der I give my-self to Thee,

Thine ut-ter-ly and on-ly, And ev-er-more to be. A-men.

Love and Gratitude

468

COLEBROOK S, S, 6, S, S, 6

H. Smart, 1872

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And
vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears;
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley, 1789

ARIEL S, S, 6, S, S, 6

(Second Tune)

Mozart Arr. L. Mason, 1836

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

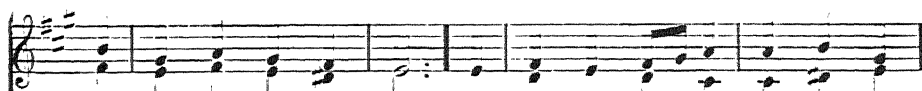
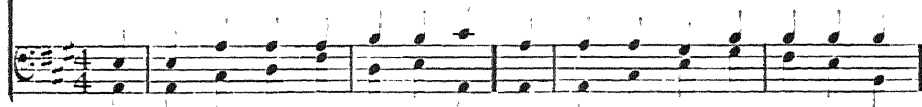
Love and Gratitude

469 PURLEIGH S. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

A. H. Brown (1830-)



1. O Love di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart



All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove



The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.



2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

Love and Gratitude

470 MARGARET S. S. S. S. 6

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go,.... I rest my

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o - cean depths its drow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

2 O Light that followest all my way.
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

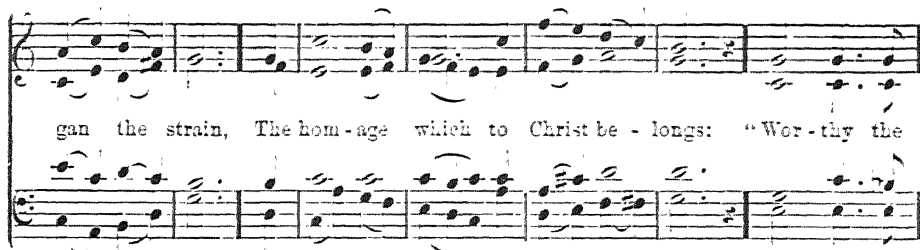
G. Matheson, 1882

471 SONG OF SONGS L. M. With Refrain

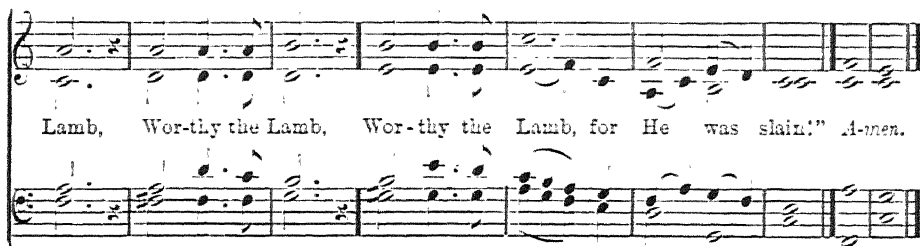
J. B. Powell, 1884

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven be -

Love and Gratitude



gan the strain, The hom-age which to Christ be - longs: "Wor - thy the



Lamb, Wor-thy the Lamb, Wor-thy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-men.

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim.
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

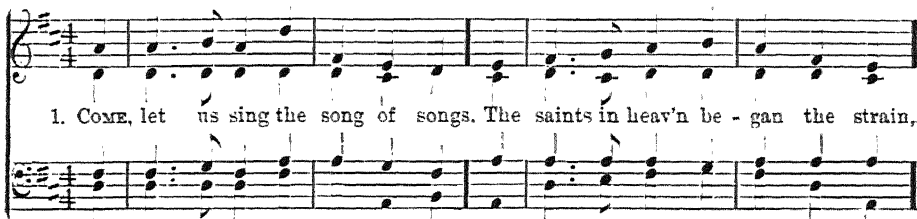
5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

J. Montgomery, 1844

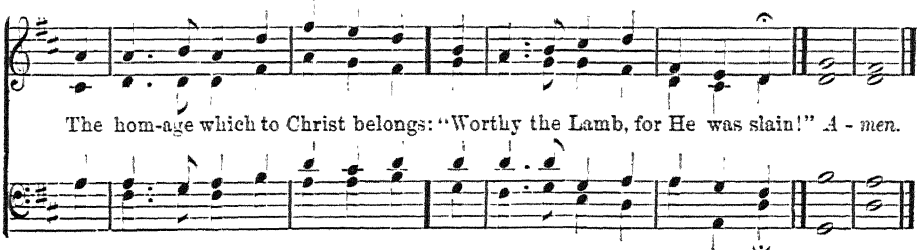
ALSTONE L. M.

(Second Time)

C. E. Willing, 1868



1. Come, let us sing the song of songs. The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,



The hom-age which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - men.

Love and Gratitude

472 GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

C. Gounod (1818—1893)

1. ONE there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd.

He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton, 1775

473 (CRUCIFIXION) 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

1 I ADORE Thee, I adore Thee,
Glorious ere the world began;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Humbly at Thy footstool kneel;
I have heard Thine accents thrilling,

Lord, I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, me to heal.

3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Born of woman, yet divine!
With Thy Spirit, Lord, endue me,
In Thine image pure renew me,
Let me evermore be Thine.

J. S. Simpson

Love and Gratitude

474 ST. LAWRENCE Ss, 7s. 6l.

C. Steggall, 1867

1. To THE name that brings sal - va - tion, Hon - or, wor - ship, lan - guage, we pay:

Which, for many a gen - er - a - tion, Hid in God's fore - knowledge lay;

But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day. A - men.

2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable.
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
To the ear delectable:
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration;
'Tis the name for victory;
'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the name by right exalted
Over every other name;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame:
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy name adoring.
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Adapted from German, 15th Cent.; Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

CRUCIFIXION 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. I A-DORE Thee, I a-dore Thee, Glorious ere the world be-gan; Yet more wonder-

ful Thou shin-est, Tho' di-vine, yet still di-vin-est In Thy dy-ing love for man. A-men.

Love and Gratitude

475 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. J. Pleyel, 1790

1. CHIL-DREN of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-men.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick, 1742 Ad.

476 NEW CALABAR 7s.

J. D. Farrer

1. EARTH has noth-ing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beau-ties rare,
But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty source and spring. A-men.

(Or to St. Bees, No. 609)

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,

- Then I think: Who made their light,
Is a thousand times more bright.
- 4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Love and Gratitude

477 REDHEAD 45 7s.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. JE - sus, name of won-drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove!

Un-to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Jesus, name decreed of old,
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus, name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 4 Jesus, name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,

- When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus, only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus, name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above:
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

W. W. How, 1854

478 HENDON 7s.

(Or to New Calabar, opposite.)

H. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may

I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ. A - men.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.
- 3 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;

- Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

R. Wardlaw, 1827

Love and Gratitude

479 CHICHESTER 7s, 6s. 8l.

T. E. Aylward, 1868

1. O JE - sts, ev - er pres - ent, O shep - herd, ev - er kind,

Thy ver - y name is mu - sic, To ear, and heart, and mind.

It woke my wond'ring child - hood To muse on things a - bove;

It drew my hard - er man - hood With cords of might - y love. A - men.

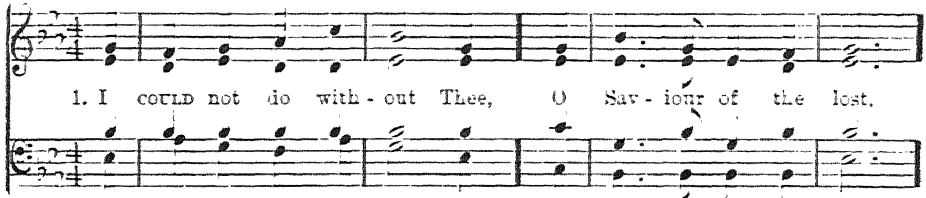
2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient shepherd,
The guardian of my way.
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balms poured in.

3 O shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold!

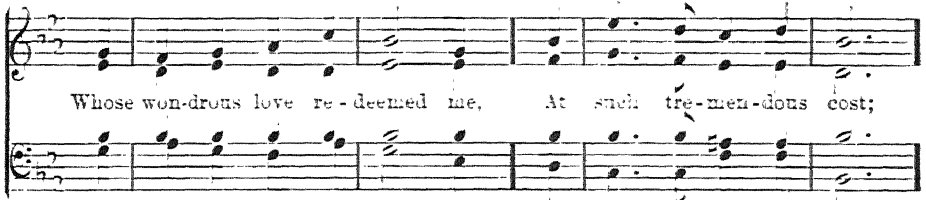
Love and Gratitude

480 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1872



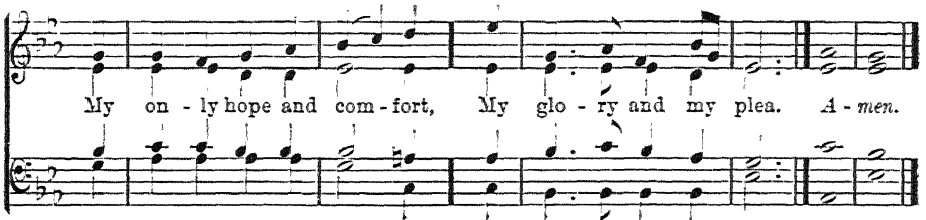
1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost.



Whose won - drous love re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost;



Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be



My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone.
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

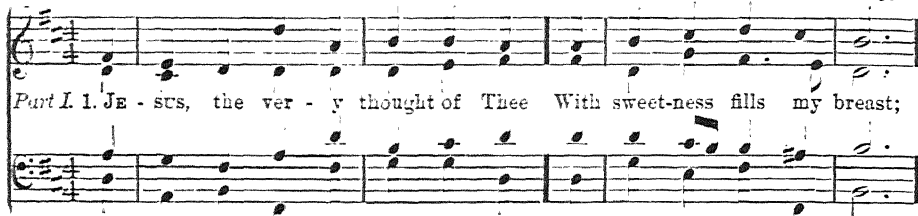
5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Love and Gratitude

481

METZLER'S REDHEAD 66 C. M.

R. Redhead, 1859



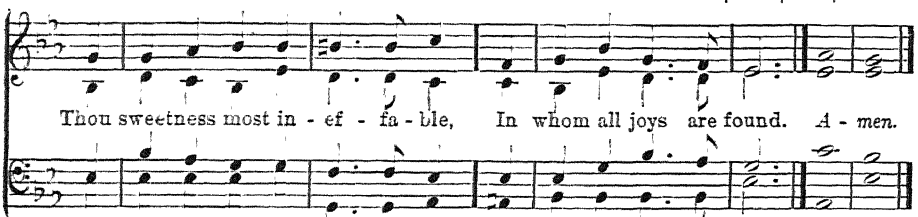
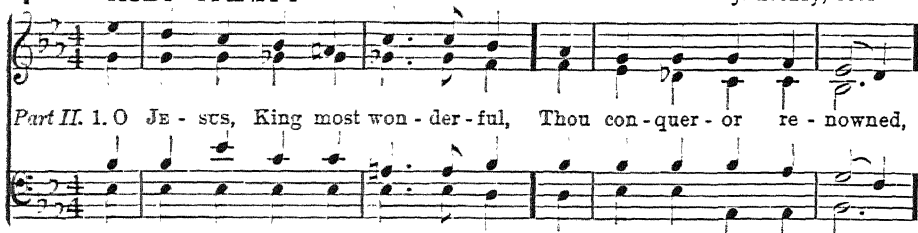
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find.
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shalt be:
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

(Or to St. Agnes, opposite)

482

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. Barnby, 1861



- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name
And ever Thee adore:
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire;
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Love and Gratitude

483 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

Part III. 1. O Je - sus. Thou the beau - ty art Of an - gel - worlds a - bove;

Thy name is mu - sic to the heart. En - chanting it with love. A - men.

- 2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed.
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which only Thou canst fill.
- 3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
Our being's hope and end!

- 4 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illumine the soul's abyss:
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.
- 5 O Jesus, spotless virgin-flower,
Our love and joy, to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (3 Parts c. 1130 or 1140 Tr. E. Caswall, 1848)

484 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine! A - men.

(Or to St. Bernard, No. 403 Or to Raphael, No. 355.)

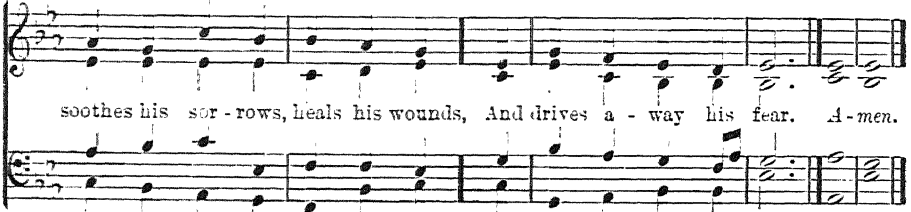
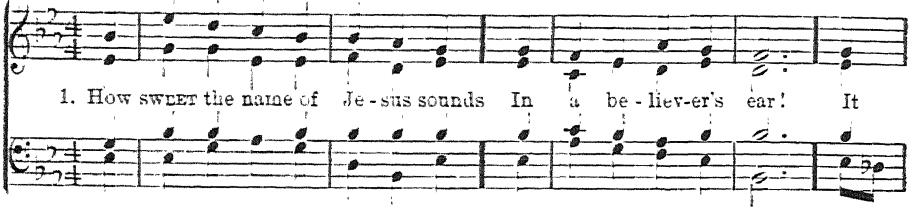
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not.
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot.
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un -
When slumbers o'er me roll. [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought.
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

Love and Gratitude

485

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

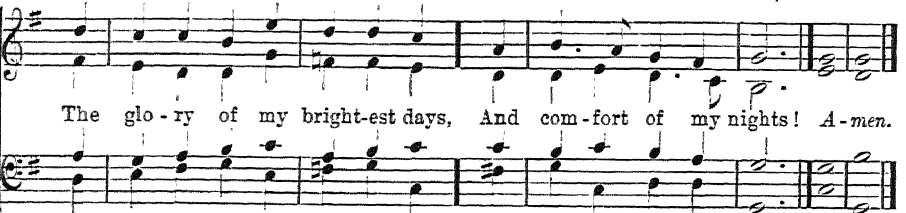
J. Newton, 1779

486

ST. OSWIN C. M.

(Or to Heber, No. 279)

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)



2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Love and Gratitude

487

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis 1733—1820

1. Je - sus, I love Thy sa - cred name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear; Fain
would I sound it out.. so loud That earth and heav'n should hear. A - men.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys.
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds.
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath:
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

P. Doddridge, 1747

488

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

1. O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,
My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone. A - men.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

G. W. Bethune, 1847

1. JE - sus, the ver - y thought is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet;

But oh, than hon - ey sweet - er far, The glimpses of His presence are. A - men.

(Or to Canonbury, No. 253)

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write the blessedness;
Alone, who hath Thee in his heart
Knows love of Jesus, what Thou art.

5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

Hymnal Noted, 1852 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1860 A.A.

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God, how can it be

That Thou, who hast dis - cern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me? A - men.

(Or to Ilfracomb, No. 514)

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright!

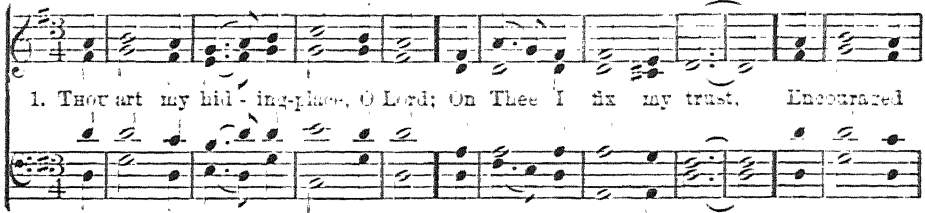
5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Love and Gratitude

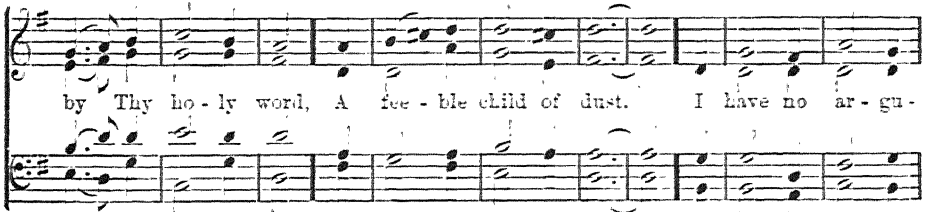
491

FRIEDA C. M. 81.

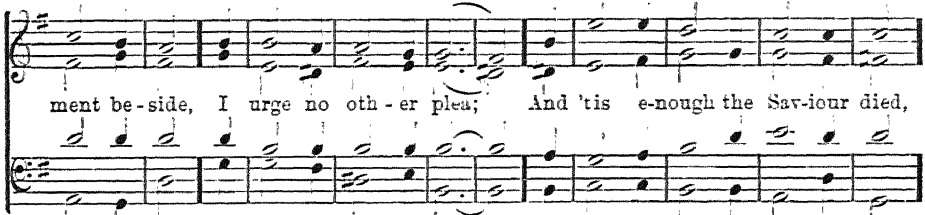
G. C. Martin 1844—1



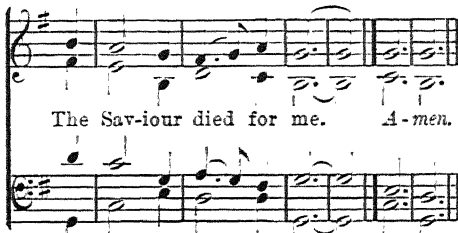
1. Thou art my hid- ing-place, O Lord; On Thee I fix my trust, Encouraged



by Thy ho- ly word, A fee- ble child of dust. I have no ar- gu-



ment be-side, I urge no oth- er plea; And 'tis e-nough the Sav-iour died,



The Sav-iour died for me. A-men.

C. M. 81.

492

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

2 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain:
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death
He saves me from the grave.

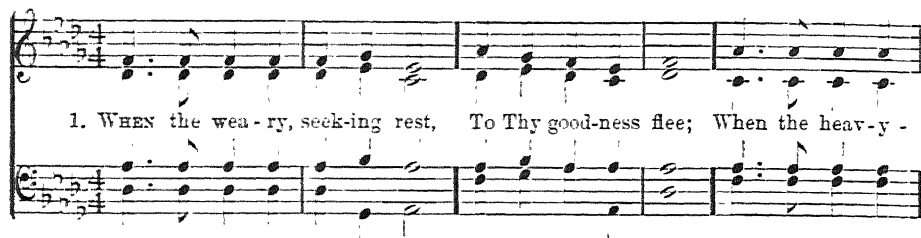
3 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away:
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

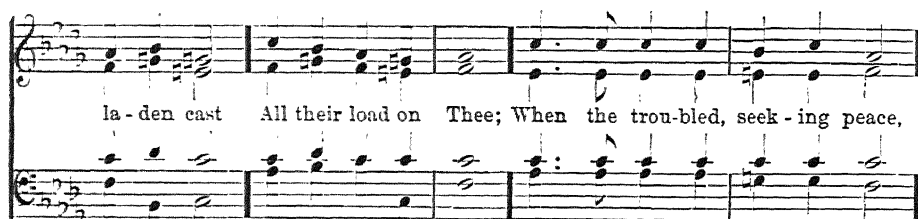
Prayer and Aspiration

493 ELIJAH 7s, 5s. Sl. With Refrain

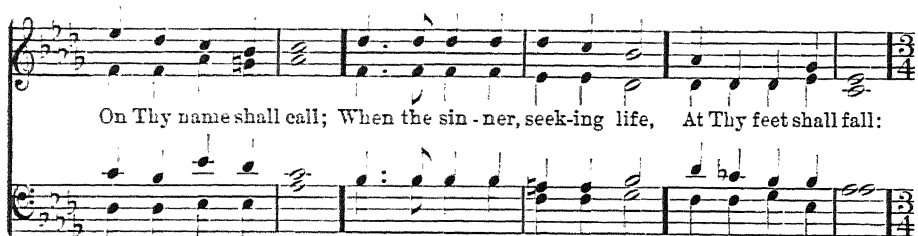
J. Stainer (1840—)



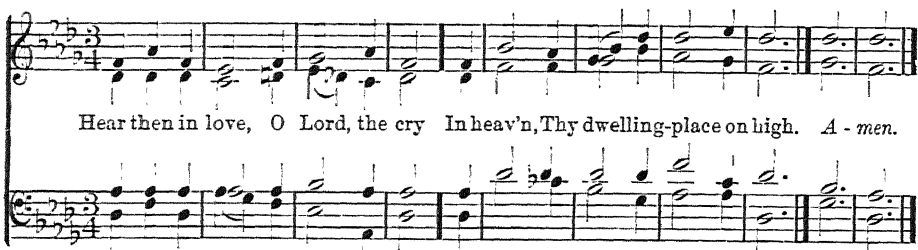
1. WHEN the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav-y -



la-den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled, seek-ing peace,



On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:



Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A - men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Prayer and Aspiration

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair:
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer:
When the widow weeps to Thee,

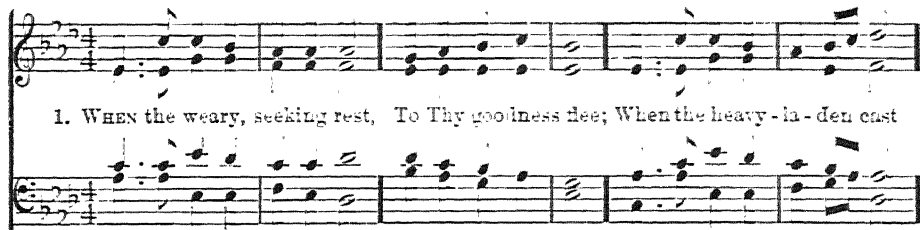
Sad and lone and low:
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Zeman, 1867

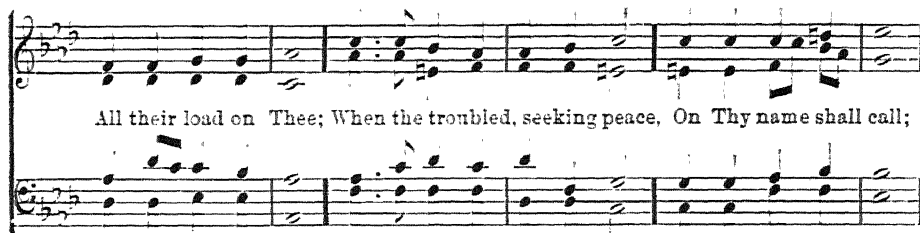
(Second Time)

INTERCESSION, NEW 75, 53. S. L. With Refrain

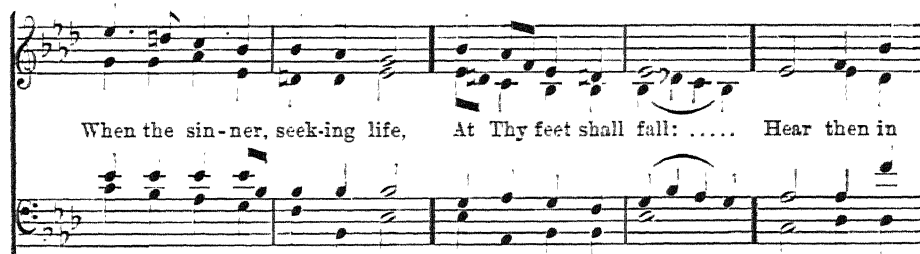
W. H. Callcott, 1867
Last ed. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846



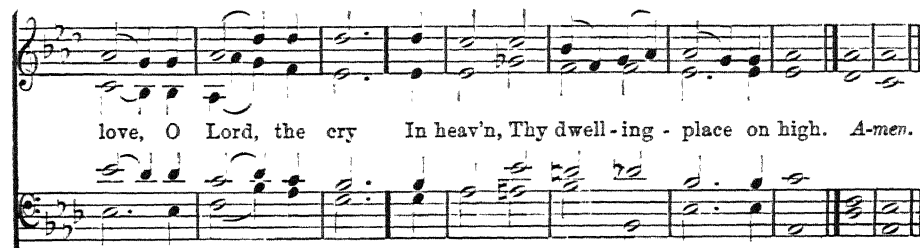
1. WHEN the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness see; When the heavy-laden cast



All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy name shall call;



When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: Hear then in



love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high. A-men.

Prayer and Aspiration

494 ELIM (Moscow) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin, 1867

1. I LAY my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.

(Or to Franksot, opposite)

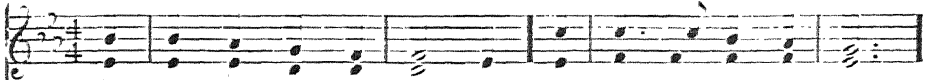
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:

- I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus.
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

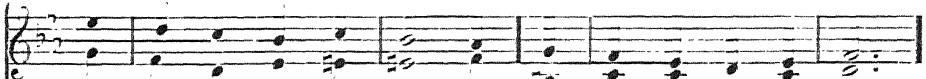
Prayer and Aspiration

495 FRANKSCOT 7s, 6s. S.

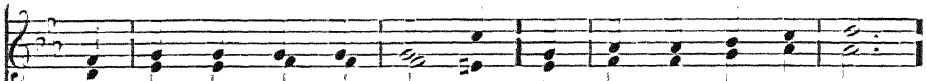
J. Barnby, 1883



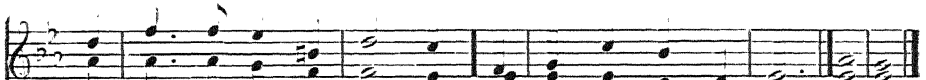
1. I NEED Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;



I need the cleans-ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,



The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A - men.

(Or to Elim, opposite)

- 2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus:
I need a friend like Thee.
A friend to soothe and pity.
A friend to care for me.

- I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus.
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Prayer and Aspiration

496

ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. DEAR Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-rence, praise. A-men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea.
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1872

(Second Tune)

ETERNAL LIGHT 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. DEAR Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our fever-ish ways; Reclothe us in our

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-rence, praise. A-men.

Prayer and Aspiration

497 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813-1879)

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be:

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the rock for me. A - men.

2 Thou bruised and broken bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die!

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

3 Thou true life-giving vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove:
Renew my life with Thine.
Refresh my soul with love.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1873

DOLOMITE CHANT 6s.

(Second Tune)

Austrian Melody

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be: Ye liv - ing

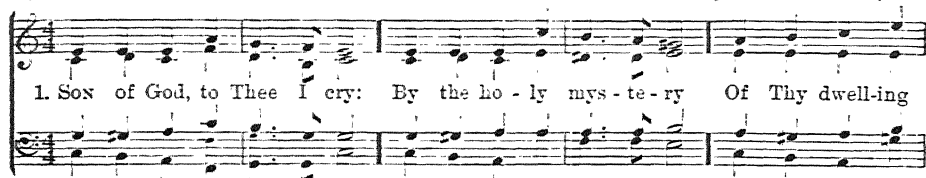
wa - ters, burst Out of the rock for me..... A - men.

Prayer and Aspiration

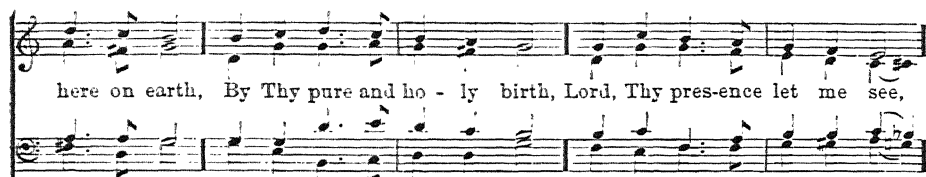
498

MEREDITH 7s. 6l.

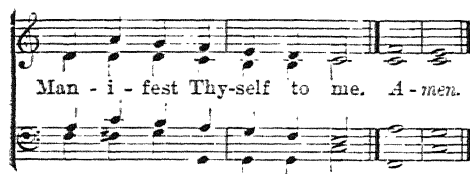
J. B. Powell, 1884



1. Son of God, to Thee I cry: By the ho - ly mys - te - ry Of Thy dwell - ing



here on earth, By Thy pure and ho - ly birth, Lord, Thy pres - ence let me see,



Man - i - fest Thy - self to me. A - men.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

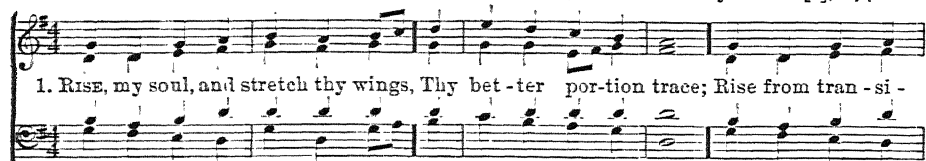
3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee,

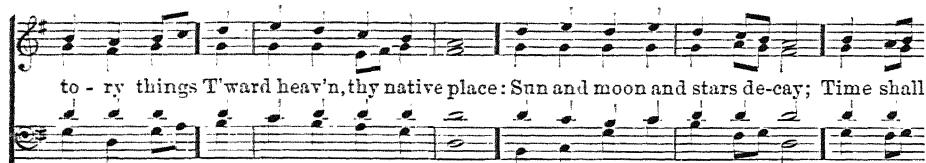
R. Mant, 1931

AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6 (Second Tune)

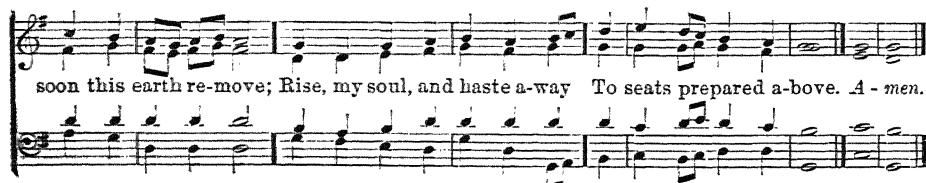
J. Nares [?], 1742



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si -



to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy native place: Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall



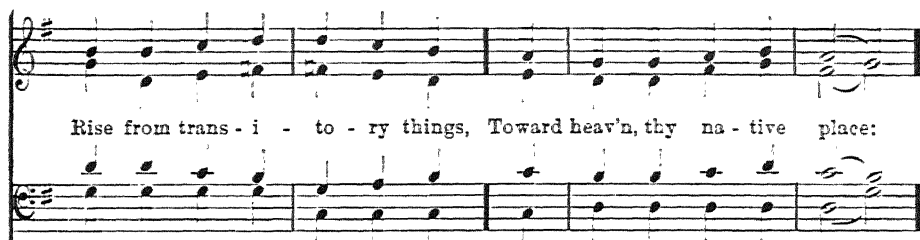
soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove. A - men.

Prayer and Aspiration

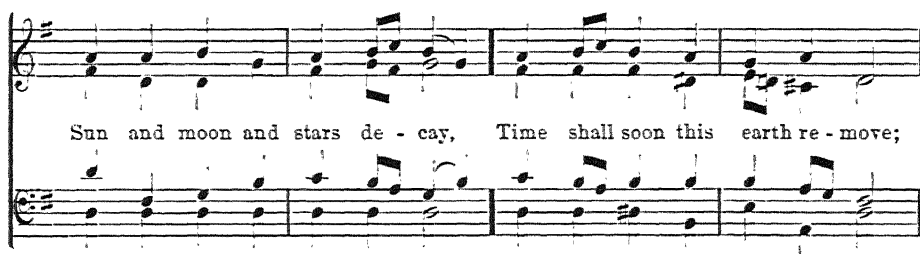
499 BEETHOVEN 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6 Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)



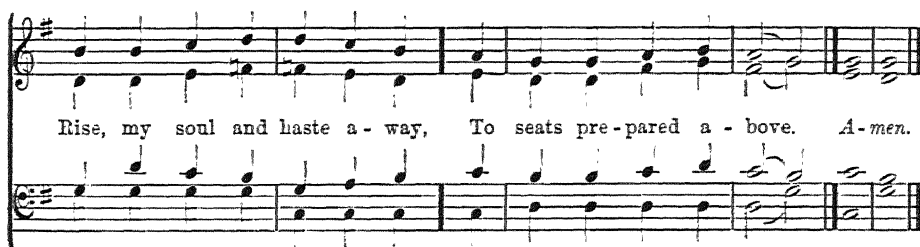
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;



Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;



Rise, my soul and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave, 1742

Prayer and Aspiration

500 ETIAM ET MIHI P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,—Show'rs the

thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some por-tion fall on me, e - ven me! A-men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor; [me!
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me, even

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit.
Thou canst make the blind to see;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit.
Speak the word of power to me, even me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, even me!

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh bless me, even me!

Mrs. E. Codner, 1860

(Second Tune)

EVEN ME P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3 With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1862

1. { LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,— }
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some por-tion fall on me, }

e - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por-tion fall on me. A - men.

Prayer and Aspiration

501 PRINCE St. Catherine L. M. 61. Arr. fr F. Mendelssohn, 1809—1847. Attrib. to E. H. Henry, 1865. Alt. by J. G. Walcott, 1871(?)

1. Je-sus, Thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de-clare;

Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri-val there.

Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my constant dame. A-men.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things Thy love hath
Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. J. Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 6, alt.

Prayer and Aspiration

502 VALETE L. M. 61.

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works, and Thee a-lone;

Thee will I love till sa-cred fire Fills my whole soul with chaste de-sire. A-men.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Prayer and Aspiration

503 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Je - srs, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought.

So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

Prayer and Aspiration

504 AYNHOE S. M.

J. Nares [1715—1783]

1. BE - HOLD the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near; There

Je - sus shows a smil - ing face. And waits to an - swer pray'r. A - men.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow.
Thy presence and Thy love;

- I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton, 1779

505 THEODORA 7s.

(Or to Come, No. 383)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. COME, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay. A - men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Prayer and Aspiration

506 GLOUCESTER 7s. 8l.

C. L. Williams, 1890

1. JE - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child: On no oth - er

arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline. Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst

bid the sin - ner live; Guide the wand' rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - men.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place:
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore

T. Hastings, 1858

(Second Tune)

FRANKFORT 7s. 8l.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847), by J. Gill

1. JE - sus, merciful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child: On no other arm but Thine Would my weary soul recline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Guide the wand' rer, day by day,
Thou canst bid the sinner live; In the strait and narrow way. A - men.

Prayer and Aspiration

507 PRINCE OF PEACE C. M.

W. D. MacLagan (1826—)

1. PRAYER is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut-tered or un - ex-pressed;

The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast. A - men.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;

- While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery, 1818

508 GRAFTON C. M.

Anon.

1. WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan-d'ring spir - its stray,

And thoughts and lips move heav-i-ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - men.

- 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 3 We know not how to seek Thy face
Unless Thou lead the way;

- We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Prayer and Aspiration

509

FRESSINGFIELD C. M.

G. J. Elvey, 1892

1. Lord Je - sus, Thou the lost to seek didst from Thy throne de-scend,
To cheer the mourn-er, Help the weak, And be the sin-ner's friend. A - men.

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| 2 The joy of heaven was naught to Thee—
So mighty was Thy love,
Till man, from sin and death set free,
Could reign with Thee above. | 3 For this a life of toil and tears,
Of poverty and woe,
Thou, who art Lord of all the spheres,
On earth didst undergo. | 4 Grant us Thy grace, O Saviour dear,
To count all things but loss, | 5 That we Thy steps may follow here,
And patient bear Thy cross.
Teach us to make Thy joy our own,
Nor in self-love to rest;
To live not for ourselves alone,
To bless, and so be blest;
To lead the lost soul back to light,
To bind the broken heart—
Such deeds with angels' praise are bright,
And heavenly joy impart. |
|--|--|--|--|

H. M. Braithwaite, 1892

510

ALL SAINTS, No. 1 C. M.

J. Pratt 1772—1855

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;
And turn each dear - est i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee. A - men.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Sav' thr's voice to hear? | 3 Would my heart pour forth its blood
In hoin mf Thy name, | 4 And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more. |
|--|---|---|

Prayer and Aspiration

511 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836

1. FA - TER, what - e - ver of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

A. Steele, 1760

512 ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;

I wan - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - men.

(Or to Naomi, above)

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;

Pity my frailty, and besow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Prayer and Aspiration

513 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. WALK in the light, so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love

His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove. A-men.

- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

B. Barton, 1872

514 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [P] (1740—1816)

(Or to Lyndhurst, No. 236)

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast;

Soothe me with ho-ly hymn and psalm. And bid my spir-it rest. A-men.

- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closer's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain.
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy name. [throng
- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' Eternal calm to gain.

Prayer and Aspiration

515 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Russell

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

(Or to Alexandria, No. 716 Or to Brown, No. 341)

W. Cowper, 1772 *Ab.*

516 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Prayer and Aspiration

517 LYTE S. M.

J. D. Wilkes, 1861

1. Far from my heav - nly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I
cry, ... blest Spir - it, come. And speed me to my rest. A - men.

- 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns.
When I remember thee.
3 To thee, to thee I press.
A dark and toilsome road;

- When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?
4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

H. F. Lyte, 1834

518 SIENNA S. M.

J. H. Deane (1824—1881)

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With hum - ble
con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. A - men.

- 2 Give me on Thee to wait.
Till I can all things do.—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,

- For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove.
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley, 1742

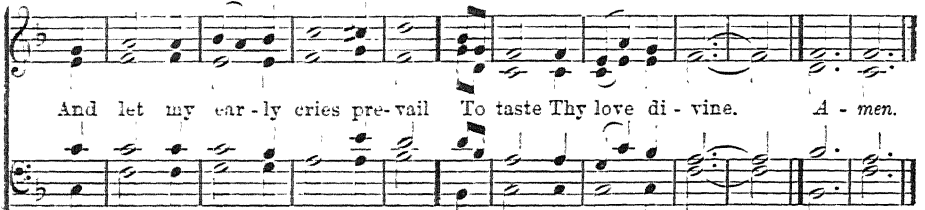
Prayer and Aspiration

519 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. fr. G. Paisiello (1741—1816)



1. Mr God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine;



And let my ear-ly cries pre-vail To taste Thy love di - vine. A - men.

- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind:
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

- 4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

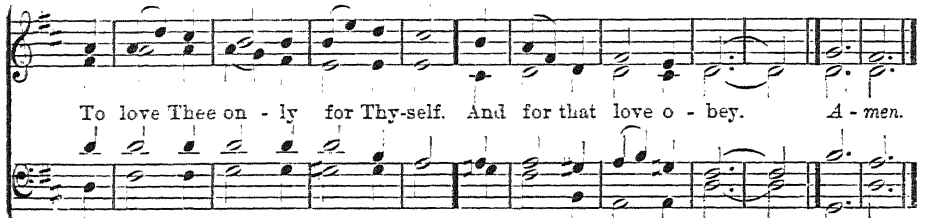
I. Watts, 1719 Ab.

520 CLIFTON S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan (1840—)



1. BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,—



To love Thee on - ly for Thy-self. And for that love o - bey. A - men.

(Or to Monsell, opposite)

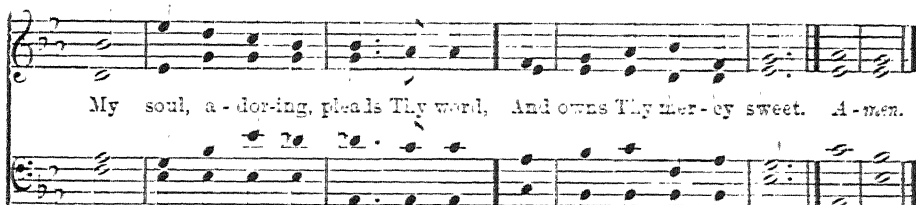
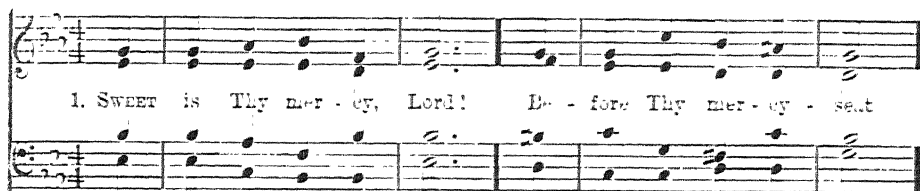
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;

- By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

Prayer and Aspiration

521 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866



2 My need, and Thy desires.
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

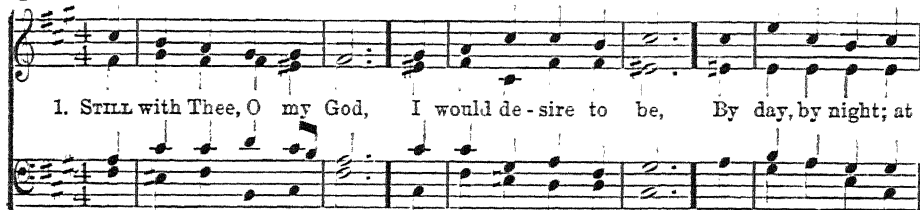
4 Light Thou my weary way.
Lead Thou my weary feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

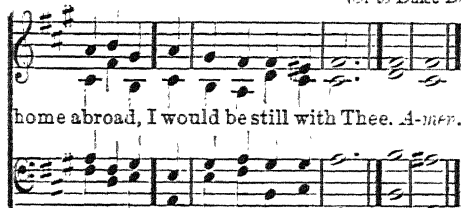
J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

522 ABERYSTWYTH S. M.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1861



(Or to Dulce Domum, No. 382)



2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,

To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose.
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Prayer and Aspiration

523 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere

vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery, 1818

524 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy. A

nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A - men.

(Or to Franconia, opposite)

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,

And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Prayer and Aspiration

525 CHISELHURST S. M.

J. Barnby, 1887

1. BLEST are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The se-cret

of the Lord is theirs. Their soul is Christ's a-bode. A-men.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring.
To dwell in lowliness with men.
Their pattern and their King.—

And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart.
A temple meet for Thee.

(Or to Domenica, No. 121)

J. Kettle, 1899; verses 2, 4 added, 1895

526 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. LORD Je-sus, think on me, And purge a-way my sin;

From earth-born pas-sions set me free, And make me pure with-in. A-men.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me
With many a care oppressed,
Let me Thy loving servant be.
And taste Thy promised rest.

Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me
Nor let me go astray;

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

Prayer and Aspiration

527 LOVE DIVINE, No. 1 8s, 7s. 8l.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. LOVE di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling. Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing,
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion. Pure, un-bound-ed
love Thou art: Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion. En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. A-men.

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;

Let us all in Thee inherit,

Let us find Thy promised rest;

Take away the love of sinning,

Alpha and Omega be;

End of faith, as its beginning,

Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!

Let us all Thy life receive;

Suddenly return, and never,

Never more Thy temples leave.

There we would be always blessing;

Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,

Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,

Pure and spotless let us be;

Let us see Thy great salvation,

Perfectly secured by Thee,

Changed from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley, 1746

LOVE DIVINE, No. 3 8s, 7s. (Second Tune)

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. LOVE di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
{ Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. } A-men.

Prayer and Aspiration

LOVE DIVINE, No. 2 8s, 7s. SL. (Third Tune)

G. F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down.

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. A-men.

BEECHER 8s, 7s. SL. (Fourth Tune)

J. Zundel, 1870

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling. Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy

hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,

Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter every trembling heart. A-men.

Prayer and Aspiration

528 VIA BONA L. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads.
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell, 1808

RETREAT L. M.

(Second Tune)

T. Hastings, 1842

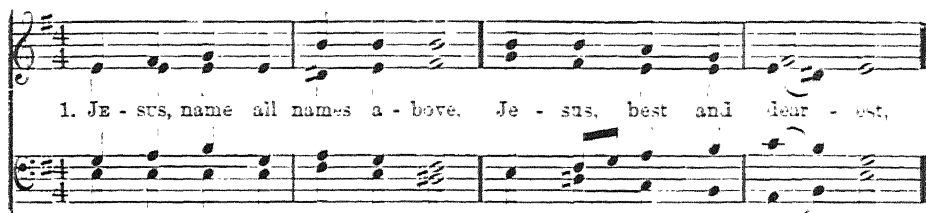
1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There

is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

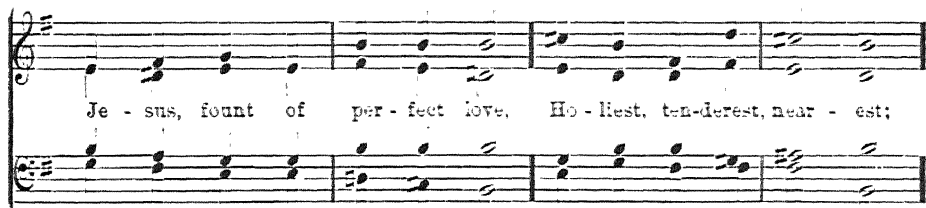
Prayer and Aspiration

529 THEOCTISTUS P. M. 7. 6. 7. 6. S. S. 7. 7

J. B. Calkin, 1872



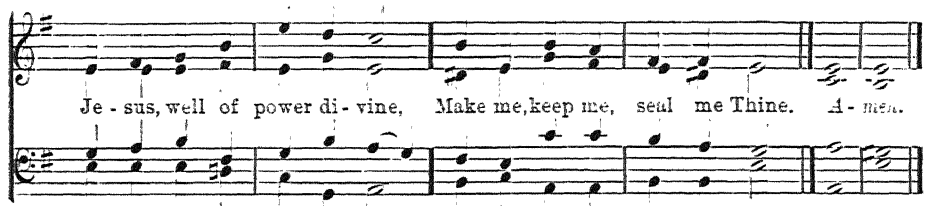
1. Je - sus, name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,



Je - sus, fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, ten - derest, near - est;



Je - sus, source of grace com - plet - est, Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweet - est,



Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine. A - men.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
That of old he entered,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on Thee ventured:
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in paradise.

3 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried
For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in home supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal.—
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the passion of the Son.

4 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression.
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession:
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment:
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

5 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher.
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

Trust and Confidence

530 GUIDE ME S, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

G. W. Warren, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by Harper & Brothers.

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev-er-more. A-men.

(Or to St. Raphael, No. 4: Or to Dulce Carmen, No. 533)

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

(Or to Antioch, No. 198)

W. Williams, 1745

(Second Tune)

OLIPHANT 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Arr. fr. P. M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by L. Mason, 1832

Omit 2nd time.

1. { Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; } Hold me with Thy
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:..... ren land; } Hold me with Thy
pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev-er-more. A-men.

Trust and Confidence

531 TRUST 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn. 1849

1. CALL Je - Lo - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Al - nigh - ty's shade:
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed. A - men.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
3 Since, with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.
4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save:
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

J. Montgomery, 1828

532 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. THE King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!
6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker, 1868

Trust and Confidence

533 DULCE CARMEN Ss. 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. J. M. Haydn [?]



1. LEAD us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary.
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

(Or to Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, No. 41)

J. Edmeston, 1827

MARTINAP Ss. 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

G. C. Martin (1844—)



1. LEAD us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

Trust and Confidence

534 DENVER Ss, 6s. S.

H. Hensley. 1896

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1. I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem-bling self dis-trust, A pray'r with-out a claim.
No off-ring of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. A-men.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight:
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise.
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

Trust and Confidence

535 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1830

1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid. A-men.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
Down to the deep, and buried there, And watering our divine abode.
Convulsions shake the solid world— 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our faith shall never yield to fear. Our grief allays, our fear controls;
3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar; Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
In sacred peace our souls abide; And give new strength to fainting souls.
While every nation, every shore. 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide. Secure against a threatening hour;
4 There is a stream whose gentle flow Nor can her firm foundation move,
Supplies the city of our God, Built on His truth, and armed with power.

(Or to Waltersdorf, No. 489)

I. Watts, 1719

536 EMERALD L. M.

W. D. MacLagan (1826—)

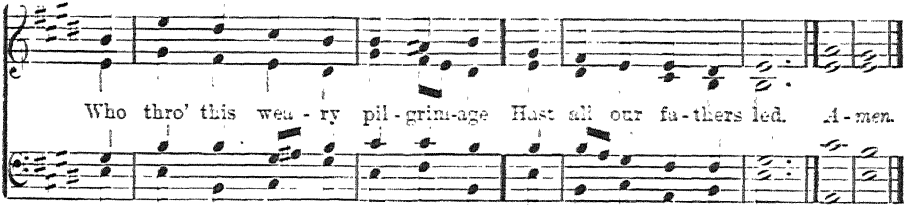
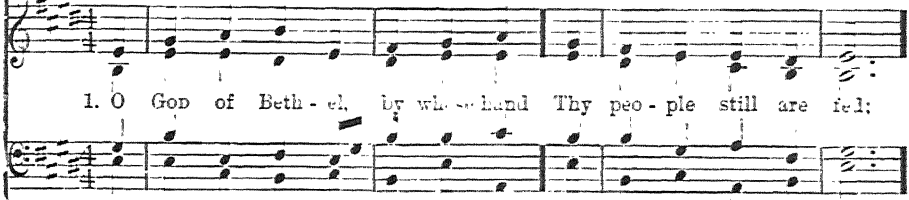
1. FOUNT-AIN of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take a-way. A-men.

- 2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear? In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near; Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
Am I with dread of justice tried? 4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died. This all-sufficiency to me;
3 In life, Thy promises of aid Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
Forbid my heart to be afraid; The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

Trust and Confidence

537 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564



- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race. | 4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease.
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace! |
| 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide. | 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. |

P. Doddridge, 1737

538 VAIL S. M.

M. D. Babcock, 1896



- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee. | 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide; |
| 3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear. | 5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be. |

Trust and Confidence

539 XAVIER C. M.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. THERE is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
Re - served for all the heirs of grace; Oh, be that ref - uge mine! A - men.

(Or to St. Hugh, No. 148)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God. | 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine! |
| 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm. | 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all! |

(Or to Marguerite, No. 235)

H. F. Lyte, 1834

540 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. I WOR-SHIP Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore; And
ey - ry day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee. | 4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost. |
| 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine. | 5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will. |

Trust and Confidence

541 BEDFORD C. M.

W. Wheall, 1729

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie

In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by. A-men.

2 My soul He doth restore again;

And me to walk doth make

Within the paths of righteousness,

E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,

Yet will I fear none ill:

For Thou art with me; and Thy rod

And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished

In presence of my foes:

My head Thou dost with oil anoint,

And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life

Shall surely follow me;

And in God's house for evermore

My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous, 1643

542 HORSLEY C. M.

W. Horsley, 1844

1. THOU, O my Je-sus, Thou didst me Up-on the cross em-brace:

For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And man-i-fold dis-grace; A-men.

2 And griefs and torments numberless,

And sweat of agony;

E'en death itself: and all for one

Who was Thine enemy.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,

Should I not love Thee well?

Not for the hope of winning heaven,

Or of escaping hell.

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,

Not seeking a reward;

But as Thyself hast lovèd me,

O ever-loving Lord.

5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,

And in Thy praise will sing;

Solely because Thou art my God,

And my eternal King.

F. Xavier, 1852 Tr. E. Caswall, 1849

Trust and Confidence

543

GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. THE Lord my shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied:

Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

(Or to Munsell, No. 521)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows. | Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there. |
| 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name. | 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head. |
| 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; | 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise. |

I. Watts, 1719

544

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. My spir-it, on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art love di-vine. A-men.

(Or to Emmaus, No. 112)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best. | Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm. |
| 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform: | 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. |

Trust and Confidence

545 MASTER MINE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, c. 1848

1. DEAR Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py ser - vant see; My

Con - queror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee. A - men.

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King.
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 1857

546 POTSDAM S. M.

J. S. Bach 1685—1750

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King, Let

all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring. A - men.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

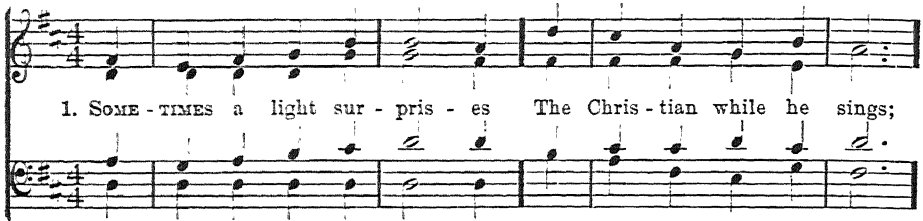
5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

L. Watts, 1779

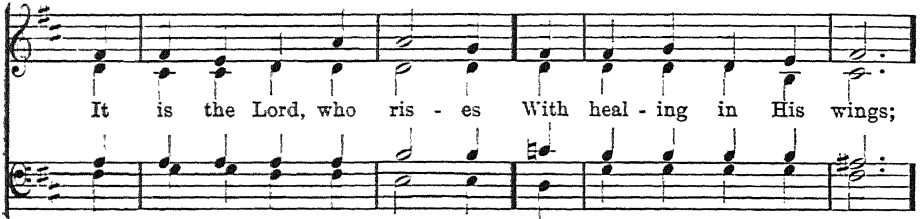
Trust and Confidence

547 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

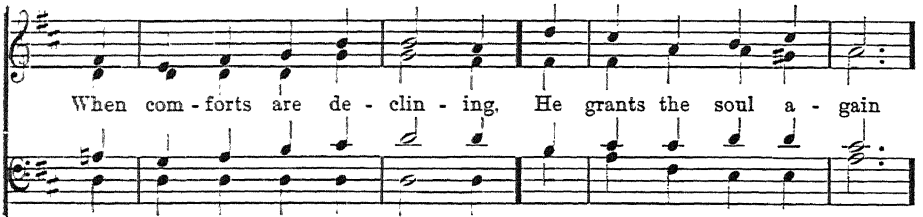
J. Mullah, 1867



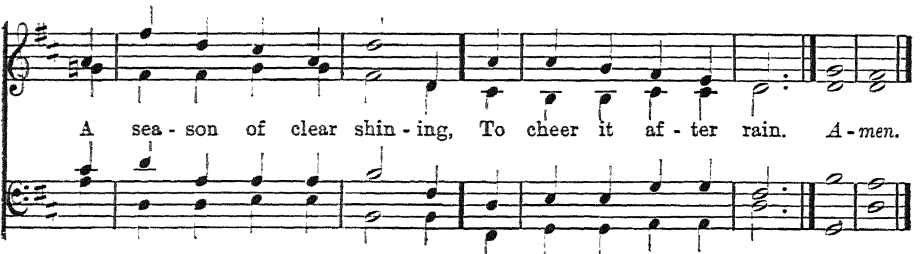
1. SOME - TIMES a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain



A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th'unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;

- Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Trust and Confidence

548 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8L

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend!

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide. A - men.

(Or to Cecil, No. 359 Or to Bentley, opposite)

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still.
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

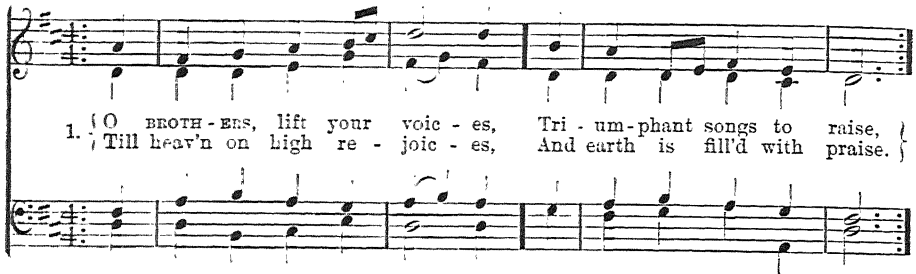
4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee.
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my friend!

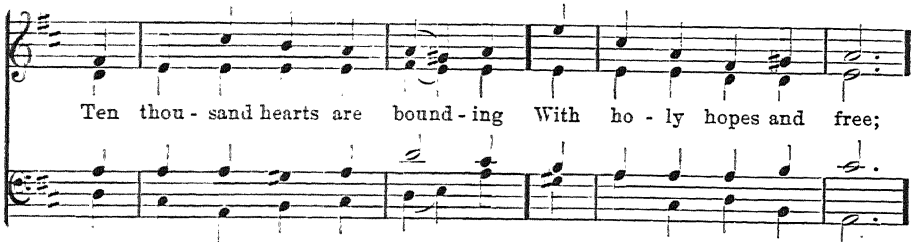
Activity and Zeal

549 PÆAN 7s, 6s. 8l.

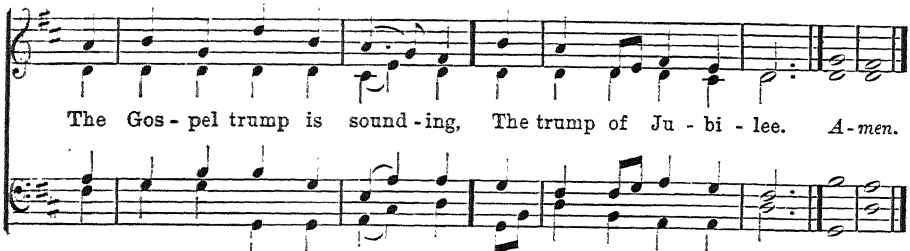
F. Weber, 1857



1. O BROTHERS, lift your voices, Tri-umphant songs to raise,
Till heav'n on high rejoices, And earth is fill'd with praise.



Ten thousand hearts are bounding With holy hopes and free;



The Gos-pel trump is sound-ing, The trump of Ju-bi-lee. A-men.

(Or to Lancashire, No. 324.)

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.


4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

Activity and Zeal

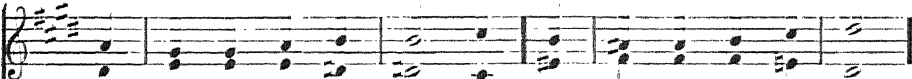
550

GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7: 6: 8:.


J. Barnby, 1869




1. OH. HAP - PY band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread
With Je -



With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head!



Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!



Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hunger'd then! A - men.

- 2 The cross that Jesus carried.
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn.
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;
- 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

- What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

Activity and Zeal

551 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! A - men.

(Or to Beatitudo, No. 516 Or to Martyrdom, No. 399)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.</p> <p>3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace,</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Wesley, 1739

552 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - WAKE, my soul, stretch ev-ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A

heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. Amen.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.</p> <p>3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye:</p> | <p>4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems</p> <p>5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.</p> |
|--|---|

Activity and Zeal

553 MARLOW C. M.

J. Chesham, 1718

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? A-men.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;

- I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts, 1722

554 LONDON NEW C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
Main-tain the hon-or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,

- What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I. Watts, 1709

Activity and Zeal

555

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6s. 5s. 12l.

H. Smart, 1872

Part I. 1. FORWARD! be our watchword, Steps and voice joined; Seek the things be-fore us,

Not a look be-hind. Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head;

Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,

Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.

- 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind:
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face.
 Forward, all the life-time,
 Climb from height to height,
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth.
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error.
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward, through the darkness
 Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared:
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these have uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

Activity and Zeal

556

BONIFACE 6s, 5s. 12l.

H. R. Gadsby 1842—

Part. II. 1. Fan o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our folk - bid - eth;
That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening riv - er, Shed - ding joys un - told. Thith - er, on - ward thith - er,
In the Spir - it's might, Pilgrims to your coun - try, For - ward in - to light. A - men.

- 2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness:
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.
- 3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone;
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none;
All the saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,

- Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amid the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.
- 4 To th' eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honors done.
Weak are earthly praises;
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

Activity and Zeal

557 BACON 6s, 5s. Sl. With Refrain

L. C. Jacoby, 1895

1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing
Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be,...
All we yield to Thee. *Refrain.*
Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour,
List-en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King. A-men.

(Or to Edina, No. 581)

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
3 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
5 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Activity and Zeal

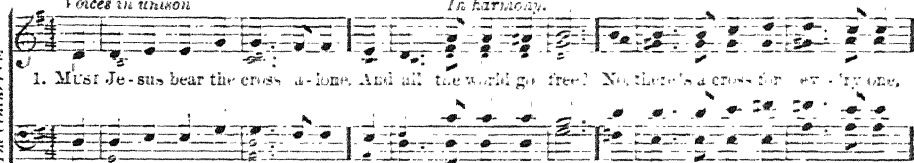
558 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

H. Houseley, 1896

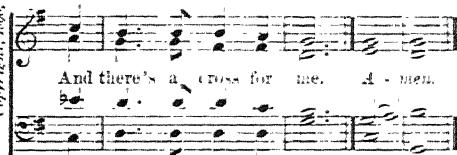
Voices in unison

In harmony.

Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone. And all the world go free! No, there's a cross for ev-ry one.



And there's a cross for me. A-men.

And then go home my crown to wear.
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down.
And bear my soul away.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;

T. Shepherd, 1692. A.M.

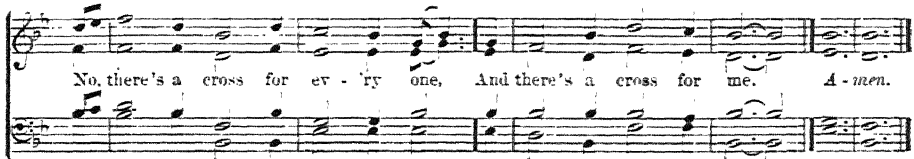
MAITLAND C. M.

(Second Tune)

G. N. Allen, 1849



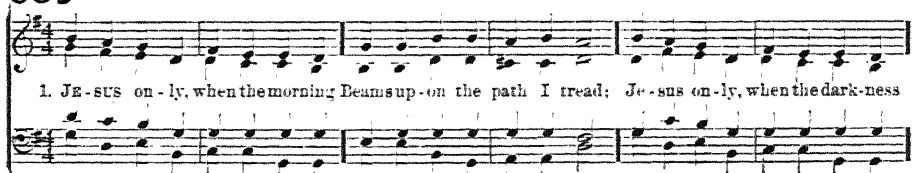
1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone. And all the world go free!



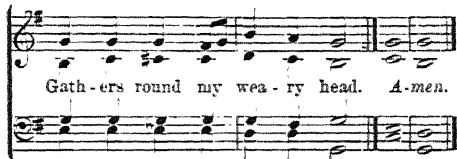
No, there's a cross for ev-ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

559 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

Charlotte A. Barnard 1830-1869)



1. Je-sus on-ly, when the morn-ing beams up-on the path I tread; Je-sus on-ly, when the dark-ness



Gath-ers round my wea-ry head. A-men.

Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;

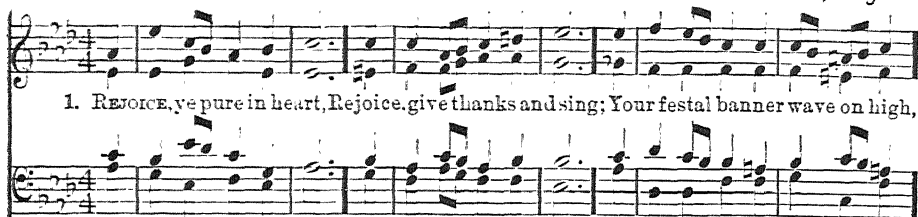
E. Nason, 1856

560

Activity and Zeal

MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883

*Refrain.*

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age.

Strong men and maidens meek.

Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs.

With all the saints on earth.

Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth,

4 Your clear hosannas raise,

And alleluias loud:

Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong

As ocean's surging praise,

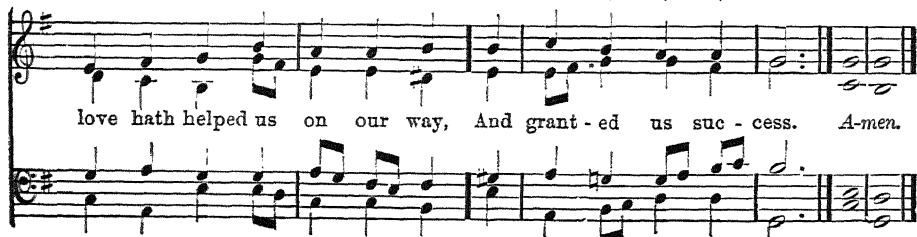
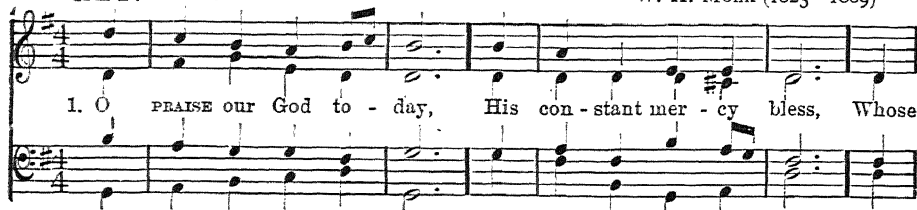
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

(Or to Sydenham, No. 784)

E. H. Plumptre, 1865 *Ab.*

CARR S. M.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)



Activity and Zeal

561

HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart 1813-1879

1. JE - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Though so fee - bly and so ill,

Strengthen hand and heart and nerve All Thy bid - ding to ful - fil;

O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. A - men.

(Or to Psalm, No. 365)

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be.
In Thy service, glad and free.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

(This hymn is Part II of "Jesus, Master, whose I am," No. 276, and "Take my life and let it be," No. 453)

562

(CARR) S. M.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

H. W. Baker, 1861 AA

Activity and Zeal

563

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A - men.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength.
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. Montgomery, 1819

564

ST. MARK C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Oh, still in accents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,

"More reapers for white har-vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." A - men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And prayers of saints were sown, And bear our harvest home.

We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;

Trial and Conflict

565

INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Latin Melody Arr. J. E. Dykes, 1862

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-terest tear.

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-men.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M. (Second Time)

H. Baker, 1866

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-terest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-men.

Trial and Conflict

566

VIA CRUCIS 6s. 8l.

F. L. Sealy, 1888

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own
hand; Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not,
if I might: Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. A-men.

(Or to Baxter, No. 88a)

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1857

567

(MEAR) C. M.

1 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
2 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
3 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploping at Thy feet

The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

5 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Millman, 1827

Trial and Conflict

568 CONSOLATOR (Alma) 115, 103.

S. Webb, 1793

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat,

fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no

sorrow that heav'n cannot heal. A-men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the
straying.
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure.
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying.
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore, 1815 Alt. V. 3, T. Hastings, 1832

MEAR C. M.

American Tune, 1726

1. Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heav'n-ly suc-cor give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live. A - men.

Trial and Conflict

569

WESTMINSTER CHOIR S. M.

T. Rallston Smith, 1881

1. How GEN - TLE God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.</p> <p>3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?</p> | <p>Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.</p> <p>4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.</p> |
|---|---|

P. Doddridge, 1755

DENNIS S. M.

(Second Tune) Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845

1. How GEN - TLE God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

ALEXANDRIA S. M.

(Third Tune)

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. How GENTLE God's commands, Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
How kind His precepts are! And trust His constant care. A - men.

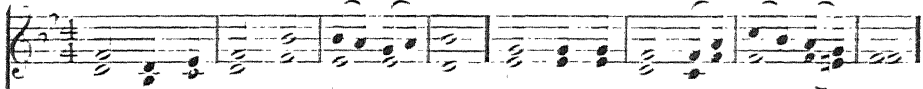
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care. A - men.

570

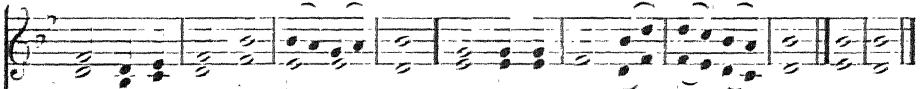
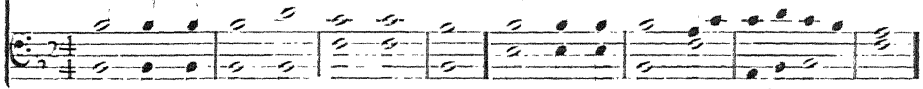
ERNAN L. M.

Trial and Conflict

L. Mason, 1850



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy an eternal - ly. A - men



2 Run the straight race through God's good grace.

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies.
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;

Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove

Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

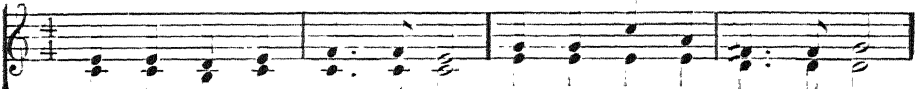
4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monwell, 1853

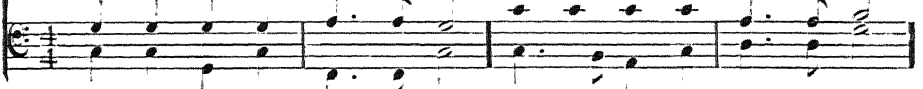
571

REDHEAD 47 75.

R. Redhead, 1852



1. WHEN our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,



When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A - men.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own:
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Trial and Conflict

572 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

(Or to Schumann, below)

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!

The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,

And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,

Nor lay thine armor down:

Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death

Shall bring thee to thy God:

He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,

Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1761

573 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be When we have borne the cross. A - men.

(Or to Aberystwyth, No. 522)

2 Keen was the trial once,

Bitter the cup of woe,

When martyred saints, baptized in blood,

Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,

Boundless their joy above,

Where, on the bosom of their God,

They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,

Like them in faith to bear

All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,

May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last

The word of blessing give,

And let us rest beneath Thy feet,

Where saints and angels live.

Trial and Conflict

574 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1732

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be not dis-mayed; God

hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A-men.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt, 1525 Tr. J. Wesley, 1739 A1

575 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. SOL - DIERS of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A-men.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1749 A1b

Trial and Conflict

576

BEECHCROFT 6s. 8l.

T. German Reed, 1880 [?]

Voices in Unison.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row, or through joy, Con -

duct me as Thine own. And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck, 1716 Tr. J. Borthwick, 1854

JEWETT 6s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

Fr. C. M. von Weber, 1821

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love

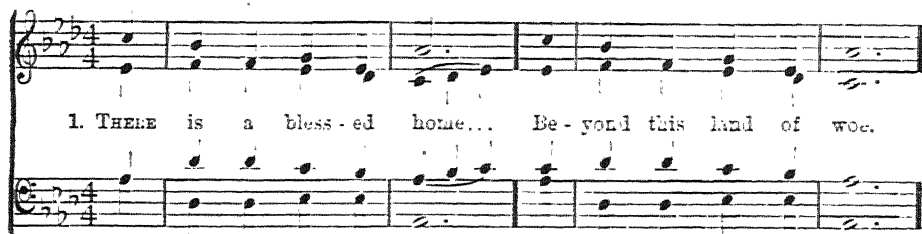
I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

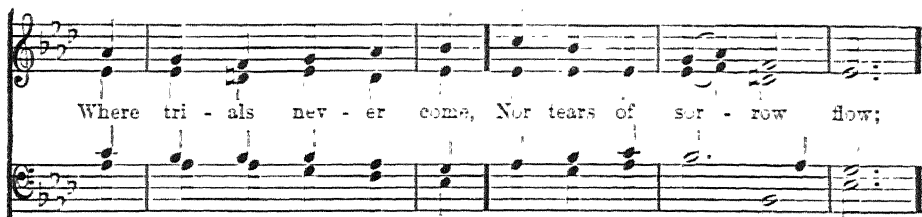
Trial and Conflict

577 BLESSED HOME 6s. 8l.

J. Stainer. 1875



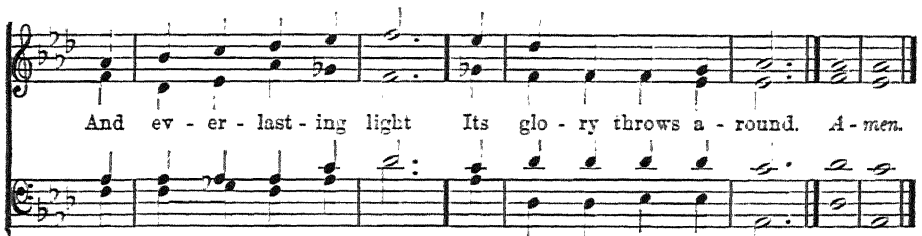
1. THERE is a bless-ed home... Be-yond this land of woe.



Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;



Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,



And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A-men.

- 2 There is a land of peace.
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side;

- To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done!
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God.
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe:
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

Trial and Conflict

578

ST. EDMUND

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. We are but stran-gers here, Heaven is our home;
 Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is our home.
 Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on ev-ery hand,
 Heaven is our fa-ther-land, Heaven is our home. A-men.

2 What though the tempests rage?

Heaven is our home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our home.

And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast;
 We shall reach home at last:
 Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,

Heaven is our home,
 May we be glorified:
 Heaven is our home.

There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest:
 Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,

Heaven is our home.
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our home.

Grant us at last to stand
 There at Thine own right hand,
 Jesus, in fatherland:

Heaven is our home.

Trial and Conflict

579 HANFORD 8, 8, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan. 1874

1. Je - sts, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way.
Dark and tempestuous is the night:
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th'impending shock.
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my rock.

5 When the accuser flings his darts.
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my peace.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink.
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall:
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

C. Ellett. 1869

WIMBLEDON 8, 8, 8, 4

(Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley. 1810—1876

1. Je - sts, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.

Trial and Conflict

580 LEIGH 7s, 6s. 8l.

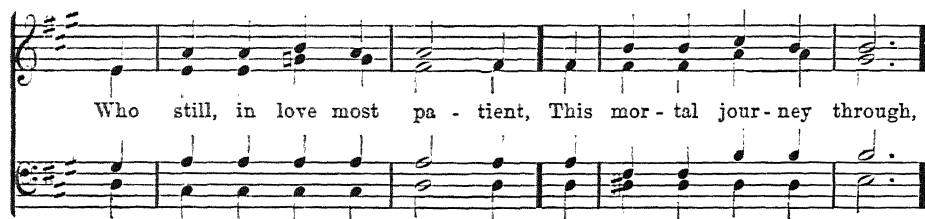
C. H. Lloyd (1849—)



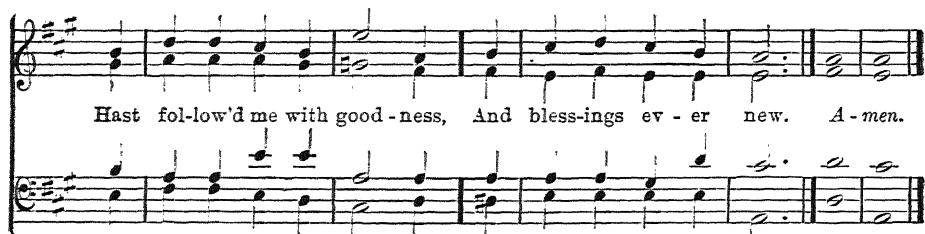
1. My song shall be of mer - cy: To Thee, O Lord, I sing,



Who all my life hast hid me Be - neath Thy shel-t'ring wing;



Who still, in love most pa - tient, This mor - tal jour - ney through,



Hast fol-low'd me with good - ness, And bless-ings ev - er new. A - men.

2 My song shall be of judgment:
 All-wise and holy God,
 Thou makest all Thy children
 To pass beneath Thy rod;
 Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
 Yet, oh! my soul shall tell
 That when Thy stroke is sorest
 Thou doest all things well.

3 My song shall be of mercy:
 Come, ye who love the Lord,
 Who know that He is gracious,
 Who trust His faithful word,

Tell out His works with gladness,
 With me exalt His name,
 Whose love endures for ever,
 To endless years the same.

4 My song shall be of judgment:
 Ye who His chastenings feel,
 Oh, faint not nor be weary,
 He wounds that He may heal!
 Yes, bless the hand that smiteth,
 And in your grief confess
 That all His ways are wisdom,
 And truth, and righteousness.

Trial and Conflict

581

EDINA 6., 5., 81.

H. S. Oakley, 1868

1. Per-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and
 dear-er Ev-ery du-ty and; Hop-ing still and trust-ing God with-
 out a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear. A-men.

Ort. Penitence, No. 535

- 2 Calmer yet and calmer
 In the hours of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.
- 3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light,—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.
- 4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on.
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast;
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Guise, 1749—1832, 463

582

(Ort. Williams, No. 785)

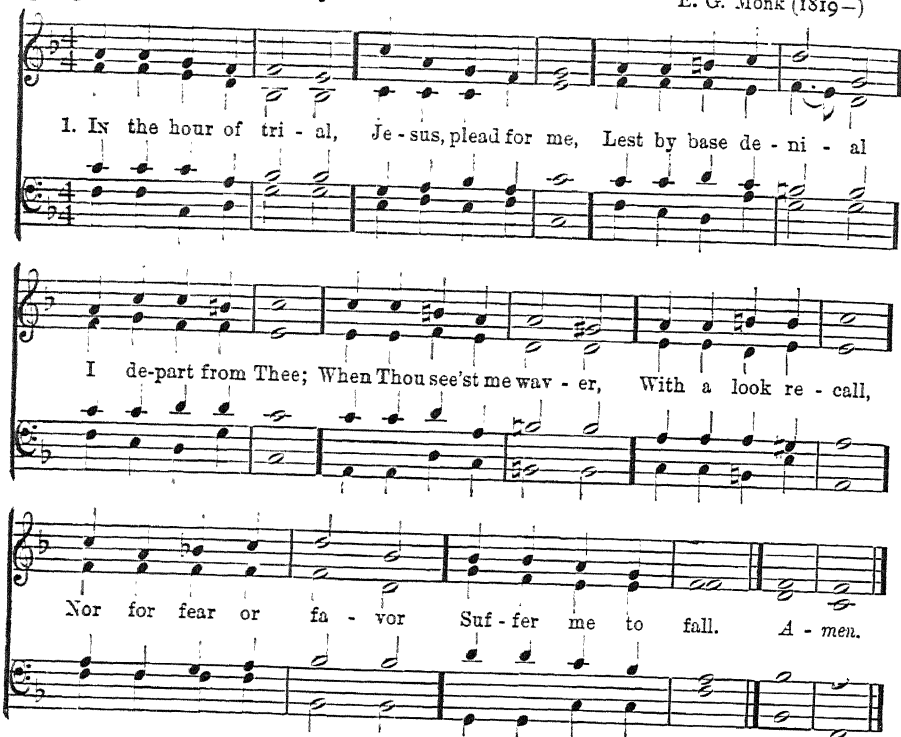
- 1 Oh, let him whose sorrow
 No relief can find,
 Trust in God and borrow
 Ease for heart and mind:
 Where the mourner weeping
 Sheds the secret tear,
 God His watch is keeping,
 Though none else is near.
- 2 God will never leave us,
 All our wants He knows,
 Feels the pains that grieve us,
 Sees our cares and woes:
 When in grief we languish,
 He will dry the tear.
 Who His children's anguish
 Soothes with succor near.
- 3 All our woe and sadness
 In this world below,
 Balance not the gladness
 We in heaven shall know,
 When our gracious Saviour,
 In the realms above
 Crowns us with His favor,
 Fills us with His love.

H. Oswald, 1753 Tr. F. E. Cox, 1841

Trial and Conflict

583 ENTREATY 6s, 5s. 8l.

E. G. Monk (1819-)



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
I de-part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;

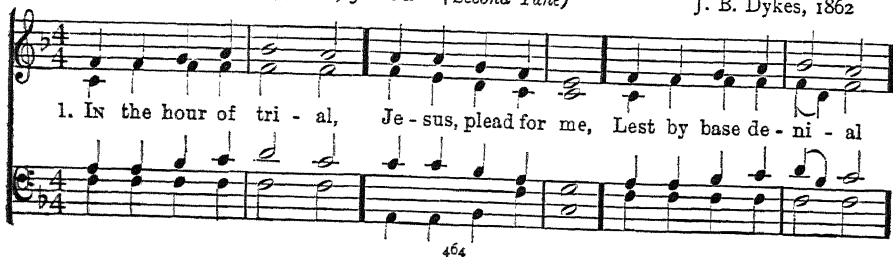
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834. Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1862



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al

Trial and Conflict

I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er. With a

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

PENITENCE 6s, 5s. 81.

(Third Tune)

S. Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -

ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

Trial and Conflict

584 BLENDEN C. M. SL

C. E. Kettle, 1876

1. FOR - GIVE, O Lord, the doubts that break Thy prom - is - es to me;

For - give me that I fail to take My par - don, full and free.

I sought to put my sins a - way, I strove to do Thy will,

And yet, whene'er I tried to pray, My heart was doubt-ing still. A - men.

2 I thought that Thou with jealous eyes
Wast watching me alway,
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy,
Whene'er I went astray;
I hoped that when, by days and years
Of service and of prayer,
I had besought Thy grace with tears,
Thy mercy I might share.

3 Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous, doubting heart;
For when men seek Thy love to win,
And choose the better part,
I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might,
Speed down to every one.

Trial and Conflict

585 BURLEIGH 108.

J. Barnby, 1883

mf

1. LEAD us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows

still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing way. A - men.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
 Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
 While passion stains, and folly dims our youth.
 And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may be,
 Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh, 1872

Trial and Conflict

586

HEREFORD C. M. 81.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. FA - THER of love, our guide and friend, Oh, lead us gen - tly on,

Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heav'n - ly peace be won.

2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod;

But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:</p> <p>4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.</p> | <p>5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear:</p> <p>6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.</p> |
|---|---|

(Or to Ilfracomb, No. 514)

W. J. Irons, 1853

AZMON

C. M.

(Second Tune)

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by L. Mason, 1839

1. FA - THER of love, our guide and friend, Oh, lead us gen - tly on,

Trial and Conflict

Un - til life's tri - al - times shall end, And heavenly peace be won. A-men.

587 SUBMISSION, No. 2 189, 4.

A. L. Peace, 1889

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. A-men.

2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
 Through peace to light.

3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here:
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.

4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

Trial and Conflict

588

IRISH (Dublin) C. M.

I. Smith, 1749

1. DEAR ref-uge of my wea-ry soul, On Thee, when sor-rows rise, On
Thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies. A-men.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;

Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;

The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,

And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;

Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

A. Steele, 1760 Ad.

589

EASTLAND C. M.

W. Smedley, 1880 Fr. H. Smart

1. Lord, it be-ongs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. A-men.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day.

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the tri-phant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

W. B. Baxter, 1881 All.

Trial and Conflict

590

BALERMA C. M.

R. Simpson, 1833

1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me. A-men.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath.
Good Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis and T. Cotterill, 1792 A.S.

591

SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. L. Spohr (1784—1859)

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace. A-men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Trial and Conflict

592 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul. Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide. Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

(Or to Frankfurt, No. 506)

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
And my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand.
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

C. Wesley, 1740

MARTYN 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

S. B. Marsh, 1834

1. { JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, }
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! } { Till the storm of life be past; }
d.c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

Trial and Conflict

ST. FABIAN (Polycarp) 7s. 8l. (Third Tune)

J. Barnby, 1866

1. JE-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters

roll, While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the

storm of life be past: Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last! A-men.

REFUGE 7s. 8l.

(Fourth Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1864

Choir.

1. JE-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the near - er wa - ters

Congregation.

roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the

storm of life be past; Safe in-to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! A - men.

Trial and Conflict

593 TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) 8, 8, 8, 4

A. H. D. Troyte (1811—1857)

1. My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy..... will be done!" A - men.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

C. Elliott, 1835

(Or to St. Gabriel, No. 712 Or to Woodworth, No. 411)

WINTERBOURNE 8, 8, 8, 4 (Second Tune)

W. E. Evill, 1890

1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

Trial and Conflict

594 WENTWORTH P. M. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

F. C. Maker, 1876

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound:
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain:
That shadows fall on brightest hours:
That thorns remain:
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest.
Can never find, although they seek.
A perfect rest:
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Trial and Conflict

595 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61.

D. S. Bortniansky

1. WHEN gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - perience'd ev - 'ry hu - man pain;

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.

(Or to Adoro, 503)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.</p> | <p>4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.</p> |
| <p>3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.</p> | <p>5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.</p> |
- 6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Trial and Conflict

596

EIRENE 11s, 10s.

F. R. Havergal, 1871

1. Come un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly

Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - men.

(Or to Visio Domini, No. 629)

- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground.
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,
- 3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !

C. H. Esling, 1899

Trial and Conflict

597 ROGERS (Magdalene) L. M.

B. Rogers (1614—1698)

1. God of my life, to Thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at Thy feet I fall:

When the great water-floods pre-vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail. A-men.

Or to Louvan, No. 551)

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

W. Cowper, 1779

598 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. Off in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go;

Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Warfare

599 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Hay 1835—

1. BREATHE the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day. Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main-eth, Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian.
Heaven is before thee:
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers, 1830

Warfare

600 WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. STAND up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

(Or to Greenland, No. 13)

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Warfare

601 ROBERTS (Farmer 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Farmer

1 Go for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true;

The Lord Him-self, thy lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.

His love fore-tells thy tri-als; He knows thine hour-ly need;

He can with bread of heav-en Thy faint-ing spir-it feed. A-men.

(Or to Berthold, No. 14 Or to Chenies, No. 117)

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know
Trust only Christ, thy Captain:
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Warfare

602 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81.

H. S. Cutler, 1872

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew
And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to
feel:

Who follows in their train?

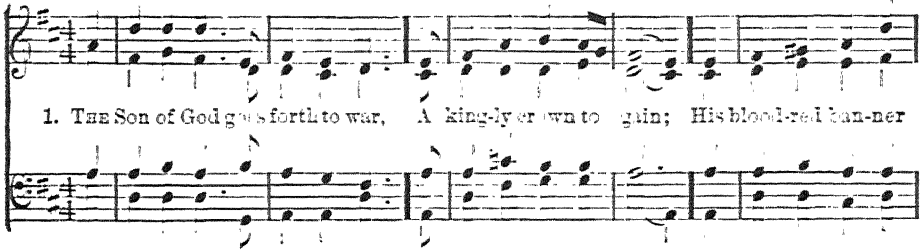
4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Warfare

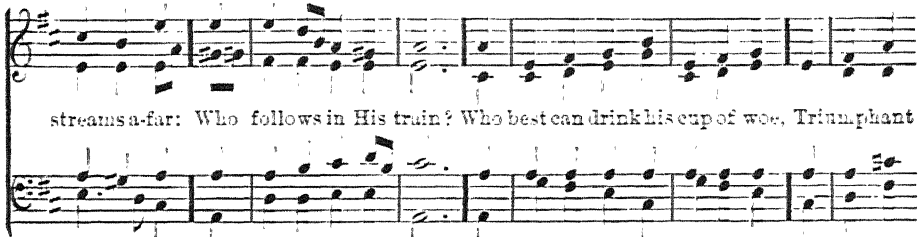
ARCHIBALD C. M. 81.

(Second Tune)

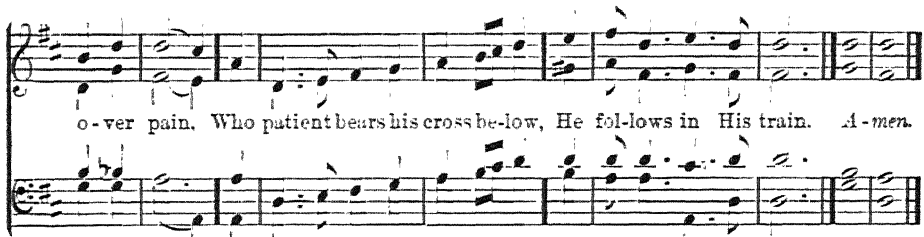
A. Macdonald, 1877



1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly er own to gain; His blood-red ban-ner



streams a-far: Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant

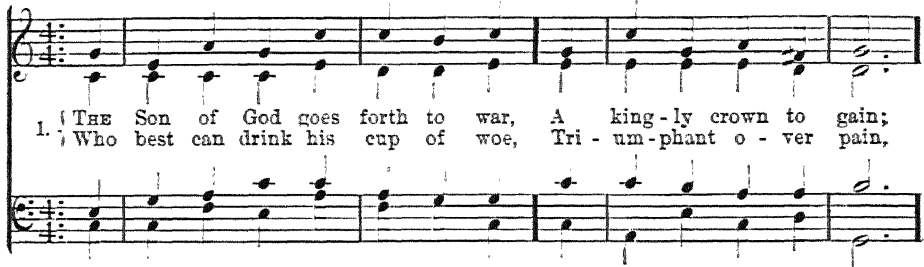


o-ver pain. Who patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

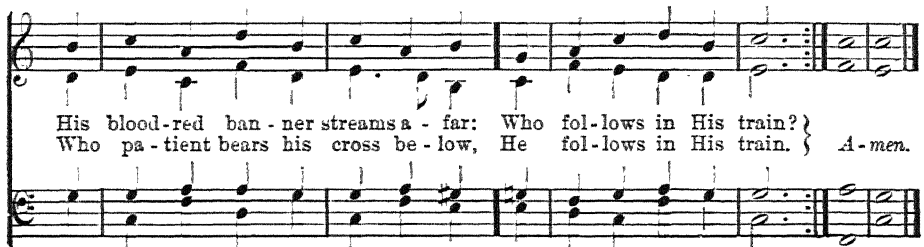
ST. ANNE C. M.

(Third Tune)

W. Croft, 1708



1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. } A-men.

Warfare

603 ST. HUBERT P. M. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

L. Darwall (1813—)

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And, although the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less: Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

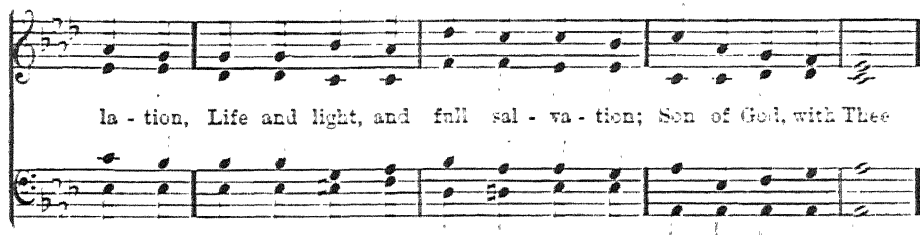
N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1722 Tr. J. Borthwick, 1853

604 LEWISHAM P. M. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

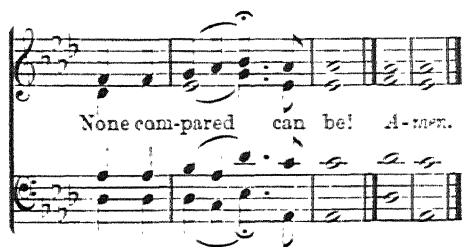
S. Gee (1834—)

1. Je - sus, who can be Once compared with Thee! Source of rest and con-so -

Warfare



la - tion, Life and light, and full sal - va - tion; Son of God, with Thee



None com - pared can be! A - men.

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by Thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race.
Following Thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force:
Further Thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart;
Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In Thy righteousness array me.
That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

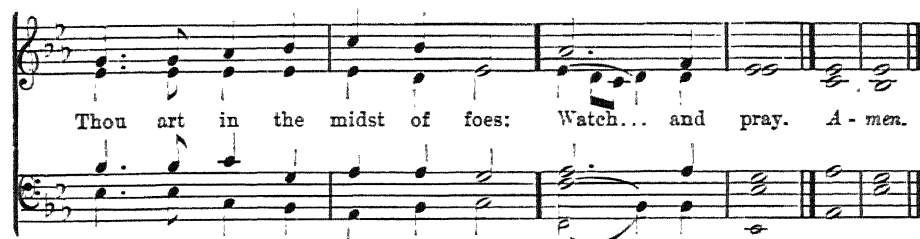
J. A. Freylinghausen, 1713 Moravian Coll., 1754 A 16, 180.

605 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868



1. CHRIS-TIAN, seek not yet ré- pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;



Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. A - men.

2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Warfare

606 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s, 5s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

1. CHRIS - TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - men.

- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast:
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.
- 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"

- Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.
- 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Warfare

HOLY WAR 6s, 5s. 8l.

(Second Time)

J. Booth (1852—)

Vocals in unison.

p 1. CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground. How the hosts of

The first system of music for 'Holy War' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in unison for voices. The lyrics are: '1. CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground. How the hosts of'.

dark-ness Com- pass thee a- round! Chris- tian, up and smite them.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It consists of two staves in the same key and time. The lyrics are: 'dark-ness Com- pass thee a- round! Chris- tian, up and smite them.'.

Count- ing gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee. Sol- dier of the cross. A- men.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in the same key and time. The lyrics are: 'Count- ing gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee. Sol- dier of the cross. A- men.'.

CRETE 6s, 5s. 8l.

(Third Time)

J. Barnby, 1872

mf

p rit.

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground, How the hosts of dark-ness Com- pass thee a- round!

The first system of music for 'Crete' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in unison for voices. The lyrics are: '1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground, How the hosts of dark-ness Com- pass thee a- round!'.

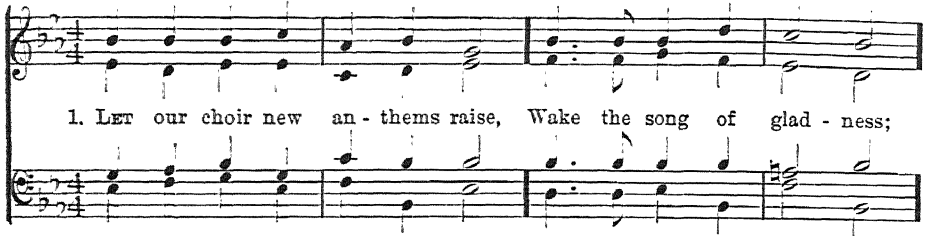
Christian, up and smite them. Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee. Soldier of the cross. A- men.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It consists of two staves in the same key and time. The lyrics are: 'Christian, up and smite them. Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee. Soldier of the cross. A- men.'.

Warfare

607 PORTAL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1868



1. LET our choir new an - thems raise, Wake the song of glad - ness;



God him - self to joy and praise Turns the mar - tyr's sad - ness:



Bright the day that won their crown, O - pen'd heav'n's bright por - tal,



As they laid the mor - tal down To put on th'im - mor - tal. A - men.

(Or to St. Kevin, No. 297)

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.

He who trod the self-same road
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their passions showed
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

Hope and Exaltation

608

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. Arno, 1762

1. WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A-men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

L. Watts, 1797

609

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word;

Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith-ful-ness. A - men.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Hope and Exaltation

610 JUDEA 11s.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. Though faint, yet pur-suing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
lead-er, His Word is our stay; Though suf-f'ring, and sor-row, and tri-al be
near, The Lord is our re-fuge, and whom can we fear? A-men.

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint; [complaint;] He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, [when oppressed.]
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their [complaint;] Restores me when wandering, redeems
The way may be weary, and thorny the road, Through the valley and shadow of death
But how can we falter? Our help is in God. though I stray,
- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads; [feeds!] Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, stay; [near.]
And brings back the wanderers safe from No harm can befall, with my Comforter
the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light; [our might;] With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
Though storms rage around us, our God is neth o'er; [head;]
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come; With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence
home! more?

J. N. Darby, 1850

611

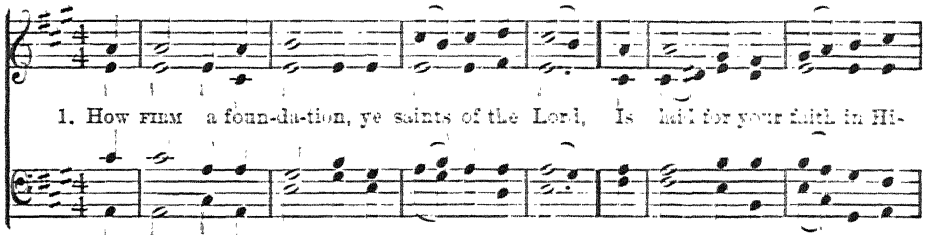
11s.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
I know; Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest; kingdom of love.

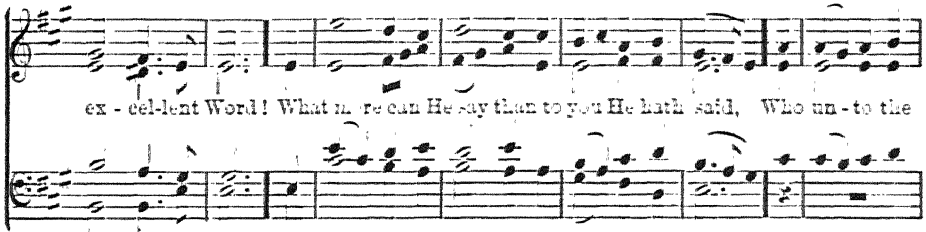
Hope and Exaltation

612 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11-

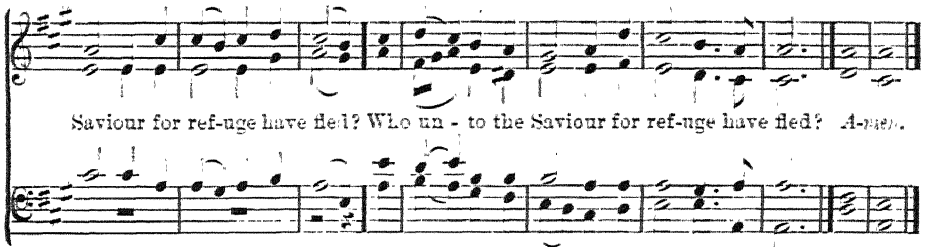
J. Reading, 1692



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in Hi-



ex - cell-ent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un-to the



Saviour for ref-uge have fled? Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow:
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Hope and Exaltation

613

BREMEN L. M. 61.

G. Neumark, 1657 Har. J. S. Bach (1685—1750)

1. LEAVE God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in
Thou 'lt find Him, in the e - vil days, Thine all suf -

Him what - e'er be - tide; Who trusts in God's un -
fi - cient strength and guide.

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move! A - men.

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet,
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

The Communion of Saints

614 SARUM 10, 10, 10 With Alleluia

J. Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-sus,
be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

The Communion of Saints

615 ALL SAINTS, No. 3 S. 7. S. 7. 7. 7

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698

1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be-fore God's throne who stand?

Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?

Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, like priests, have watched and wait-
Offering up to Christ their will, [ed,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. Schenk, 1719 77. F. E. Cox, 1841

616 (SAVOY CHAPEL) 7s, 6s. 8l.

1 FROM all Thy saints in warfare,
For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesus,
All praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle
That they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory
Are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;

For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

The Communion of Saints

617 CARLISLE S. M.

G. Lockhart (1745—1815)

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who

fol - low'd Thee, O - beyed, a - dored, our grate - ful hymn re - ceiv'd. A - men.

- 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,

Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

- 4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

R. Mant, 1877. 45.

SAVOY CHAPEL 7-6-81.

J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. From all Thy saints in war-fare, For all Thy saints at rest, To Thee, O blessed

Je - sus, All prais-es be address'd. Thou Lord, didst win the bat-tle That they might

conq-ers be; Their crowns of liv-ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A - men.

The Communion of Saints

618 ST. ASAPH 8s, 7s. 8l.

W. S. Bambridge, 1872

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,

Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.

Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;

Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. A-men.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread:
 One, the object of our journey,
 One, the faith which never tires,
 One, the earnest looking forward,
 One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain which lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One. the march in God begun:

One, the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward, with the cross our aid;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade.
 Soon shall come the great awaking;
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then, the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

The Communion of Saints

619 DEERHURST 8s, 7s, 8s.

J. Langran, 1870

1. HAIL! Thou God of grace and glo - ry, Who Thy name hast mar - ni - fied,

By re - demp-tion's won-drous sto - ry, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;

Thanks to Thee for ev - ery bless-ing, Flow - ing from the fount of love;

Thanks for pres-ent good un-ceas-ing, And for hopes of bliss a - bove. A - men.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly.
Near Thy bright and burning throne,
We invoke Thee, God most holy.
Through Thy well-belovèd Son;
Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
Shed the Pentecostal fire;
Let us all Thy grace inherit.
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love:
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let Thy work be seen progressing:
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

T. W. Aveling, 1844

The Communion of Saints

620 TICHFIELD 7s. 8l.

J. Richardson, 1853 Fr. "Crown of Jesus."

1. WHAT are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng,
Round the al-tar, night and day, Hymn-ing one tri-umph-ant song?
"Wor-thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, power,
Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears,

J. Montgomery, 1819

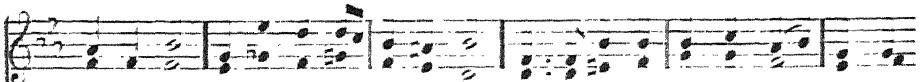
(Second Tune)

LEYDEN 7s. 8l.

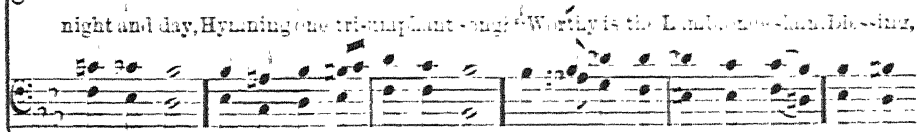

L. Spohr, 1833 Arr. S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. WHAT are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng, Round the al-tar,

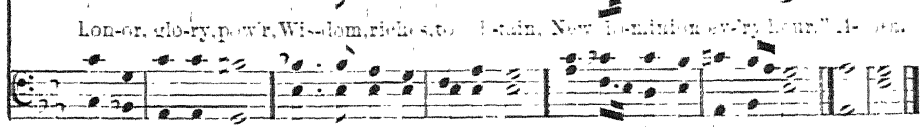
The Communion of Saints



night and day, Hymning one tri-umphant song: "Worthy is the Lamb who has been slain, blessing,

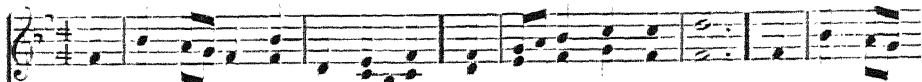



Lon-ger, glo-ry, pow'r, Wis-dom, rich-es, to be-gain, New Je-hu-men every hour." A-men.

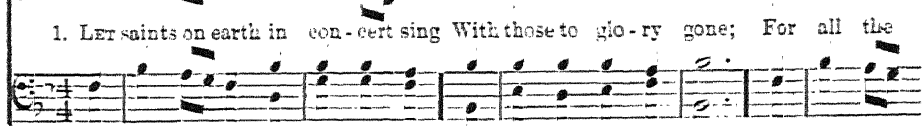


621 ELLACOMBE C. M. 81.


German



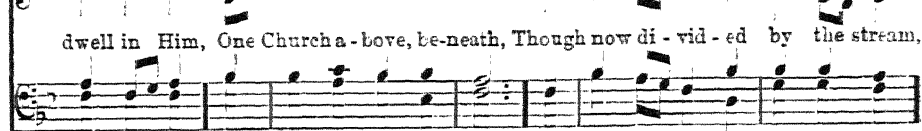

1. Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With those to glo-ry gone; For all the



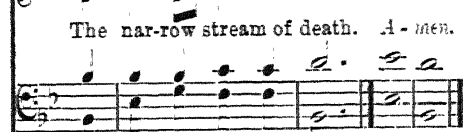

ser-vants of our King In earth and heaven are one. One fam-i-ly, we

dwell in Him, One Church a-love, be-neath, Though now di-vid-ed by the stream,

The nar-row stream of death. A-men.



2 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

622

NEWLAND S. M.

The Communion of Saints

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. DEAR Sav-iour, we are Thine, By ev-er-last-ing bands;

Our names, our hearts, we would resign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge, 1755

623

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-men.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

- But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett, 1772

624

MANATON Ss. 7s.

The Evening of Life

W. B. Gilbert, 1896

1. Tarry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is passing by:
See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh. A-men.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

- 4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee:
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning: then awake me.—
Morning of eternal rest.

C. S. Smith, 1892 48

625

DEDHAM C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1830

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be. A-men.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod:
His zeal inspired their breast:
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

The Evening of Life

626 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. At eve-ning time let there be light; Life's lit-tle day draws near its close;

A-round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re-pose;

To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light. A-men.

2 At evening time let there be light:
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright, [way;
Dews, birds, and flowers cheered all the
Oh for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light;
For God hath said,—“So let it be!”
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;
'Tis evening time, and there is light.

J. Montgomery, 1823

627 SWEDEN L. M.

H. Hiles, 1860

1. Sav-our, when night in-volves the skies, My soul, a-dor-ing, turns to Thee;

The Evening of Life

Thee, self-a-based in mortal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for mine. A-men.

- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell.
 When crimson gleams the east adorn.
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To Thee my soul triumphant springs:
- Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze.
 Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give:
 To death, whose power I soon must feel.
 To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

T. G. L. 1908

628 PAX DEI 108.

J. L. Hayes, 1908

1. Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west, The day is

done, the hours of la - bor past; The night's dark shad - ows

deep - en all a-round; The day is o - ver; rest has come at last. A-men.

- 2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
 Our days of change their course have almost run;
 And soon the storms of winter will be past,
 And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.
- 3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
 Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
 That none in this poor world have words to tell
 How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

The Evening of Life

629

VISIO DOMINI IIS, IOS.

J. B. Dykes, 1876

1. We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this

lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en, For the last wea - ri-ness, the fi - nal strife. A - men.

(Or to Felix (Raynolds) No. 33)

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

The Church

630 ST. AUDOËN S. M.

R. B. Stewart, 1825—1854

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord. The house of Thine a-bode,
The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood. A-men.

- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King.
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Light, 1840

631 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844

1. GREAT is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;
He makes His church-es His a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat. A-men.

- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

I. Watts, 1719

The Church

632 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo-ri-ous things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

(Or to Moultrie, No. 12)

- 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love.
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;

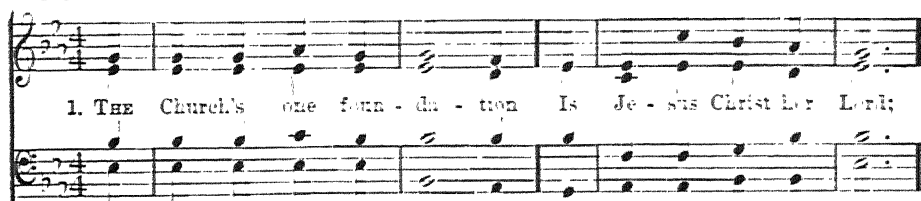
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

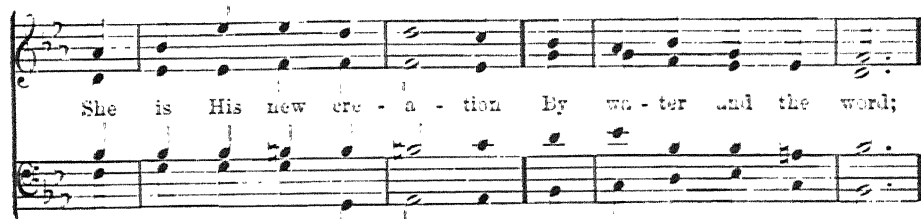
The Church

633 AURELIA 7s. 6s. 8s.

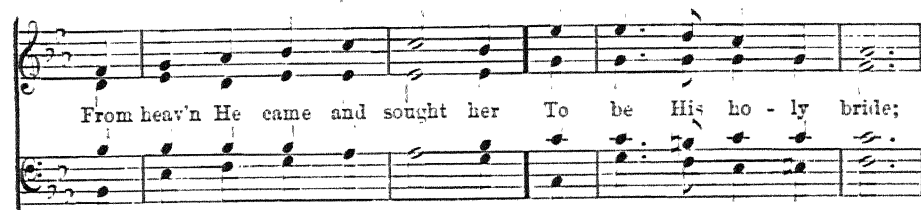
S. S. Wesley, 1864



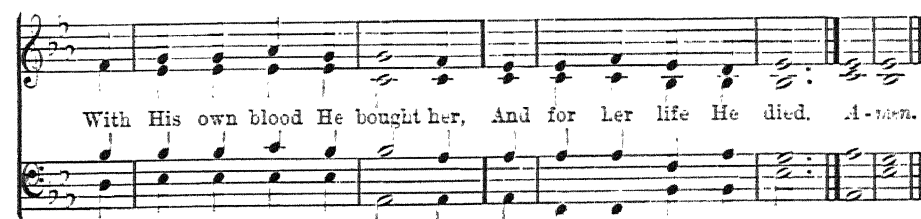
1. THE Church's one founda - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;



She is His new ere - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth.
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food.
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore:
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church

634 CLOISTERS 11, 11, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevaiileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

The Church

635 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dyke., 1862

1. ONE sole hap-tis-mal sign. One Lord, be-low, a-bove. Zi-on, one faith is thine. One on-ly

watch-word, love: From different temples though it rise, One song a-*scend*-eth to the skies. A-men.

2 Our sacrifice is one;

One priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son.

Redeemer, Lord alone:

Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,

His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care

Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy church beneath,

The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,

Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

G. W. Robinson, 1842

ZEBULON 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. ONE sole hap-tis-mal sign. One Lord, be-low, a-bove. Zi-on, one faith is thine. One on-ly

watch-word, love: From different temples though it rise, One song a-*scend*-eth to the skies. A-men.

The Church

636

EIN' FESTE BURG

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

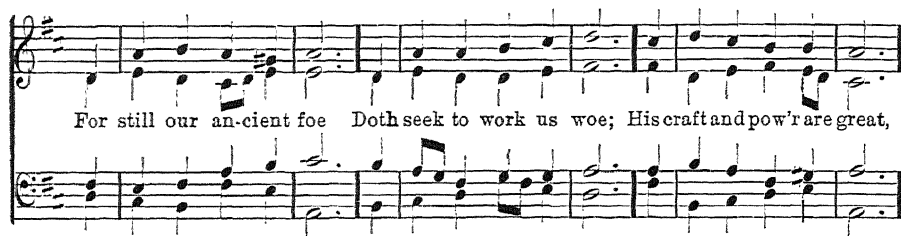
Arr. S. P. W.



1. A MIGHT-Y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;



Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,



And, arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual. A-men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is for ever.

The Church

637 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Cr. P. 1708

1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet. A thousand years the same. A-men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong:
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad: [sing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills.
Immovable she stands.
A mountain that shall fill the earth.
A house not made by hands.

A. C. C. P. 1708

638 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webb, 1790

1. O SPIR-IT of the liv-ing God, In all Thy plen-i-tude of grace,

Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a-pos-tate race. A-men.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above.
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might.
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro'

639

The Ministry

VENI CREATOR, No. 1 S, S

J. H. Hopkins (1820—1891)

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art.
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

ff Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

Anon. (Latin, 10th Cent.) Tr. J. Cosin, 1567

TENBURY S. M.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867

1. YE ser - vants of the Lord Each in His of - fice wait, Ob -

serv - ant of His heav'n - ly word And watch - ful at His gate. A - men.

(Or to St. Michael, No. 645 Or to Olmutz, No. 669)

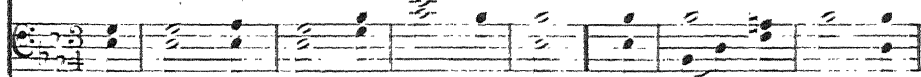
The Ministry

VENI CREATOR, No. 2 S S (Second Time)

T. Ann. vol. 1735-1838



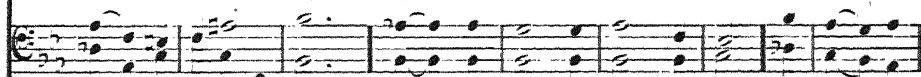
1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -
4. En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul - ness of our
7. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee of both to



1. - tial fire. 2. Thou the an -oint - ing Spir - it art. Who dost Thy
blind - ed sight. 5. A - point and cheer our soul - ed face With the a -
be - but One. 8. That, thro' the a - ges all a - lone. This may



seven-fold gifts in - part. 3. Thy blessed unction from a - bove Is com - fort,
bundance of Thy grace. 6. Keep far our foes, give peace at home: Where Thou art
be our end - less song: 9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther



life, and fire of love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
guide, no ill can come, Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.



640 (TENBURY) S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command:
And, while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

The Ministry

641 HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone:

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing children lost and lone. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea. | A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour. |
| 3 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart. | 5 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. |
| 4 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power | 6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. |

F. R. Havergal, 1872

642 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. Go LA-BOR on; spend and be spent,— Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Mas-ter went, Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain. | 3 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won. |
|--|--|

The Ministry

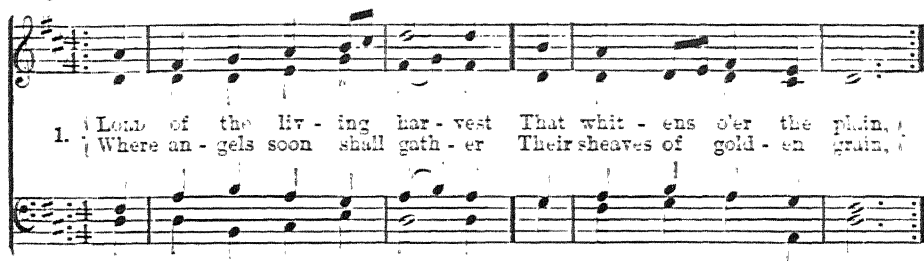
4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
 Be wise the erring soul to win;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
 For toil comes rest, for exile home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

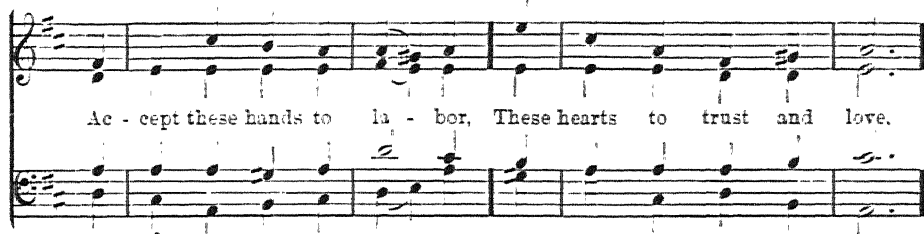
H. Denar, 1843

643 PÆAN 7s. 6s. 8l.

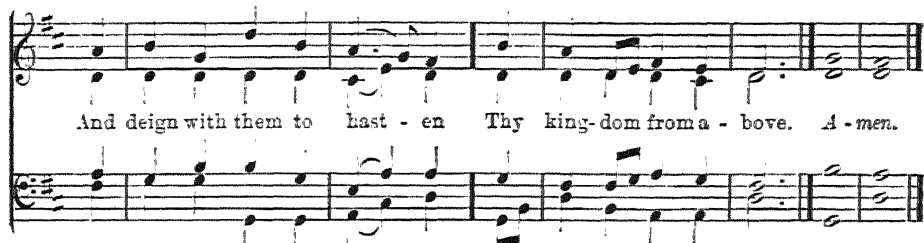
F. Weber, 1857



1. | Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,
 | Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,



Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love.



And deign with them to last - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard
 Still faithful may they be,
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee;
 To ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call them home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.

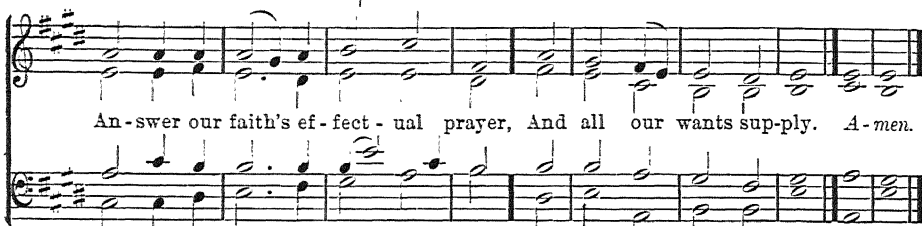
3 Be with them, God the Father;
 Be with them, God the Son;
 And God the Holy Spirit.—
 Most blessed Three in One!
 Within Thy sacred temple
 Be with them where they stand,
 To guide and teach Thy people
 Throughout our native land.

The Ministry

644

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view:
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,

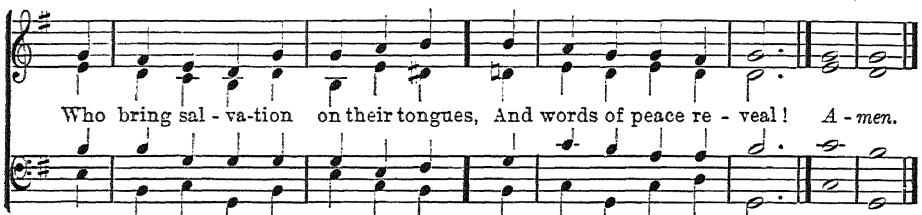
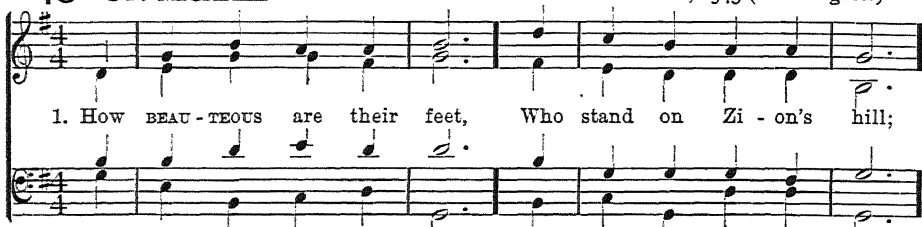
- And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
4 Oh, let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

C. Wesley, 1742

645

ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



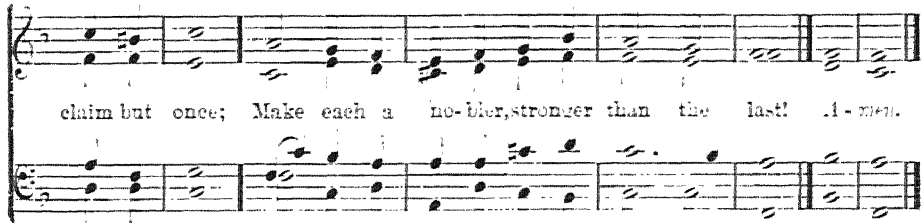
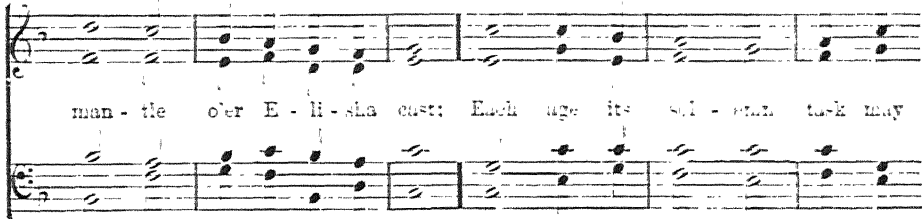
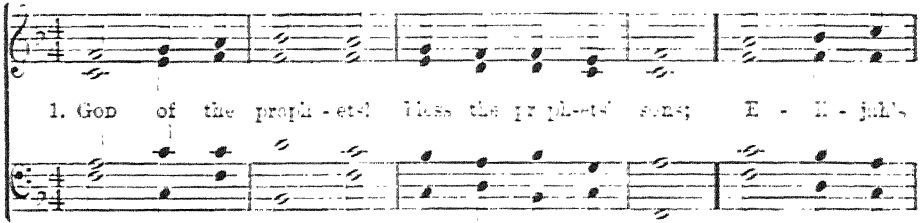
- 2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

The Ministry

646 TOULON 108.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. L. Arguelis)



2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won!

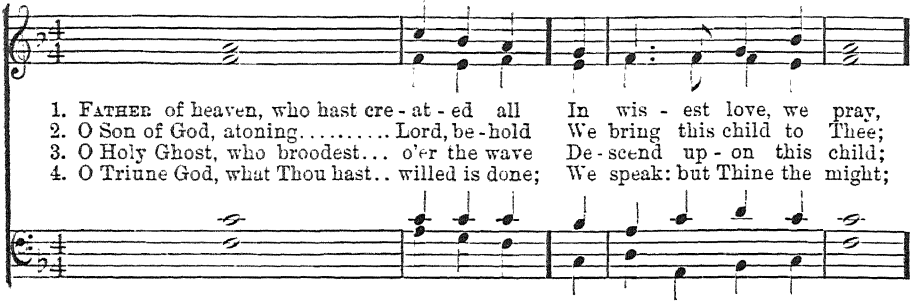
5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

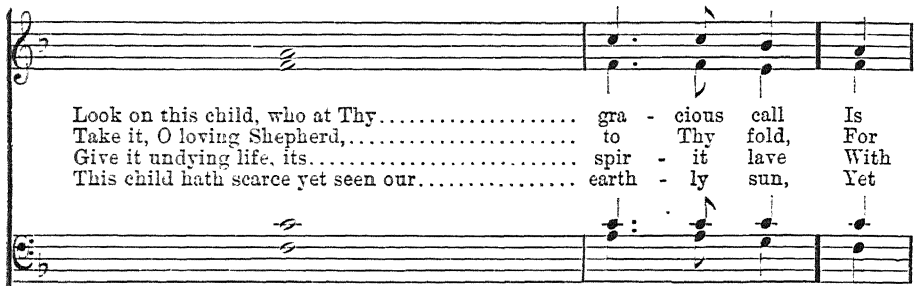
Baptism

647 ST. FRANCIS 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874



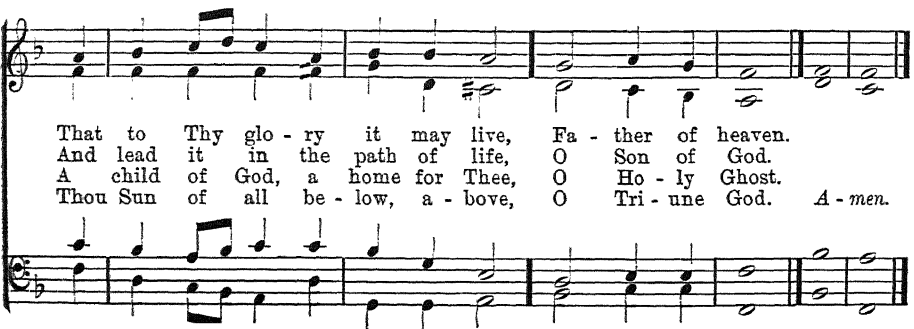
1. FATHER of heaven, who hast cre - at - ed all In wis - est love, we pray,
 2. O Son of God, atoning..... Lord, be - hold We bring this child to Thee;
 3. O Holy Ghost, who broodest... o'er the wave De - scend up - on this child;
 4. O Triune God, what Thou hast.. willed is done; We speak: but Thine the might;



Look on this child, who at Thy..... gra - cious call Is
 Take it, O loving Shepherd,..... to Thy fold, For
 Give it undying life, its..... spir - it lave With
 This child hath scarce yet seen our..... earth - ly sun, Yet



en - t'ring on life's way. Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless - ing give,
 ev - er Thine to be; De - fend it through this earth - ly strife,
 wa - ters un - de - filed; And make it ev - er more to be
 pour on it Thy light Of faith, and hope, and joy - ful love,



That to Thy glo - ry it may live, Fa - ther of heaven.
 And lead it in the path of life, O Son of God.
 A child of God, a home for Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost.
 Thou Sun of all be - low, a - bove, O Tri - une God. A - men.

Baptism

648

SHARON

Ss. 75.

(Oct. 1861) No. 11p

W. B. you 1710-1770

1. Sav - ouch! who Thy flock art feed - ing. With the shepherd - sin - nest care.

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing. With the lamb - Thy bosom share; A - men.

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing.
Only there, secure from harm.
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey:

- Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever verdant,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1820

649

SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. Hemy, 1805

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows;

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - men.

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet. 3
Is upward drawn to God.
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay:
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age

- Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine: [crowned,
6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber, 1820

Baptism

650 REQUIEM 8s, 7s. 61.

W. A. F. Schulthes, 1868

1. Gra-cious Sav-iour, gen-tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car-ried In Thy bo-som, may they be;
Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.

Org.

2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With, both lips and hearts, unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson, 1857

651 EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846

1. SEE, Is-rael's gen-tle shep-herd stands, With all-en-gag-ing charms;
Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms! A-men.

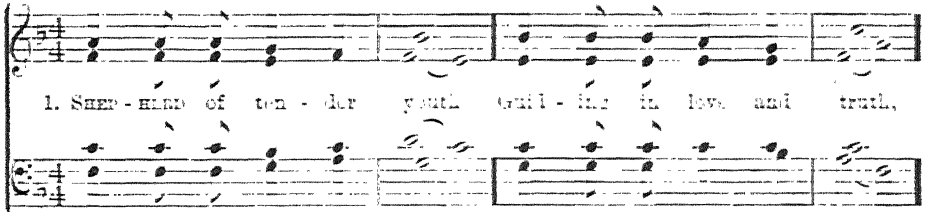
Baptism

- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries.
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to Thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

— 327 —

652 KIRBY BEDON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

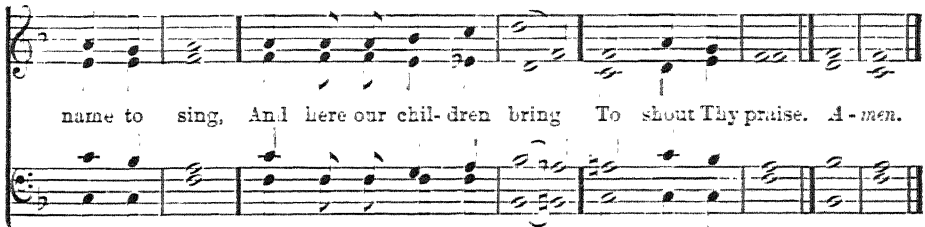
H. Bennett, 1887



1. SHEP-HERD of ten-der youth, Gail-her in love and truth,



Through de-vious ways; Christ our tri-um-phiant King, We come Thy



name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring To shout Thy praise. A-men.

(Or to St. Ambrose, No. 2, No. 443)

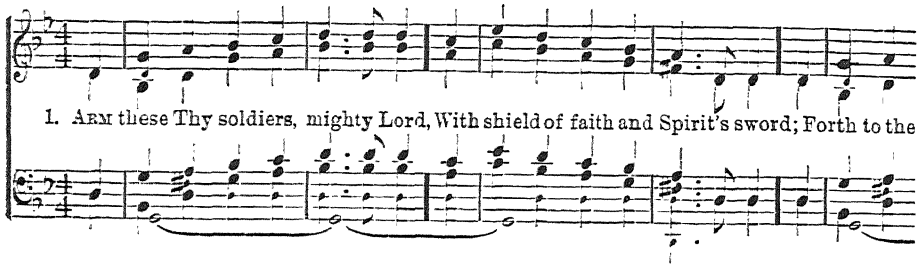
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word.
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life. | 4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong. |
| 3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou didst not disdain.
Help from above. | 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King! |

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. About 200. Tr. H. M. Dexter, 1846

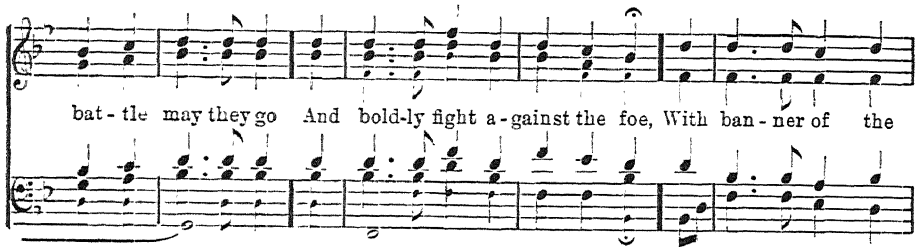
Baptism (Adult)

653 ADDISON L. M. 81.

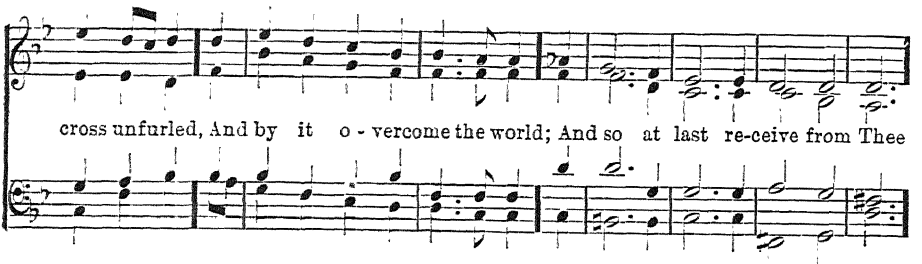
J. Farmer, (1836—)



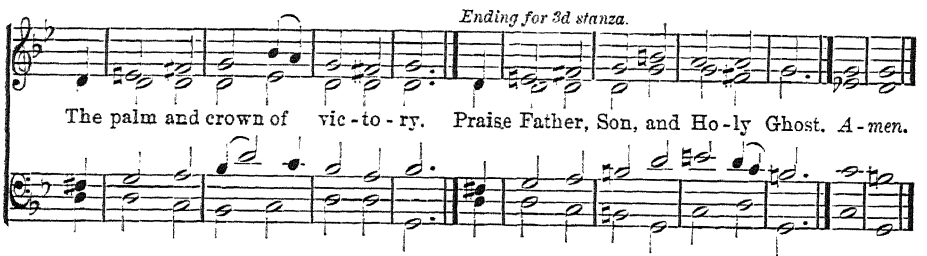
1. ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth to the



bat-tle may they go And bold-ly fight a-against the foe, With ban-ner of the



cross unfurled, And by it o-vercome the world; And so at last re-ceive from Thee



Ending for 3d stanza.
The palm and crown of vic-to-ry. Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A-men.

(Or to Peterborough (Goss), No. 824)

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God, and Persons Three;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

Baptism (Adult)

654 CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. STAND, sol - dier of the cross, Thy load al - le - giance claim. And

vow to hold the world but less For Thy De - stiney's name. A - men.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away:
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's:
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,
From hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great captain's feet!

E. H. Bakewell, 1872

VICTORY L. M. S.

(Second Time)

H. Lahee (1826—)

1. Arm these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir-it's sword;

Forth to the bat-tle may they go And bold-ly fight a- gainst the foe,

With ban-ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o-ver-come the world;

And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic-to-ry. A-men.

(Hymn No. 243, "O Light, whose beams illumine all," appropriate to be sung at the Baptism of those above the age of infancy.)

The Lord's Supper

655

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

E. Miller, 1790

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?

Thitlier be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all Thy sweet-ness know. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food. | 4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb. |
| 3 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes. | 5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest, [run;
Till through the world Thy truth has
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. |

P. Doddridge, 1755

656

ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Daye's Psalter, 1562

1. O God, un - seen, yet ev - er near, Thy pres-ence may we feel; And

thus, in - spir'd with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. A - men.

(Or to Bedford, No. 541)

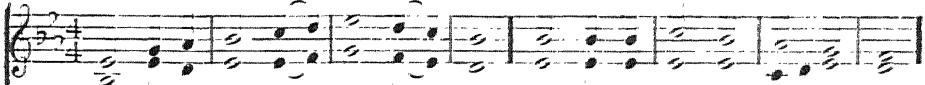
- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above. | Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood. |
| 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heav'nly food: | 4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. |

The Lord's Supper

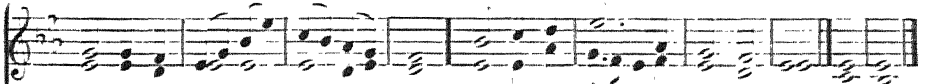
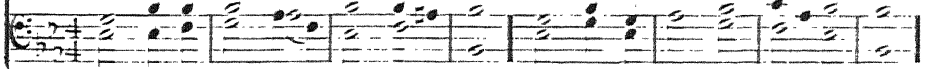
657

DUKE STREET L. M.

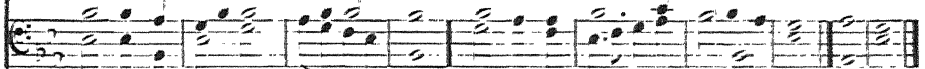
J. Hutton — 1793?, c. 1790



1. Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!



Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its hap-pi-tyes all a-broad. A-men.



2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done: I
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?

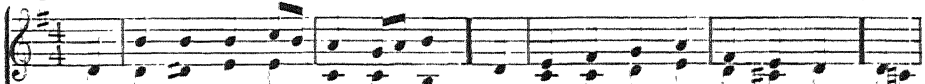
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

B. Dodridge, 1777

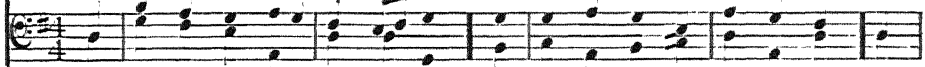
658

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839



1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, From



the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-till'd to Thee a - gain. A - men.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still:
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

The Lord's Supper

659 CRÜGER 8s. 8l.

J. Crüger, 1649

1. DECK thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, }
Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor; There with joy thy prais - es ren - der }

Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous ban - quet found - ed;

High o'er all the heav'ns He reign - eth. Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth. A - men.

2 Now I sink before Thee, lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man has ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce, unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

3 Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,
Light, Who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker;
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

J. Frank, 1690 Tr. C. Winkworth Ad.

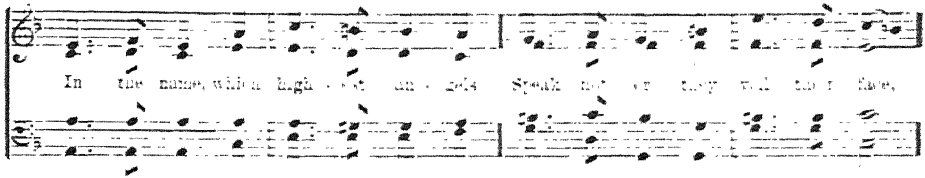
660 WESTON 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. E. Roe (—1871)

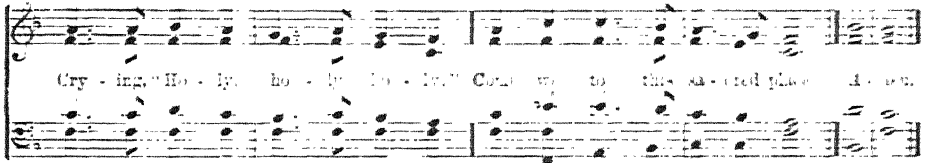
1. IN the name of God, the Fa - ther, In the name of God, the Son,

In the name of God, the Spir - it, One in Three, and Three in One,

The Lord's Supper



In the name, which high - est an - gels Speak not of thy val - ier face,



Cry - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" Com - e to this sa - cred place A - men.

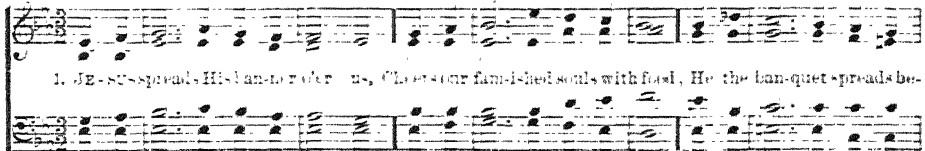
2 Here, in figure represented,
See the passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy
As for our redemption slain:
Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal.
See, for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered.
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored.
Holy Jesus, for Thy coming,
May Thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

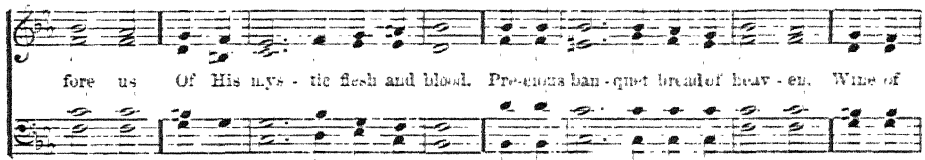
J. W. Hewett, 1859

661 CHAMOUNI 8s, 7s, 8l.

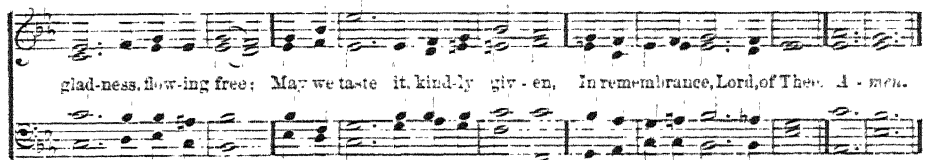
G. Lomas, 1876



1 JE-SU spread His lan - ter o'er us, Giv - es our fam - ished souls with food, He the ban - quet - preads be -



fore us Of His mys - tic flesh and blood. Pre - cious ban - quet bread of heav - en, Wine of



glad - ness, flow - ing free: May we taste it, kindly giv - en, In remem - brance, Lord, of Thee A - men.

(Or to Rathbun, No. 173)

2 In Thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang Thy birth,
In Thy fasting and temptation,
In Thy labors on the earth,

In Thy trial and rejection,
In Thy sufferings on the tree,
In Thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

The Lord's Supper

662 BREAD OF HEAVEN 7s. 6l.

W. D. MacLagan, 1885

1. BREAD of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed.

Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;

Day by day with strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him who died. A - men.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

J. Conder, 1824 *Alt.*

RATISBON 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658

1. BREAD of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed.

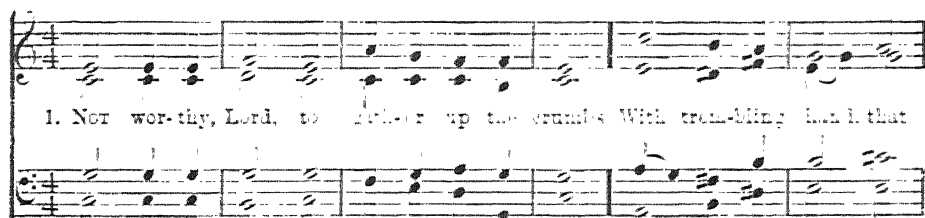
Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;

Day by day with strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him who died. A - men.

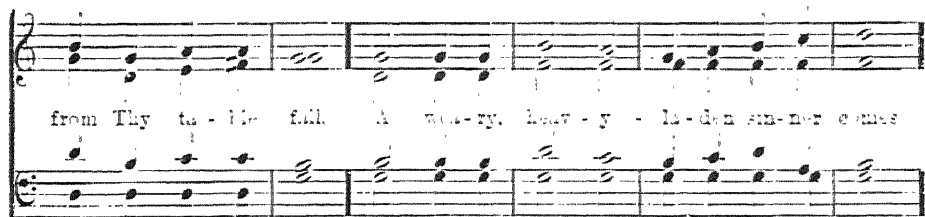
The Lord's Supper

663 MORECAMBE 108.

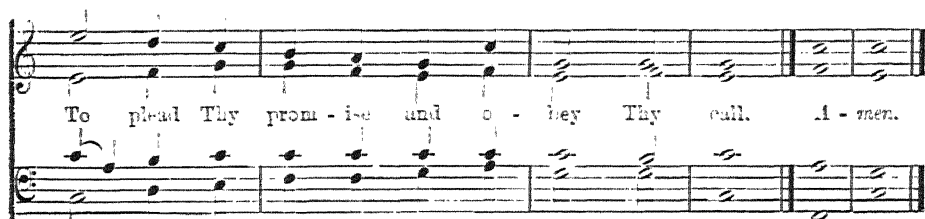
Anon.



1. Not wor- thy, Lord, to sit at up the crumbs With trem-bling hand that



from Thy ta - ble fall. A wea-ry, long - y - la-den sin-ner comes



To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - men.

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice: Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet:
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

The Lord's Supper

664 BREAD OF LIFE 108.

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

Copyright, 1877, by L. H. Vincent

1. BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves be-side the sea.

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word! A-men

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury, 1880

DALKEITH 108.

(Or to Penitencia, No. 423)

T. Hewlett (1845—1874)

1. HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and

han-dle things un- seen; Here grasp with firm- er hand e- ter-nal grace,

And all my wea- ri- ness up- on Thee lean. A-men.

The Lord's Supper

665 ST. SEBASTIAN 7s. 6l.

S. S. Wesley, 1872

1. "Till He come," oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling ear,
Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come." A - men.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Barkersteth, 1861

666 (DALKEITH) 10s.

- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things un-
seen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song:
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
- Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar, 1857

The Lord's Supper

667 SACRAMENT 9s, 8s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. O Rock of a - ges, one foun - da - tion, On which the liv - ing Church doth rest, —

The Church, whose walls are strong salvation, Whose gates are praise, — Thy name be blest! Amen.

2 Son of the living God, oh call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us. Lord.

3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?"—and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

5 Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

H. A. Martin, 1871

668 EUCHARIST 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

(Or to Sacrament, above)

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

The Lord's Supper

669 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant by L. Mason, 1824

1. A PART - no longer we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -

gain our grate - ful tri - bute bring, Our self - same vows re - new. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we re-joicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

A. M. Wolfe, 1898

670 DORRANCE S. 75.

L. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,

May our souls, re-freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head. A - men.

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day,

J. Rowe, 1872

The Lord's Supper

671

IN MEMORIAM 8, 8, 8, 4

F. C. Maker (1843—)

1. Br Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem-o - ry a-dored,
And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come. A - men.

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite,—
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,
Until He come.
- 5 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson, 1857

672

HISPANIA 10s. 2l.

Anon.

1. O KING of mer - cy, from Thy throne on high,
Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry. A - men.

- 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought Sweet fount of joy and blessings without
sheep, end.
- 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live; 6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heaven-
To contrite sinners life eternal give. ly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.
- 4 Thou art the bread of heaven, on Thee we 7 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
feed; In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and
guide.
- 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's 8 Oh, guide us daily with Thine eye of love,
friend, And bring us safely to our home above!

673

LAMMAS 10s. 2l.

The Lord's Supper

A. H. Brown, 1869

1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,

And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - pour'd. A - men.

- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.
- 5 He, ransom from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.
- 8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Latin, &c. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1871

CENA DOMINI 10s. 2l. (Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,

And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - pour'd. A - men.

The Lord's Supper

674

LACRYMÆ 7s, 3l

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes, 1864

675

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. AC - CORD - ING to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

The Lord's Supper


5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when those falling lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

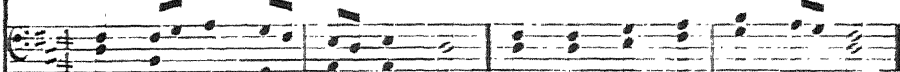
J. M. Campbell, 1892

676 SALZBURG 78. 81.

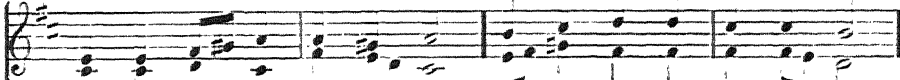
J. R. Campbell [?], 1892




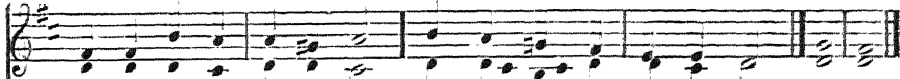
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic-tor-ious King,





Who hath washed us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;

Praise we Him, whose love di-vine Gives His sa-cred blood for wine,

Gives His bod-y for the feast, Christ the vic-tim, Christ the priest. A-men.



2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight.
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

The Lord's Supper

677 GREENPORT (Hodnet) 8s, 7s. 8l.

Ad. fr. S. Thalberg, 1850

1. O BREAD to pilgrims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat, O man - na sent from

heav - en, For heav'n-born natures meet, Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till

rich - ly fill'd, Till earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd A - men.

(Or to St. George's, Bolton, No. 116)

2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

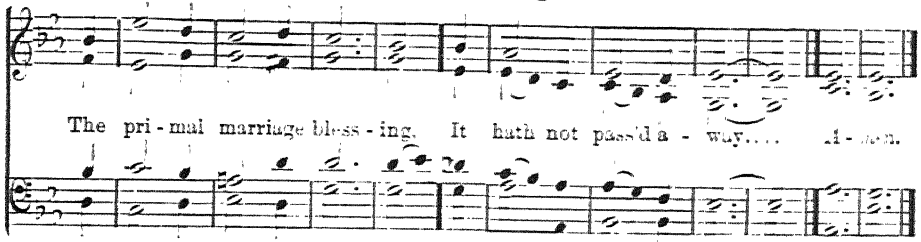
Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1853

678 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. THE voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,....

Matrimony



The pri-mal marriage bless-ing. It hath not pass'd a-way... A-men.

Or. St. Alphege, No. 721

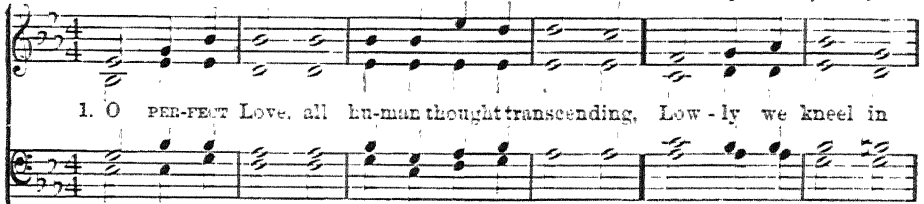
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

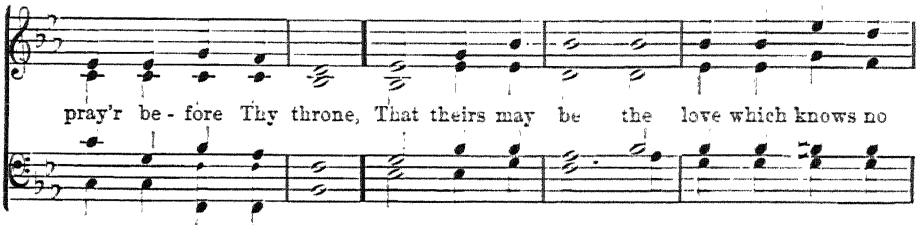
1889, No. 721

679 O PERFECT LOVE 11s, 10s.

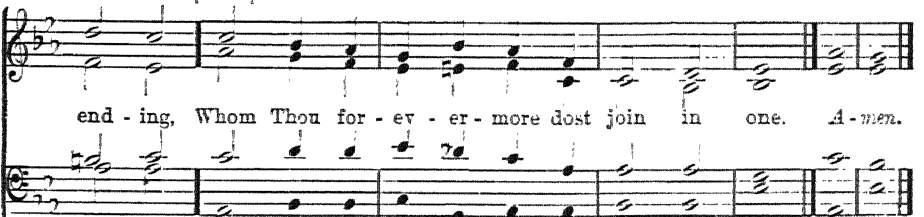
Arr. fr. J. Barnby, 1889



1. O PERFECT Love, all hu-man thought transcending, Low-ly we kneel in



pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no



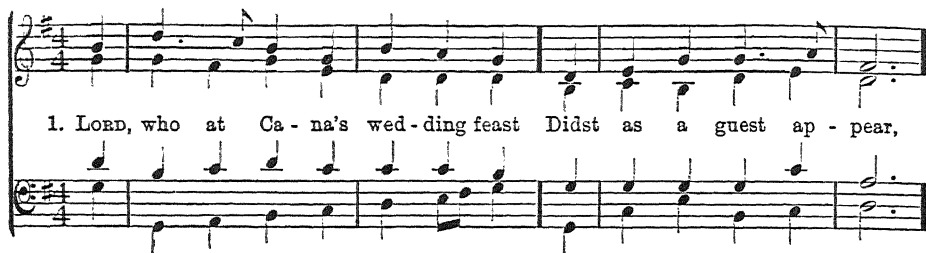
end-ing, Whom Thou for-ev-er-more dost join in one. A-men.

- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

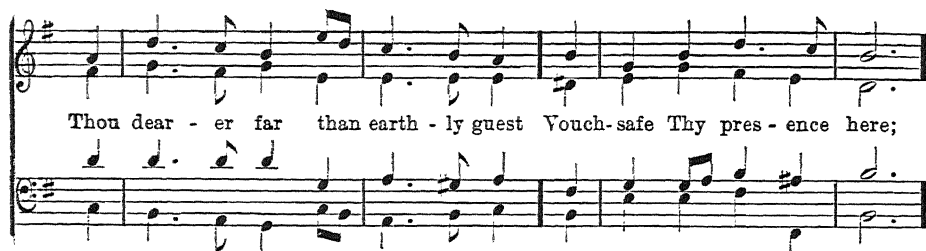
Matrimony

680 ST. URSULA C. M. 81.

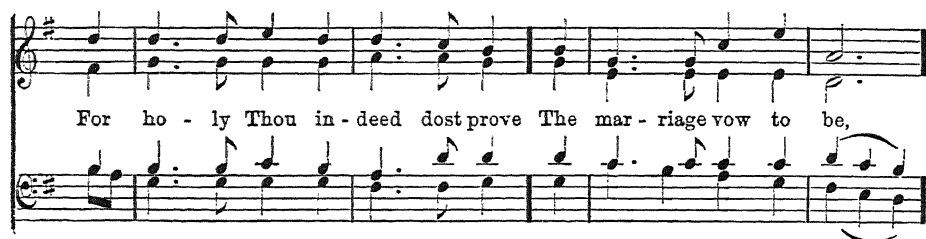
F. Westlake, 1863



1. LORD, who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,



Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres - ence here;



For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be,



Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A - men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

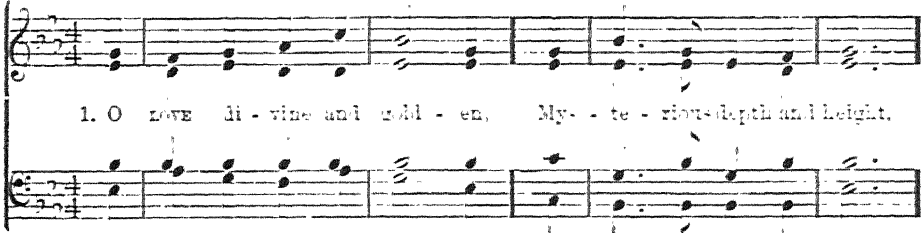
3 On those who now before Thee kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

A. Thrupp, 1853 *Alt*

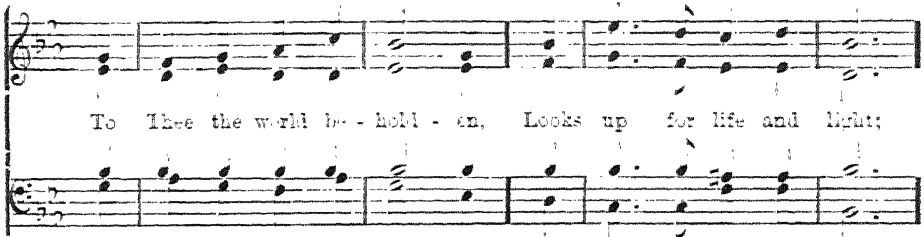
Matrimony

681 UNION SQUARE 75. 6. S1.

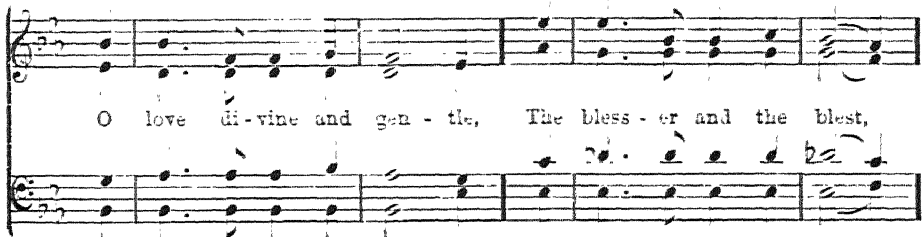
J. B. Dykes, 1872



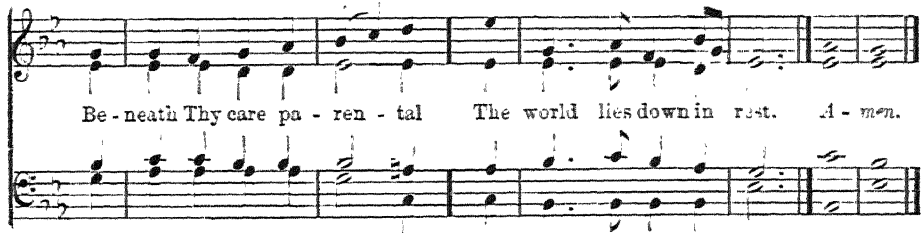
1. O love di-vine and gold-en, My-te-ri-ous depth and height,



To Thee the world be-hold-en, Looks up for life and light;



O love di-vine and gen-tle, The bless-er and the blest,



Be-neath Thy care pa-ren-tal The world lies down in rest. A-men.

2 O love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on,—
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

Missions

682 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. 8l.

G. J. Elvey, 1858

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.

Trav - ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav - ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

(Or to Culford, opposite)

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

J B. wing 1825

WATCHMAN 7s. 8l.

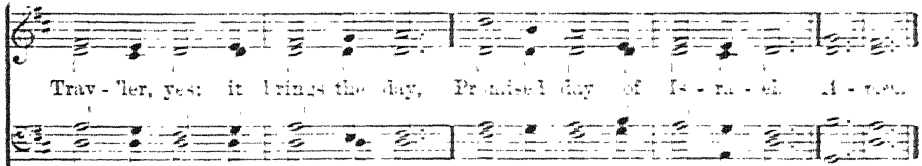
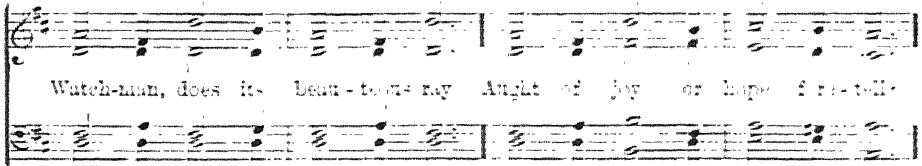
(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.

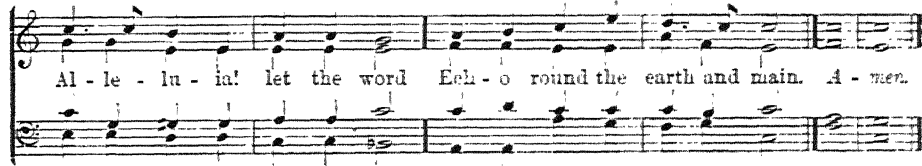
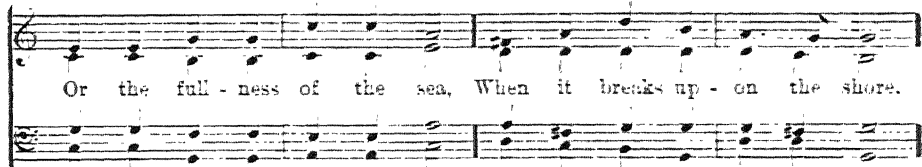
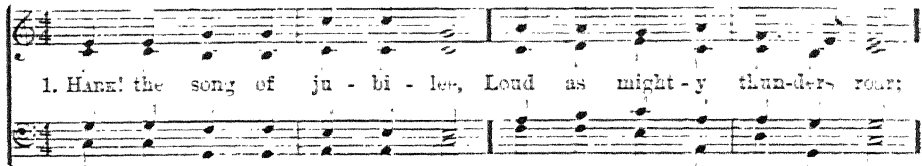
Trav - ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

Missions



683 CULFORD 78. 81

H. J. H. Hymns, 1907



(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

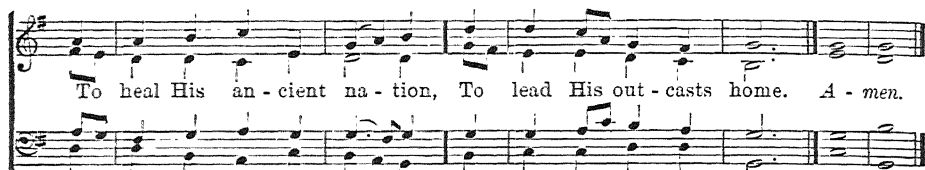
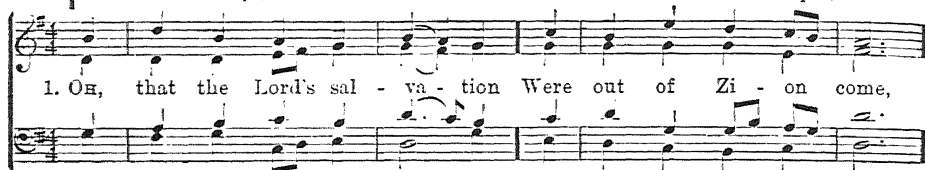
2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done.
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ in God.
God in Christ, is all in all.

Missions

684 ARGYLE 7s, 6s.

E. H. Turpin, 1866



(Or to Holy Church, No. 460)

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

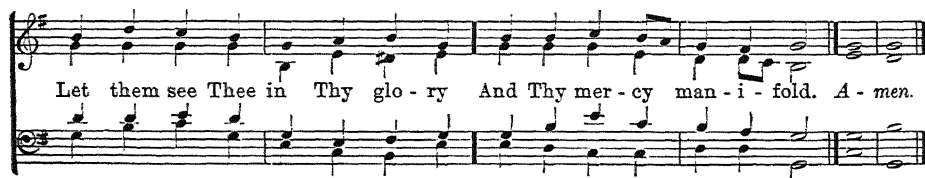
3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

LUDWIGSBURG 8s, 7s. 8l.

L. Bourgeois, 1556



Missions

685 GREENLAND 7-6-81

Leonardo Becker

1. HOW DEAR THOU, on the mountains, The fount of Him that brings, Like streams from living
fount-ain- Good tid-ings of good things; That pub-lisheth sal-va-tion, And ju-bi-
lee re-lease, To ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, God's reign of joy and peace. A-men.

(Or to Webb, No. 692.)

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman,
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy alleluiah chorus.—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem.
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod:
Behold, O earth, the glorious
Salvation of our God!

B. Gough, 1866

686 (LUDWIGSBURG) 8-7-81 (Or to Weston, No. 660)

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be:
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told:
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting, [sight,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

687 MADISON 7s, 6s. 8l.

Missions

R. Storrs Willis (1819—)

1. Roll on, thou might-y o - cean, And, as thy bil - lows flow, Bear
mess-en - gers of mer - cy To ev - ery land be - low. A - rise, ye gales, and
waft them Safe to the des-tin'd shore, That man may sit in dark - ness
And death's black shade no more. A-men.

2 O Thou eternal ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempest of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

J. Edmeston, 1820

688 7s, 6s. 8l.

- 1 NOW BE the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled.
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

689 7s, 6s. 8l.

- 1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil:
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.
- 2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blessed.
Great author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria F. Anderson, 1848 A.B.

Missions

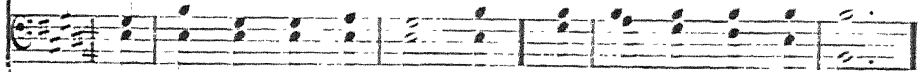
690

MISSIONARY HYMN

L. Mason, 1823



1. From Greenland's ice-mountains, From Iceland's cold strand,



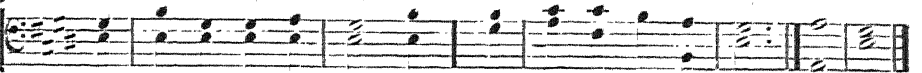
Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their million sand;



From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,



They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain. A-men.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle:
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

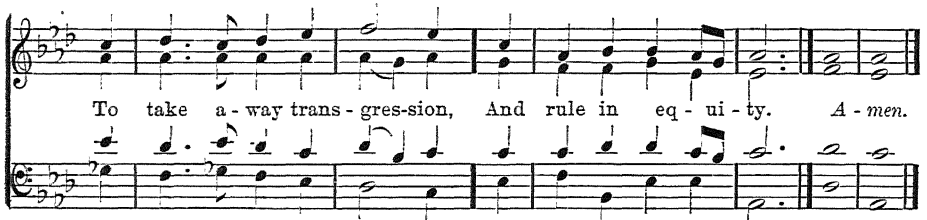
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Missions

691 PETERSHAM 7s, 6s. 8l.

C. Simper, 1895



(Or to Webb, opposite Or to Savoy Chapel, No. 461)

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

Missions

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-tews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all best:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant break in two,
His name shall stand for ever—
That name to us is Love.

(C. M. 700. 1000)

692 WEBB 7-6-81

G. J. Webb, 1839

1. THE morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
The sons of earth are wak-ing, To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a-far
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war. A-men.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey.
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

Missions

693 MOSCOW 105.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy
tow - ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its sparkling por - tals wide dis -
play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope, 1720

MIRFIELD C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. BE - NEATH the shad - ow of the cross, As earth - ly hopes re - move,
His new com - mand - ment Je - sus gives, His bless - ed word of love. A - men.

Missions

694 COVENANT 6. 6. 8. 4 8..

J. Sutter, 1889

1. With the sweet word of peace We tell our brethren, Peace, as a river to increase And ceaseless flow. With the calm word of prayer We earnestly commend Our brethren to Thy watchful care, Eternal friend. Amen.

2 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.
With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee.
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

3 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
Farewell! in hope, and love.
In faith, and peace, and prayer.
Till He, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

G. Watson, 1867

695 (MIRFIELD) C. M.

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.
2 O bond of union, strong and deep:
O bond of perfect peace.

Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.
3 Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow, 1842

Missions

696

MANNHHEIM 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

F. Filitz (1804—1860)

1. On the mount-ain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,

Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:

Mourning captive, Mourning cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands. A - men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly, 1805

ZION 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

(Second Tune)

T. Hastings, 1830

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her-ald stands, Wel-come

Missions

news to Zi - on hear-ten, Zi-on long in k - et-ter land: Mourning captive.

God Himself will loose thy hands, Mourning captive, Go! Him-self will loo-se thy hands. A - men.

697 UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1 The heavens de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord. In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines:

But when our eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

(For the Church Triumphant. No. 177. 1871. Adapted. No. 176.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess:
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.</p> <p>3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.</p> <p>4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run:</p> | <p>Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.</p> <p>5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.</p> <p>6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy word our guide to heaven.</p> |
|--|---|

Mission

698

WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. FLING out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

(Or to Redhead 4, No. 259)

(Or to Park Street, No. 19)

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,

- Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane, 1848

ANVERN L. M.

(Second Tune)

Arr. L. Mason

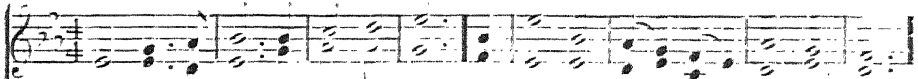
1. FLING out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The sun, that lights its shining

folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died, The cross, on which the Saviour died. A-men.


Missions

699 TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789



1. TRI-UMPHANT Zi - on! lift thy head from dust, and dark - ness, and the death



Though humble long, a-wake at death, And arise with thy Saviour - strength, a - on.

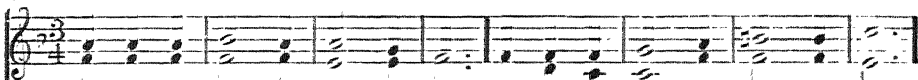
- 2 Put all thy heart-true garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unseen invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread.

- No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.


Edw. Hinder 1789

700 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book



1 Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;



In pit - y look on those who stray Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - men.

(Or to Munzer, No. 715)

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

Missions

701 WARRINGTON L. M.

R. Harrison (1748—1810)

1. JE - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

(Or to Missionary Chant, opposite Or to Park Street, No. 19)

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719

702 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, dis - play Thy power; Be this Thy Zi - on's fa - vored hour;

Bid the bright morning Star a - rise, And point the na - tions to the skies. A - men.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

B. H. Draper, 1803

Missions

703 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Ye Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - vation thro' Em-man - uel's name;

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A-men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts in-
spire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to
fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Z. H. Draper, 1843

704 SAMSON L. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies,

That song of triumph, which records That all the earth is now the Lord's. A-men.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
doms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh, that the anthem now might
swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes, 1826

Missions

705 EVERTON 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1865

1. LORD, her watch Thy church is keep-ing; When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?

See the whit-'ning har - vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the la-borers' toil;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re - tain the spoil? A-men.

(Or to Austria, No. 632)

706

8s, 7s. 8l.

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word:
Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

1 WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark, what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

3 Then the end: Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

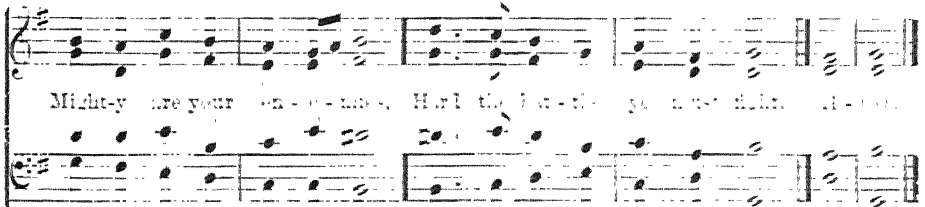
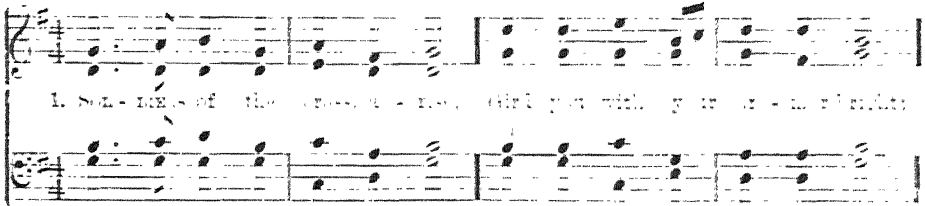
H. Downton, 1867

A. C. Cox, 1840

Missions

707 REDHEAD 45 7.

10. 10 March 1853



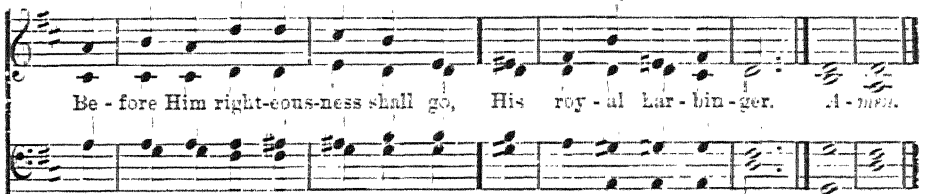
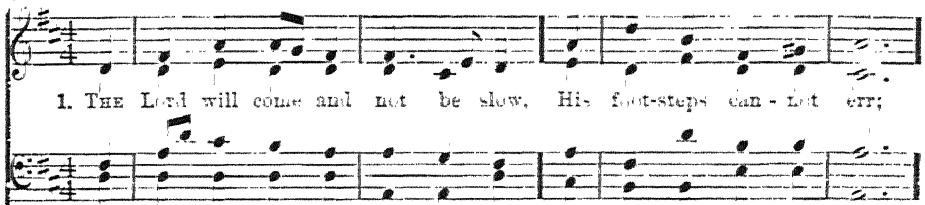
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled,
Bear it onward: lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living world,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray:
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display

- 5 To the weary and the worn,
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless: seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles, banish grief:
In the night of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. H. W. 1854

708 WALMSLEY C. M.

H. Walmsley Little



- 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met:
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Missions

709 REGENT SQUARE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

H. Smart, 1867

1. SAINTS of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-en of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the

field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, pray for reapers

In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

M. Maxwell, 1849

ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. SEND Thou, O Lord, to ev-ery place Swift mes-sen-gers be-fore Thy face,

The her-alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. A-men.

Missions

710 WESLEY 1830

L. Mason, 1830

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Day to the hands that in dark noon have laid. Hush! for the sounds of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mill reign. Amen.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad Land from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing.
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold: Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning! 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold. Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
 ing. tion.
 Streams ever copious are gliding along: Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings, 1832

711 (ELMHURST) 8. 8. 8. 6

1 SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
 Swift messengers before Thy face.
 The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
 Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
 Men in whose ears His sweet words ring:
 Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
 Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
 The bruised and broken hearts to win;
 In every place to bring them in:
 Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
 Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
 And far to lands of pagan shame.
 Send men where Thou wilt come.

5 Give each one with the Spirit's sword,
 The sword of Thine own deathless word;
 And make them conquerors, conquering
 Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. [Lord,

6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
 From this broad land a mighty host,
 Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
 Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Almsgiving

712 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. O LORD of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen. Thou art there,
Who givest all. | 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all? |
| 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all. | 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all. |
| 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed one
Thou givest all. | 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all. |
| 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all. | 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all! |

C. Wordsworth, 1872

ST. GABRIEL 8, 8, 8, 4 (Second Tune)

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1868

1. O LORD of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

713

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Almsgiving

R. Harris, ca. 1784

1. We give Thee but Thine own. What- ever the gift may be: All
that we have is Thine a- lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee A- men.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus ever receive,
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
- To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whatever for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1878

714

ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. Hopkins 1871-1881.

1. THINE are all the gifts, O God, Thine the brok - en bread;
Let the nak - ed feet be shod, And the starv - ing fed. A- men.

- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.
- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
- Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.
- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

Almsgiving

715 MAINZER L. M.

J. Mainzer, c. 1845

1. WHEN Je - sus dwelt in mor - tal clay, What were His works from day to day
But mir - a - cles of pow'r and grace, That spread sal - va - tion thro' our race? A - men.

(Or to Hebron, No. 131)

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,

4 But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

T. Gibbons, 1784

(Or to Holy Trinity, No. 82)

716 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791

1. LORD, lead the way our Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - men.

2 Like Him thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

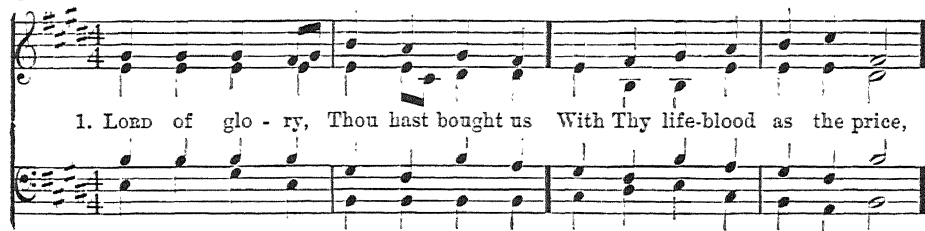
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Almsgiving

717 CHARITAS 8s, 7s. 8l.

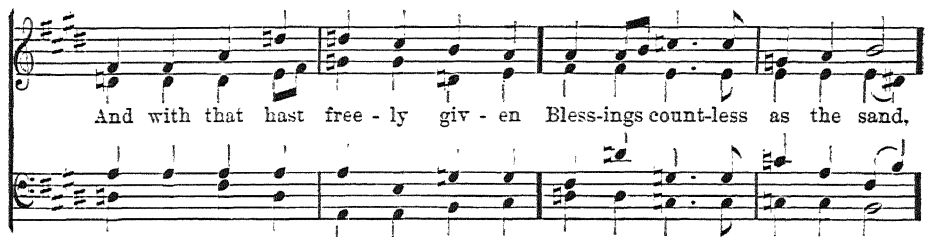
J. B. Dykes, 1874



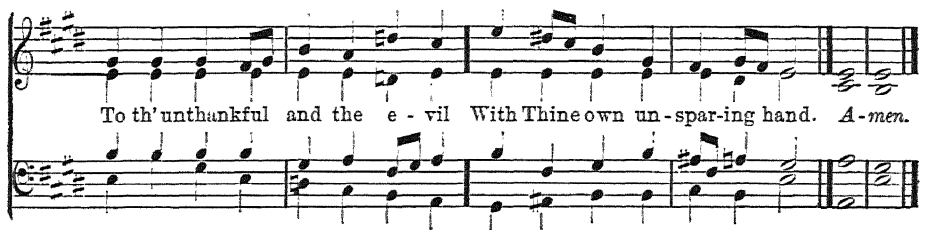
1. LORD of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,



Nev - er grudg-ing for the lost ones That tre-men-dous sac - ri - fice,



And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless-ings count-less as the sand,



To th'unthankful and the e - vil With Thine own un-spar-ing hand. A-men.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But oh! best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

718

ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

Almsgiving

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pit-y in-fi-nite,
Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A-men.

2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,

That fallen man might live thereby,

O hear us, for to Thee we cry,

In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:

Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

C. Thring, 1879

719

KEBLE (Streatham) L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. AL-MIGHT-Y Fa-ther, heav'n and earth With lav-ish wealth be-fore Thee bow;
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth, Cre-a-tor, rul-er, giv-er, Thou. A-men.

2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
The waving corn, the bending tree,
Are Thine; to us Thou lendest them.

3 To Thee, as early morning's dew,
Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise;
As rose, when joyous earth was new,
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

4 We, Lord, would lay, at Thy behest,
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give Thee that is Thine.

5 O Father, whence all blessings come,
O Son, dispenser of God's store,
O Spirit, bear our offerings home.
Lord, make them Thine for evermore.

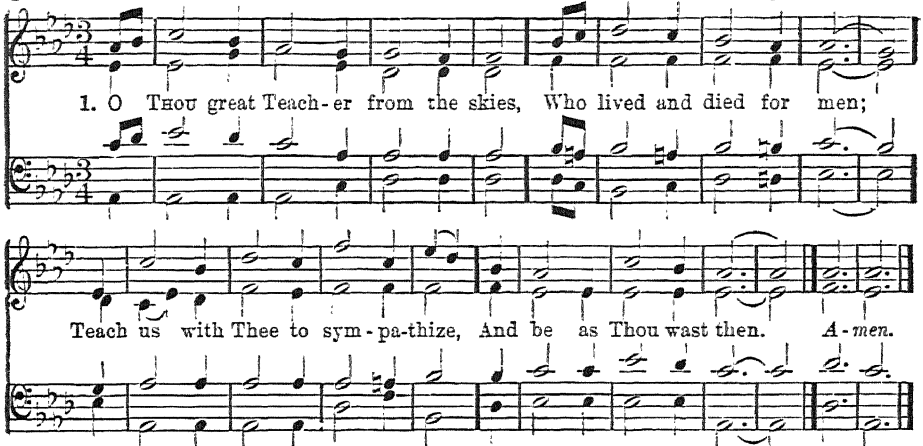
E. A. Dayman, 1862

Almsgiving

720

MANOAH C. M.

Authorship uncertain



1. O Thou great Teach-er from the skies, Who lived and died for men;
Teach us with Thee to sym-pa-thize, And be as Thou wast then. A-men.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.
3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;

Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.
4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

T. C. Upham, 1872

721

ARMAGH C. M.

J. Turle (1802—1882)



1. FOUNT-AIN of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men.

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;

Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.
6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

Temperance

722 RESCUE THE PERISHING 11s, 10s. 4l. With Refrain W. H. Doane, 1870

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

1. RES-cue the per-ish-ing, care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, lift up the fall-en,
Refrain.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save. A-men.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, etc.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, etc.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

Temperance

723 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O thou be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,

Unison. Harmony.
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.
Man. Ped.

- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land:
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be.

- For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

Temperance

724 HEAVENLY DOVE L. M.

T. W. Staniforth

1 WHEN, doomed to death, th'a - pos - tle lay At night in

He - rod's dun - geon cell, A light shone round him

like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell. A - men.

(Or to Kent, No. 749)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.</p> | <p>4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!</p> |
| <p>3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.</p> | <p>5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!</p> |

W. C. Bryant, 1878

725 LEIPSIC L. M.

J. H. Schein (1586—1630)

1. O LORD of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

Laying a Corner-Stone



2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong, to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;

And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

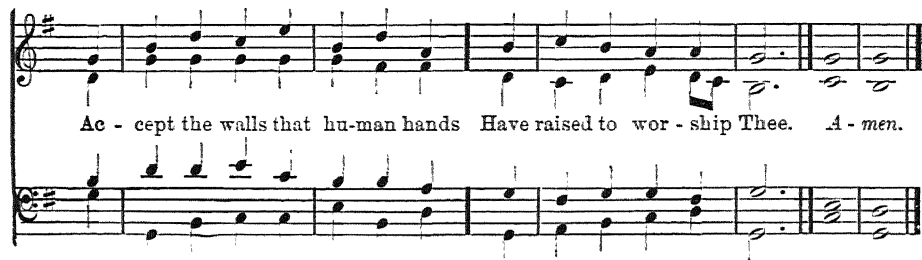
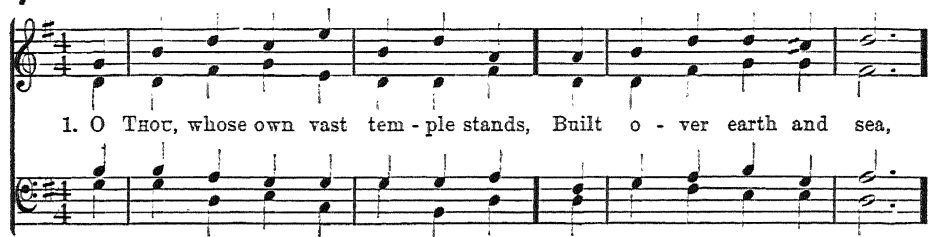
6 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee.
O ever-blessed Trinity!

J. M. Neale, 1844

Dedication of a Church

726 YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615



2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t'abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;

And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

Dedication of a Church

727 KEBLE (Streatham) L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. JE - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal-low'd ground: A - men.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;

Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Dear shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

5 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

6 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

W. Cowper, 1769 *Ad.*

728 MAINZER L. M.

J. Mainzer, c. 1845

1. COME, Je - sus, from the sap - phire throne, Where Thy re-deem'd be - hold Thy face,

En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place. A - men.

(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us, 'tis ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

Laying a Corner-Stone

- 4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day, Be our communion ever sweet,
 Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still; With Thee, and with Thy Church above.
 Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
 And give new strength to meet Thy will. 6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
 In Thine own arms the lambs enfold:
 5 When round this board Thine own shall Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
 And keep the feast of dying love, [meet, Till Thy full glory we behold.

R. Palmer, 1835 40

729

HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. CHRIST is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build:

With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are fill'd; On His great

love our hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

- 2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring;
 Our voices we will raise.
 The Three in One to sing;
 And thus proclaim in joyful song
 Both loud and long, that glorious name.

- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow,

And mark each suppliant sigh:
 In copious shower, on all who pray,
 Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore.
 Until that day when all the blest
 To endless rest are called away.

Dedication of a Church

730 DARWALL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Darwall, 1770

1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise: O'er

heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days: But Zi - on, with

His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - men.

2 O King of glory, come
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. Francis, 1774

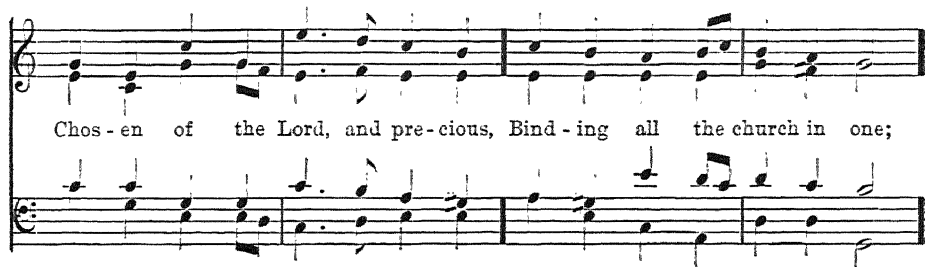
Dedication of a Church

731 REGENT SQUARE Ss, 7s. 6L.

H. Smart, 1867



1. CHRIST is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,



Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the church in one;



Ho-ly Zi-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.

(Or to Oriel, No. 779)

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. Latin, 6th or 7th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1837

(This hymn is Part II. of "Blessed city, heavenly Salem," No. 779)

The Year

732 SEASONS L. M.

I. J. Pleyel (1757—1831)

1. E - TER - NAL Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy, While
in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year. A - men.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;

And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge, 1740

733 ST. AUSTELL 7s.

A. H. Brown, 1865

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Con - stant through an - oth - er year,
Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear. A - men.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.
3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star:

Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

The Closing Year

5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;

Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

H. Downton, 1841

734 ST. SYLVESTER P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7 (8, 8, 8, 9)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

Slowly.

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!

mf After 3rd and 5th verses.

dim.

Life pass-eth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

cres.

dim.

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer.
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!
3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.
4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:

For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise:
5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.
6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

The Closing Year

735 CHALVEY S. M. 81.

L. G. Hayne, 1868

1. A FEW more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; Oh,
wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way. A-men.

(Or to Leominster, No. 809)

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

The Closing Year

736

BENEVENTO 7s. 81.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. WHILE with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

(Or to Tichfield, No. 625)


2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

The New Year

737 GORDON 7s, 5s. 81.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1. FA - THER, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,



In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.



Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;



This a - lone shall be my prayer: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A - men.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,—

Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,—
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on;
"Glorify Thy name."

The New Year

738

ST. COLOMB

13, 13, 13, 14, or 7s, 6s. 8l. Irregular

W. S. Hoyte, 1889

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of An - oth - er glad New Year. A - men.

- 2 The fullness of His blessing
 Encompasseth our way;
 The fullness of His promises
 Crowns every bright'ning day;
 The fullness of His glory,
 Is beaming from above,
 While more and more we learn to know
 The fullness of His love.
- 3 And closer yet and closer
 The golden bonds shall be,
 Uniting all who love our Lord
 In pure sincerity;
 And wider yet and wider
 Shall the circling glory glow,
 As more and more are taught of God
 That mighty love to know.

- 4 Oh, let our adoration
 For all that He hath done,
 Peal out beyond the stars of God,
 While voice and life are one;
 And let our consecration
 Be real, and deep, and true:
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
 And joyful vows renew.
- 5 Now onward, ever onward,
 From strength to strength we go,
 While grace for grace abundantly
 Shall from His fullness flow,
 To glory's full fruition,
 From glory's foretaste here,
 Until His very presence crown
 Our happiest New Year.

The New Year

739

DEVA 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

E. J. Hopkins, 1888

1. STAND-ING at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-'ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

Refrain.
Ten-der, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;

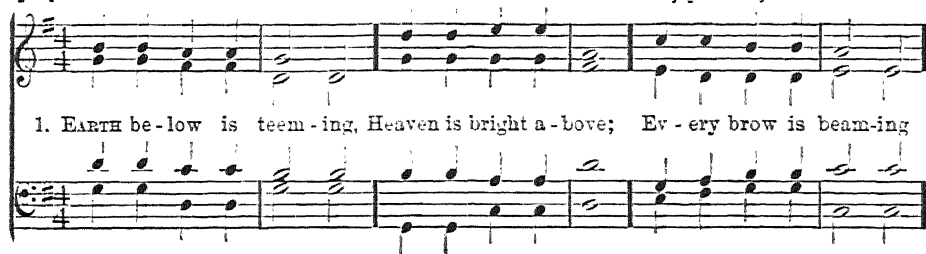
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

Thanksgiving

740 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. Sl. With Refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)
by J. B. Dykes



1. EARTH be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing



In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joic-es, Ev-ery thought is praise;

Refrain.



Hap-py hearts and voic-es Gladden nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!



Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. A-men.

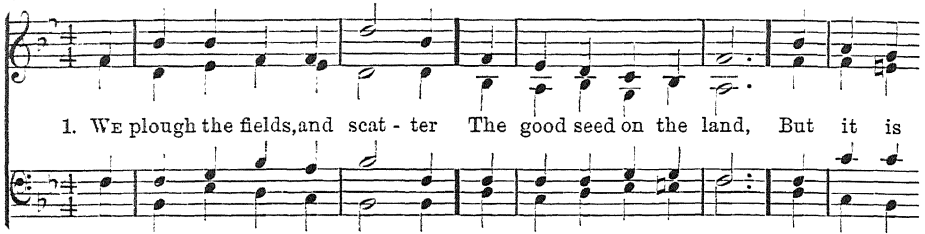
2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores.
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

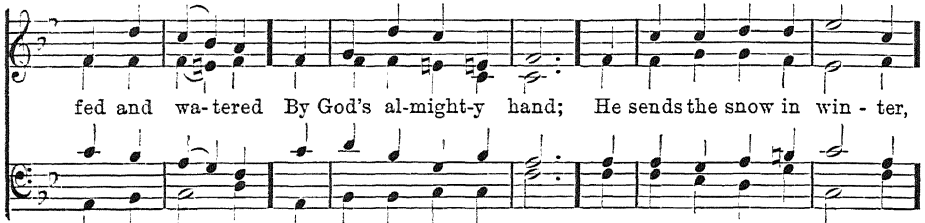
Thanksgiving

74I DRESDEN 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

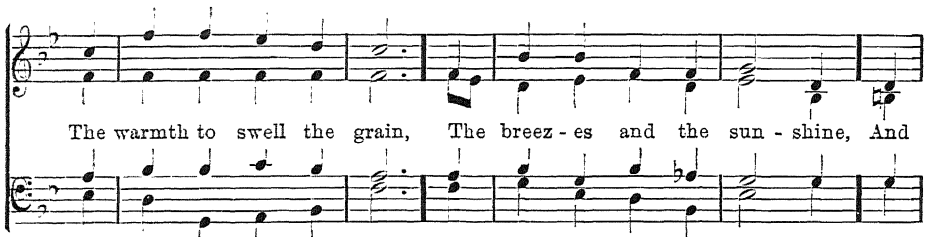
J. A. P. Schulz (1747—1800)



1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is

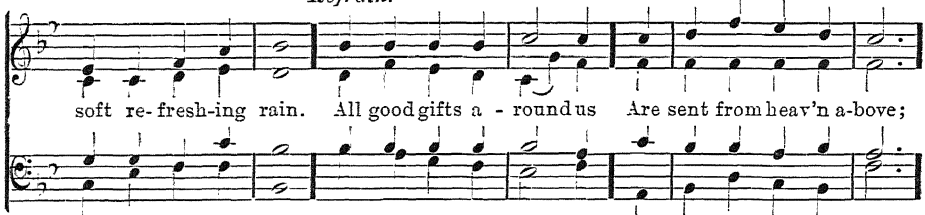


fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter,



The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And

Refrain.



soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;



Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord, For all....His love. A - men.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.—*Ref.*

Thanksgiving

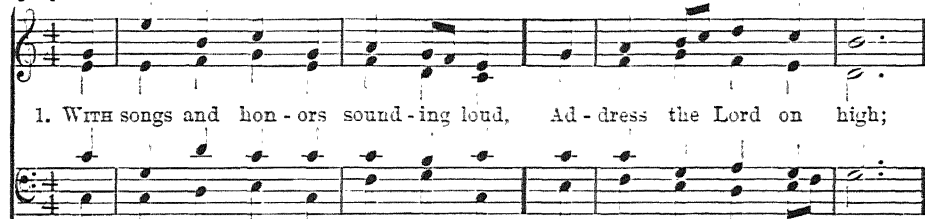
3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;

Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—*Ref.*

M. Claudius, 1712 Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861

742 SUNNINGHILL C. M. 81.

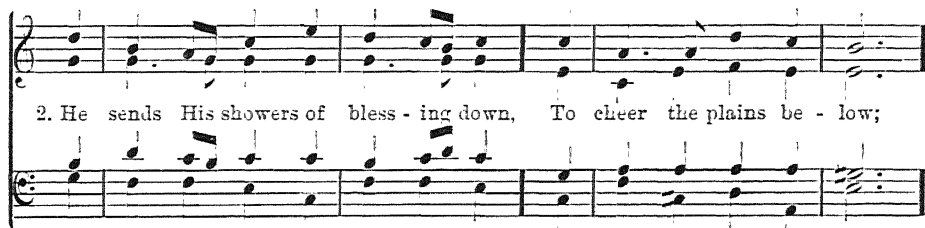
G. J. Elvey 1816—1893)



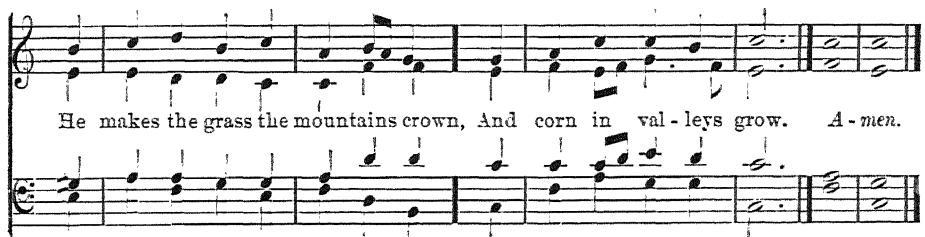
1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;



O - ver the heav'n's He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.



2. He sends His showers of bless - ing down, To cheer the plains be - low;



He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow. A - men.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 He sends His word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Thanksgiving

743

DIX 7s. 61.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. { PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }
 { Boun - teous source of ev - ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A - men.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
 May we give Thee of our best;
 And by deeds of kindly love
 For Thy mercies grateful prove;
 Singing thus through all our days,
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1772 Alt. & Ad.

744

MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. PRAISE, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run;
 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
 To mature the swelling grain;
 And hath bid the fruitful field
 Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
 He hath filled the garner-floor;
 And for richer food than this,
 Pledge of everlasting bliss

5 Glory to our bounteous King;
 Glory let creation sing;
 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

Thanksgiving

745

GOLDEN SHEAVES

Ss, 7s. Sl.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. To THEE, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad-o-ra-tion,

To Thee bring sac-ri-tice of praise With shouts of ex-ult-a-tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a-dorn, The hills with joy are ring-ing,

The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are sing-ing. A-men.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary:
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.

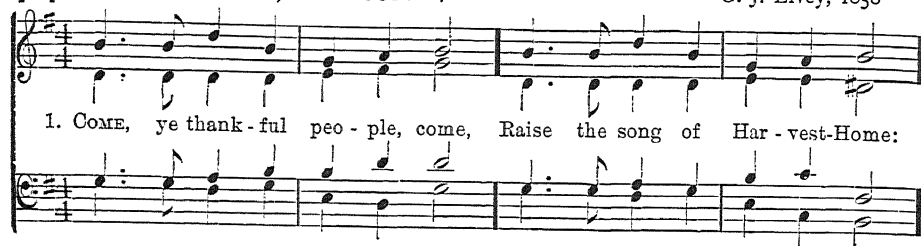
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

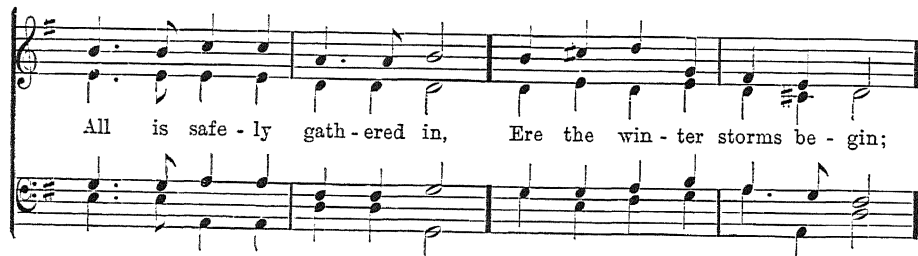
Thanksgiving

746 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. 8l.

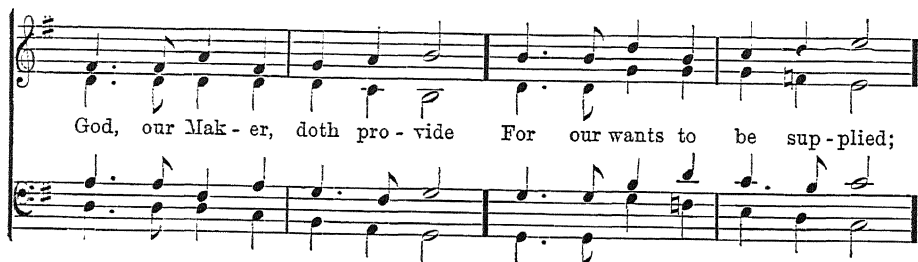
G. J. Elvey, 1858



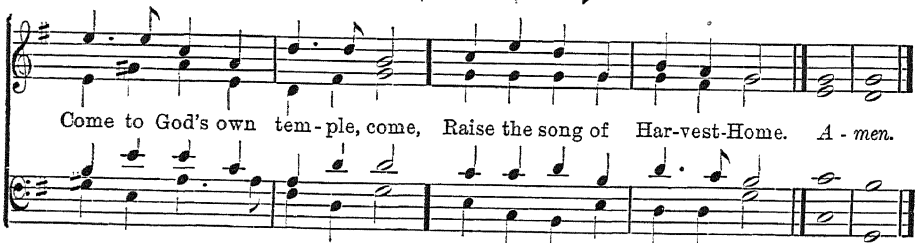
1. COME, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home:



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

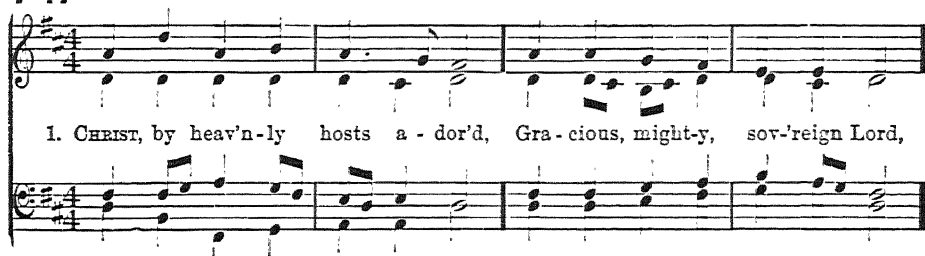
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

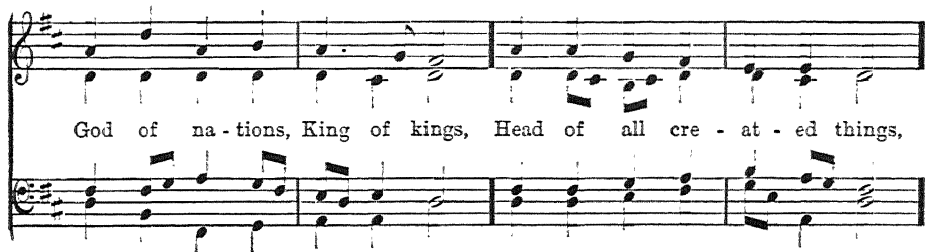
Thanksgiving

747 SALZBURG 75. 81.

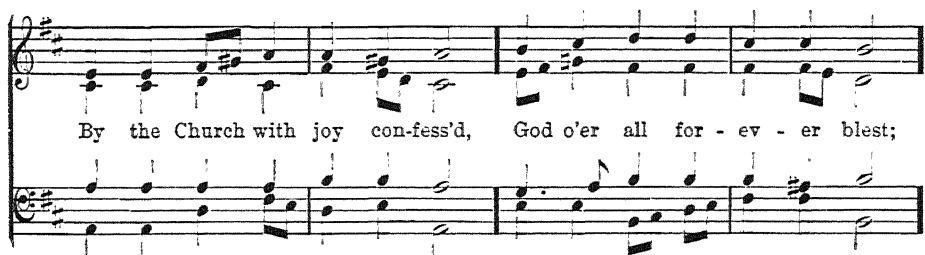
J. Rosenmüller [?], 1652



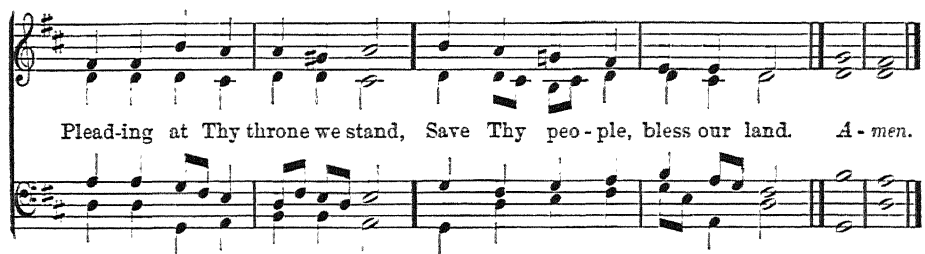
1. CHRIST, by heav'n-ly hosts a - dor'd, Gra - cious, might-y, sov'-reign Lord,



God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - at - ed things,



By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for - ev - er blest;



Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo-ple, bless our land. A - men.

(Or to St. George's, Windsor, opposite Or to Culford, No. 683)

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Thanksgiving

748

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer - cies nev - er fail - ing;

Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a - vail-ing. A-men.

2 No less that love hath met our need
Than when the manna falling
Did day by day Thy people feed,
To love and praises calling.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old
Its crystal waters gleaming;
And still the same glad tale is told,
For us the floods are streaming.

4 The seasons come, the seasons go,
But each shall find us singing;
For each shall greet us, well we know,
New favors from Thee bringing.

5 Thro' endless years Thou art the same,
Thy mercy changes never;
Then blessed be Thy mighty name
Forever and forever.

R. M. Offord, 1895

749

KENT (Devonshire) L. M.

J. F. Lampe (1693—1751)

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more,

Rational

750 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. To THEE our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh, hear our

low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy

might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

National

75I UNION 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night!

When the wild tem-pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do Thou our

country save By Thy great might. A-men.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

C. T. Brooks, 1834 J. S. Dwight, 1844

(Or to America, below)

AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring. A-men.

National

752 ULTOR II, IO, II, 9.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. God the all-mer-ci-ful earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways of
bless-ed-ness, slight-ed Thy word; Did not Thy wrath in its
ter-rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

- 2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word.
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chast'ning,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean.
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

H. F. Chorley, 1842 J. Ellerton, 1870

753 (AMERICA) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1832

National

754 THE OLD 137TH C. M. 81.

J. Daye, 1562



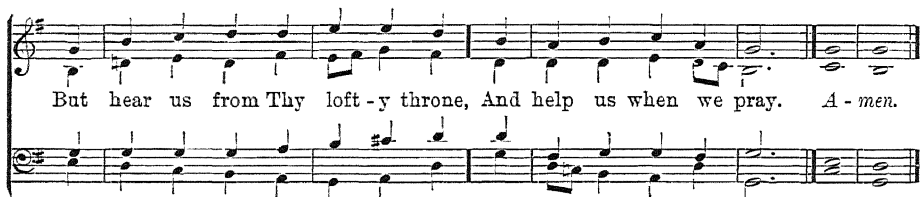
1. GREAT King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,



And hum - bly with u - nit - ed cry To Thee for mer - cy call;



The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not a - way;

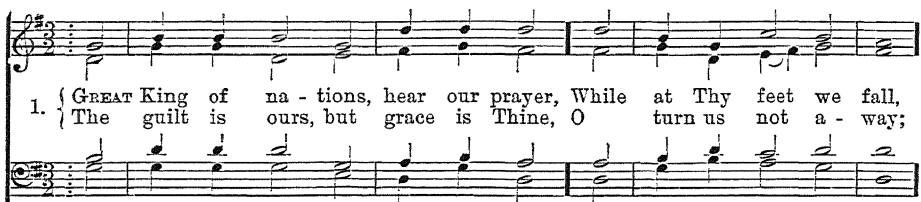


But hear us from Thy loft - y throne, And help us when we pray. A - men.

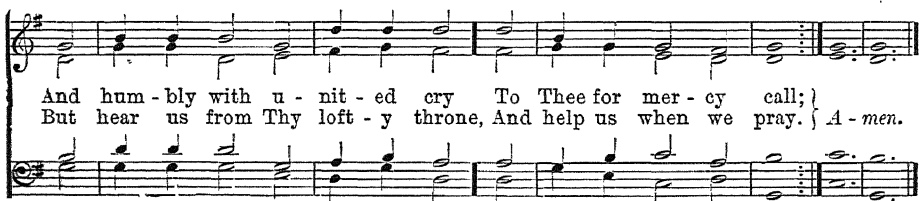
MARLOW C. M.

(Second Tune)

J. Chetham, 1718



1. { GREAT King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not a - way;



And hum - bly with u - nit - ed cry To Thee for mer - cy call; }
But hear us from Thy loft - y throne, And help us when we pray. } A - men.

National

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer:
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. Gurney, 1838

755 NATIONAL HYMN 108.

G. W. Warren, 1892

Voices alone.

Trumpets, before each verse. 1. GOD of our fa - thers, Whose al-migh - ty hand

With Organ.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in

Splendore.

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

For Those at Sea

756

MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - TER - NAL Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea

W. Whiting, 1860

757

ALBANO C. M.

V. Novello, 1800

1. O LORD, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

For Those at Sea

Our guard, when on the si-lent deck The night-ly watch we keep. A - men.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge:
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,

And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865

758

CARDIFF 12s.

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark
wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor Hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to
cher-ish, We fly to our Mak-er:—"Help, Lord, or we per-ish!" A - men.

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

Flower Festivals

759 SPRING 8s, 7s. 8l.

W. H. Walter (1825—1893)

1. ALL is bright and cheer - ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue;

Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its pleas-ures too:

Ev - 'ry flower is full of glad-ness, Dew is bright and buds are gay;

Earth, with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day. A - men.

2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay:
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them
Out of every tongue and nation, [white,
Now have rest, and peace, and light.

J. M. Neale (1812—1866)

Children's Services

760 BETHANY (Smart) 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1867

1. HEAVENLY Fa - ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren gath - ered here,

May they all, Thy name con - fess-ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

And their faith, like Da - vid, prov-ing, Steadfast un - to death en-dure. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be.
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

C. Wordsworth, 1863

Children's Services

76I HESLINGTON 8, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

F. Peel, 1894

1. THERE'S a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing years;
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears. A - men.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favor
And loved His name below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

Children's Services

762 CHILDREN'S VOICES P. M.

E. J. Hopkins (1878-1901)



1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In Heav-en's bright a - bode,



The an - gel - host on high Sing prais - es to their God.



Al - - le - lu - ia, They love to sing To



God their King; Al - le - lu - - - ia..... A - men.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise.
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Alleluia,
We too will sing
To God our King;
Alleluia.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia,
Then shall we sing
To God our King;
Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia,
All then shall sing
To God their King;
Alleluia.

Children's Services

763 ST. CONSTANTINE, No. 2 6s, 5s.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pity-ing, lov-ing

4th line of last verse only.

Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. A - men.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

(Or to Caswall, No. 268)

G. R. Frynne, 1856

764 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

C. A. Barnard (1830—1869)

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - men.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer! [me;

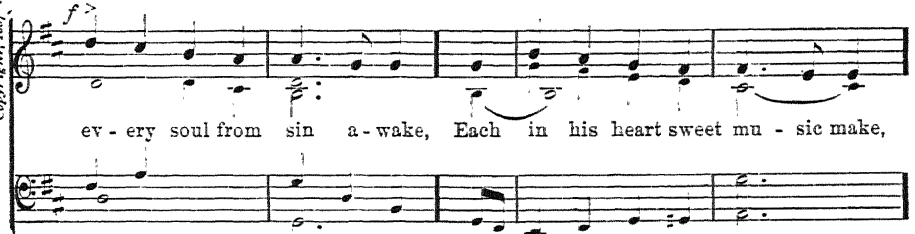
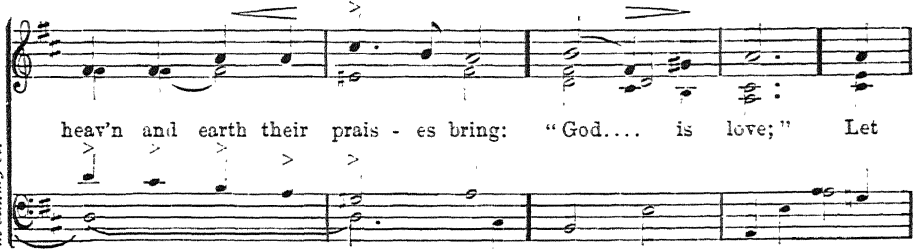
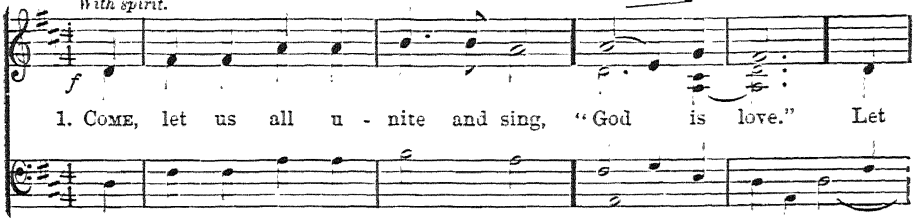
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Children's Services

765 UNITY S, 4, S, 4, S, S, S, 4

S. P. Warren, 1886

With spirit.



2 O tell to earth's remotest bound

"God is love!"

In Christ is full redemption found:

God is love,

His blood can cleanse our sins away;

His Spirit turns our night to day,

And leads our soul with joy to say,

"God is love."

3 What though our heart and flesh should

God is love. [fail:

Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-

God is love. [vail:

In Jordan's swell we need not fear,

For Jesus will be with us there

Our souls above the waves to bear:

God is love.

4 In heaven we shall sing again,

"God is love,"

Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,

"God is love."

While endless ages roll along,

In concert with the heav'nly throng,

This still shall be our sweetest song,

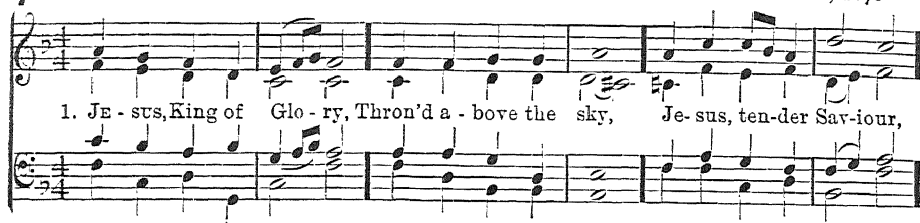
"God is love."

Children's Services

766

AMBLESIDE 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

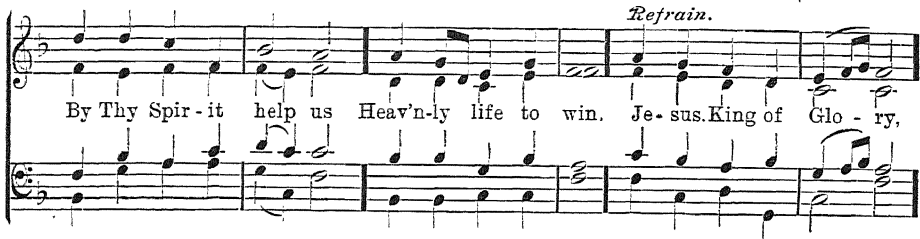
A. Lowe, 1876



1. JE - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,



Hear Thy children cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;



Refrain.
By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,



Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, tender Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry. A - men.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.—*Ref.*

3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,—*Ref.*

4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;—*Ref.*

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.—*Ref.*

Children's Services

767 SAMUEL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HUSHED WAS the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-

ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept:
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind.
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Children's Services (Processional)

768 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)
Arr. J. B. Dykes

1. BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

Marching thro' the des-ert. Glad-ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way.

Refrain.

Brightly gleams our ban-ner. Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. Amen.

VEXILLUM 6s, 5s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

H. Smart, 1874

1. BRIGHT-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers

To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

cres. *f Refrain.*

Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way. Brightly gleams our banner,

Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

Children's Services

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray:
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*
- 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

- 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

T. J. Potter, 1850. *Ab.*

(Third Time)

ST. THERESA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

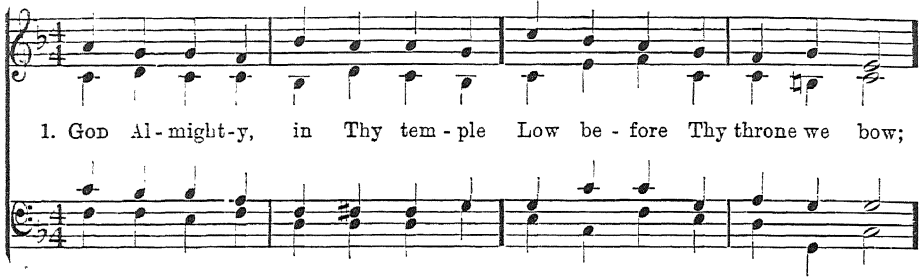
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. BRIGHT-LY gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's
sol-diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high. A-men.

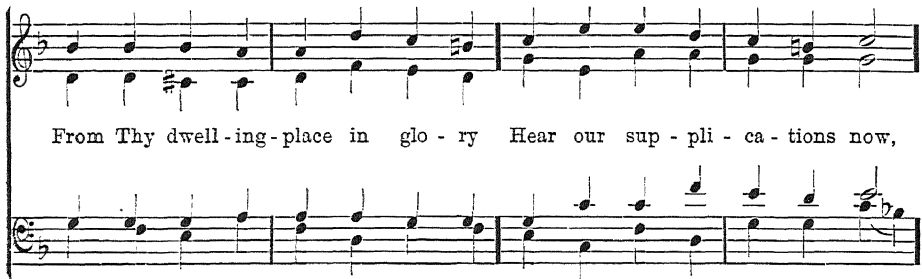
Children's Services

769 ETON COLLEGE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

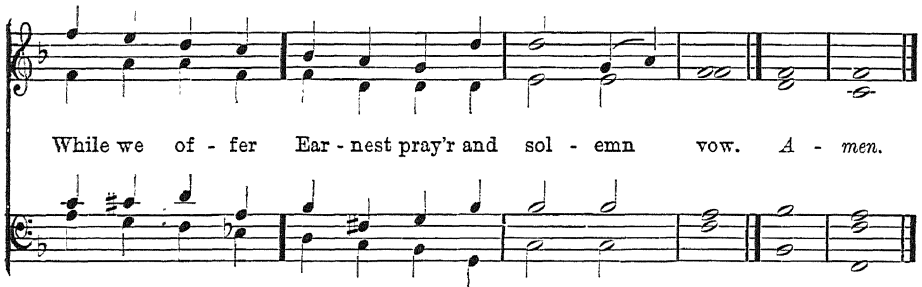
J. Barnby, 1885



1. God Al-might-y, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow;



From Thy dwell-ing-place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-ca-tions now,



While we of-fer Ear-nest pray'r and sol-emn vow. A-men.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us
In each sore and bitter strife:
O preserve us
Unto everlasting life!

R. H. Baynes, 1880

Children's Services

770 JESU, BONE PASTOR S. 7, S. 7, 4, 7

J. H. Wilcox 1827—1875

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

1. SAV-I-OUR, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:

Bless-ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blesséd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be:
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blesséd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c. 1836

Children's Services

771 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain

H. E. Matthews, 1854



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Children's Services (Nativity)

772 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Ho-ly night!

peace-ful night! Through the dark-ness beams a light, Through the dark-ness

beams a light, Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep O'er the Babe who, in

Ritellendo:
si-lent sleep, Rests in heaven-ly peace, Rests in heaven-ly peace. A-men.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Children's Services

773 SWEET STORY 11, 8, 11, 9 Irregular

English

1. I.... THINK when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke, 1841

Children's Services

774 EDGBASTON C. M.

A. R. Gaul, 1870

1. DEAR Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. A - men.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me:
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849

775 HARDACRE 7s.

G. A. Hardacre, 1867

1. LORD, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise. A - men.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss!
5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

Eternal Life

776

ROSEATE HUES C. M. 81.

J. Barnby, c. 1894

1. THE ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day,

The crim'-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way:

Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the gold-en floor!

Oh, for the Sun of righteousness That set-teth nev-er-more! A-men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Eternal Life

CASTLE RISING C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

1. THE ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the

sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way: Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the

gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of right-ous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more! A-men.

PETERSHAM, No. 2 C. M. 81. (Third Tune)

C. W. Poole (1828—)

1. THE ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the

sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way: Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the

gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of right-ous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more! A-men.

Eternal Life

777 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Barnby, 1866

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Eternal Life

PARADISE, No. 2 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6 (Second Time)

H. Smart, 1868

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

PARADISE, No. 3 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6 (Third Time)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

Eternal Life

778 ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN 8s, 7s. 6l.

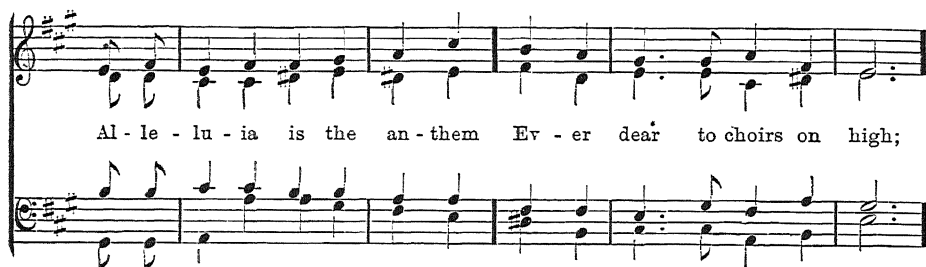
E. J. Hopkins, 1872



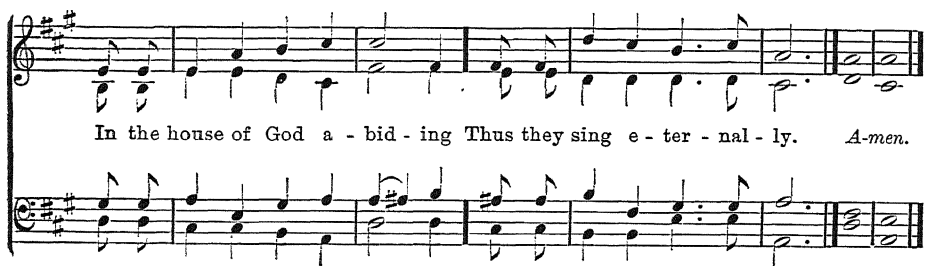
1. AL - LE - LU - IA, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;



In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.



2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to see Thy glory
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Anon. (Latin, 11th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851 H. A. & M., 1875

Eternal Life

779 ORIEL 8s, 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. J. M. Haydn, 1775

1. BLESS-ED cit - y, heav'n-ly Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear of peace and love,

Who, of liv - ing stones up-build-ed, Art the joy of heaven a - bove,

And, with an - gel hosts en - cir-cled, As a bride to earth dost move. A-men.

(Or to Regent Square, No. 731)

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly architect.
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore:
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar.
Who for Christ's dear name, in this world,
Pain and tribulation bore.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, c. 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

(Part II. of this hymn is "Christ is made the sure foundation," No. 731)

Eternal Life

780 SANCTUARY 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1871

1. HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spok-en; "O my peo-ple, faint and few,

Com-fort-less, af-flict-ed, brok-en, Fair a-bodes I build for you;

Thorns of heart-felt trib-u-lation Shall no more per-plex your ways;

You shall name your walls Sal-va-tion, And your gates shall all be Praise. A-men.

(Or to Moultrie, No. 12)

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more, shall see:
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

W. Cowper, 1779

Eternal Life

781 KITTREDGE 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. HARK! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

(Or to Sanctuary, opposite Or to Mourie, No. 12)

- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
 Who prepared the way for Christ,
 King, apostle, saint, confessor,
 Martyr and evangelist;
 Saintly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation.
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.

- Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite:
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

Eternal Life

782

WOBURN C. M.

W. Wheall (16 —1745)

1. How BRIGHT these glo-rious spir-its shine: Whence all their white ar-ray?

How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day? A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great, 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright. | Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day. |
| 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky. | 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide. |
| 4 His presence fills each heart with joy
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring. | 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. |

I. Watts, 1709 Scottish Draft Trs. & Paraphs., 1745
W. Cameron, 1782

CANAAN C. M.

(Second Tune)

A. S. Baker (1868—1896)

1. How BRIGHT these glo-rious spir-its shine: Whence all their white ar-ray?

How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day? A-men.

Eternal Life

783 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. TEN thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

- 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!

- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Eternal Life

784 SYDENHAM S. M. 81.

E. A. Sydenham, 1889

D.C.

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life from the dead is

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty! A - men. Here, in the bod - y pent.

Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

D.C. Org.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

(Or to Schumann, No. 573)

J. Montgomery, 1835

NEARER HOME S. M. 81. (Second Tune)

I. B. Woodbury, 1852

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here, in the bod - y pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home. A - men.

Eternal Life

785 WILLIAMS 6s, 5s. 81.

T. Morley, 1865

1. THOSE e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fade - ing

flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them Af - ter

wea - ry fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side:
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting.
In Thyself complete.

John of Damascus Tr. J. M. Neale, 18

Heaven

786

HORA NOVISSIMA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

Part I. 1. THE world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late:

Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;—

The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - mén.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn:
Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Part II. 1. BRIEF life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no end - ing, The fear - less life, is there.
 O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;
 For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest! A - men.

(Or to Munich No. 367)

- 2 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown;
 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Zion in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope;
- 3 But He, whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
 And there is David's fountain,
 And life in fullest glow;
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow.

- 4 The morning shall awaken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day;
 Yes! God my King and portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven

788

CAROLINE (Chamouni) 7s, 6s. 81.

C. E. Kettle (1833—1895)

Part III. 1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

(Or to Homeland, No. 861)

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven

EMMETT TEMPLE 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune)

J. B. Lott, 1895

1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep; For ver-y love, be -

hold-ing Thy hap-py name, they weep: The men-tion of thy glo-ry Is unc-tion

to the breast, And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

ST. ALPHEGE 7s, 6s. 81. (Third Tune)

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try. Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. } A - men.

Heaven

789 EWING 7s, 6s. 8l.

A. Ewing, 1853

Part IV.1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven

(Second Tune)

URBS BEATA 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

1. JE - ru - SA-LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "1. JE - ru - SA-LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -".

neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I".

know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!".

Refrain.
Je - ru -

What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru - sa - lem, the

The fourth system begins the refrain. The lyrics are: "What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru - sa - lem, the".

gold - en, Be-neath
blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men.

The fifth system continues the refrain. The lyrics are: "gold - en, Be-neath blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men." The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Org.

Heaven

790 PEARSALL 7s, 6s. 31.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863

Part V. 1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect!

O dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect:

E'en now by faith I see thee: E'en here thy walls dis - cern:

To Thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn. A - men.

2 Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
Oh, none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

4 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Heaven

791 SOJOURNER 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. DeWitt Mallary, 1894

1. A PIL-GRIM and a strang-er, I jour-ney here be-low;
Far dis-tant is my coun-try, The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and trav-el, Oft wea-ry and op-pressed,
But there my God shall lead me To ev-er-last-ing rest. A-men.

- 2 It is a well-worn pathway,—
Many have gone before:
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore:
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith:
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.
- 3 So I must hasten forwards,—
For soon the end will come.
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home;

That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

- 4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be!
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee.
Come, bid my toils be ended;
Let all my wanderings cease,
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace.

Heaven

792 IMMORTALITY 7s, 6s. 8l.

W. F. Sherwin, 1878

1. THERE is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;

Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;

And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor - tal nev - er - more. A - men.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

Heaven

793 BONAR 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. J. B. Calkin, 1867
by S. P. Warren, 1896

1. UP - WARD where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent

Org.

in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;

Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the

blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes:
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder.
When before His throne we meet.

Heaven

794 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. JE - RU - SA - LEM, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold? | Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes |
| 3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end? | 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band. |
| 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know; | 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see. |

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll., c. 1795
(based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of 16th or 17th Cent.)

JERUSALEM C. M.

(Second Tune)

C. F. Roper, 1872

1. { O MOTH-ER dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?..
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!..

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. } A - men.

Heaven

795 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

1. O MOTH - ER dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?....
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!....
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

2 No murky cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem.
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]

Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

D. Dickson (1583-1643)

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

Heaven

796 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n There is a joy for

souls distressed, A balm for ev'-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A - men.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls The evening shadows quickly fly,
 By sin and sorrow driven; And all serene in heaven.
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And joys supreme are given;
 And all is drear but heaven. There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, Beyond the confines of the tomb
 To brighter prospects given; Appears the dawn of heaven.
 And views the tempest passing by,

W. B. Tappan, 1818

797 SHEPHERD C. M.

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. THERE is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. A - men.

- 2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood 4 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Stand dressed in living green; Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, And see the Canaan that we love,
 While Jordan rolled between. With faith's illumined eyes:
 3 But timorous mortals start and shrink 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 To cross this narrow sea; And view the landscape o'er,
 And linger, trembling on the brink, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 And fear to launch away. Should fright us from the shore.

Heaven

798 FIFTH AVENUE 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

P. Armes (1836—)

1. IN ex - ile here we wan - der, In heaven is our a - bode,— The

cit - y of the an - gels, The cit - y of our God. And

Major.
here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest; There

God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest. A - men.

- 2 Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.
- 3 Jesus, our joy and gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee:
Give tears of true contrition:
Our souls from guilt set free:—

- And we shall rise in that great day
In bodies like to Thine,
And with Thy saints, in bright array,
Shall in Thy glory shine.
- 4 There we, as children dwelling,
Who here as exiles groan,
God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne;
There in our endless home shall rest
From strife and sorrow free.
And join the anthem of the blest
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

Heaven

799 ST. HELEN 8s, 7s 6l.

G. W. Martin, 1879

Voices in Unison.



1. LIGHT'S a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion whence true peace doth spring,



Harmony.



Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;



Oh, how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing! A - men.



2 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Anon. (Latin, 15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1858

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, ... Those end-less
Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to
wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

- 2 What are the Monarch. His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father: and in Whom, the Son:
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

The Burial of the Dead

801 REQUIEM 4s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. SLEEP thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,

Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent

riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

2 Life's dream is past,
 All its sin and sadness;
 Brightly at last
 Dawns a day of gladness:
 Under the sod,
 Earth, receive our treasure,
 To rest in God,
 Waiting all His pleasure.

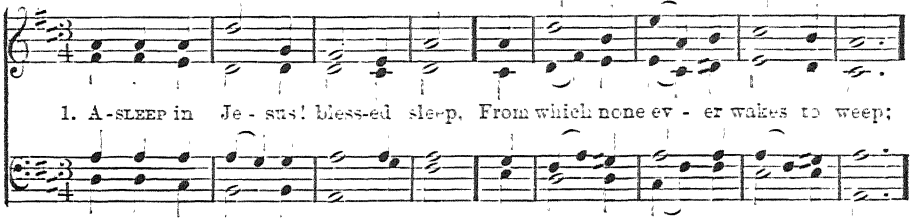
3 Though we may mourn
 Those in life the dearest,
 They shall return,
 Christ, when Thou appearest:
 Soon shall Thy voice
 Comfort those now weeping,
 Bidding rejoice
 All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman, 1868

The Burial of the Dead

802 REPOSE L. M.

F. R. Statham (1844—)



1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;



A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-men.

(Or to St. Crispin, N. 1. 411)

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

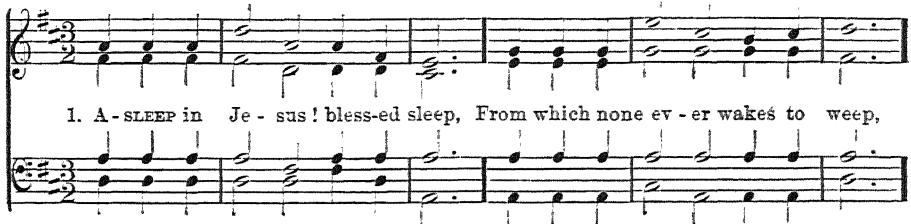
5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay, 1732

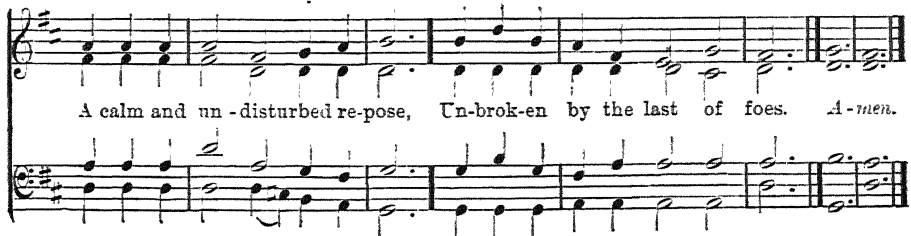
REST L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. Bradbury, 1843, arr.



1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,



A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-men.

The Burial of the Dead (For a Child)

803 ST. MILLICENT 7, 7, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. LET no tears to-day be shed; Ho-ly is this nar-row bed.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia!

Anon. *Paris Mtsal*, 1764 Tr. R. F. Littledale, 1865

MEINHOLD 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

German

1. GEN-TLE Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle Lamb's brief weep-ing;

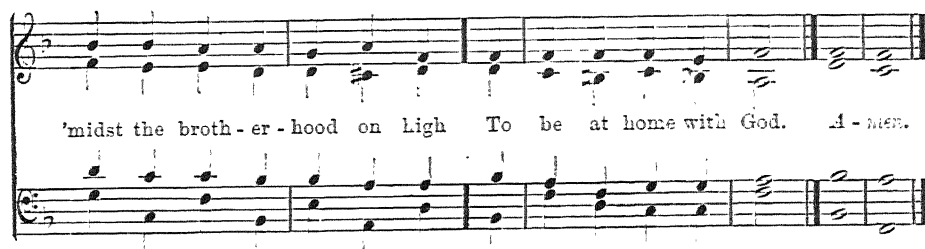
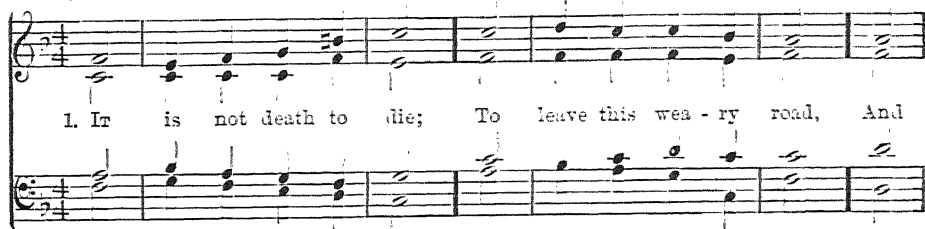
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more. A-men.

The Burial of the Dead

804 MOCCAS S. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1799-1877



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust.
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1872 Tr. G. W. Bethune, 1847

For a Child

805 (MEINHOLD) 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

The Burial of the Dead

806 REQUIESCAT 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Now THE la - borer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle - day is past;

Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther,

poco rall.
dim.
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A - men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

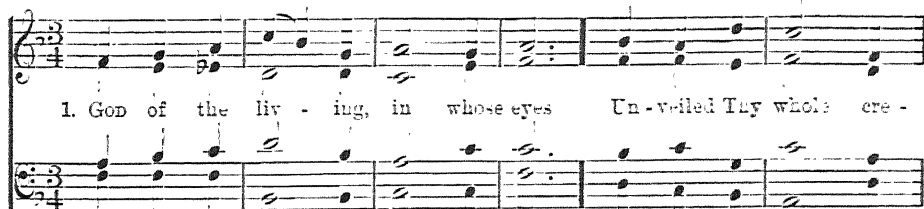
3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection-day,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

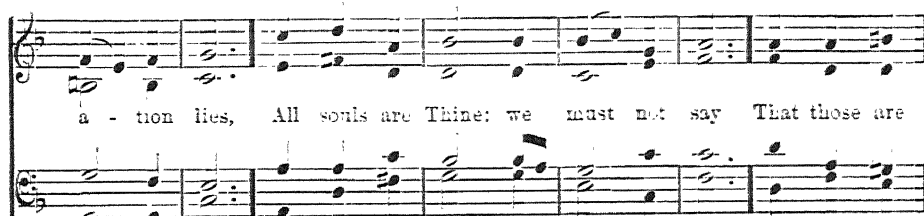
The Burial of the Dead

807 PATER OMNIUM L. M. 61.

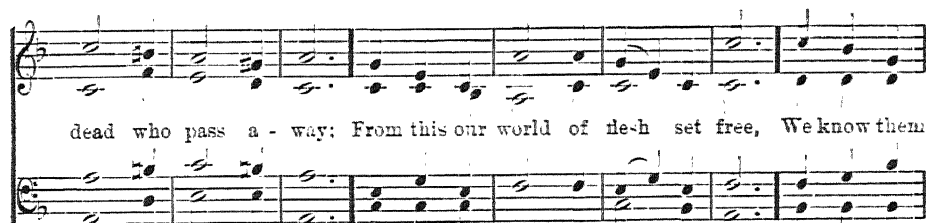
H. J. E. Holmes, 1875



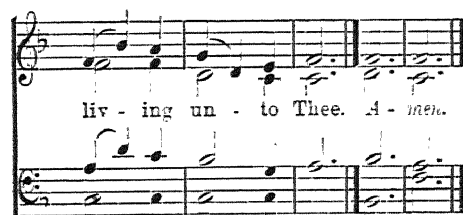
1. God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un-veiled Thy whole cre -



a - tion lies, All souls are Thine: we must not say That those are



dead who pass a - way: From this our world of de-sh set free, We know them



liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

(Or to Adoro, No. 523)

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers.

All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep pro-
found,

Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy
care:

Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust:
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to
see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto Thee!

J. Ellerton, 1871

The Burial of the Dead

808 RUTHERFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 4

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. THE sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

General

809 LEOMINSTER S. M. 81.

Anon. Har. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

Slowly.

1. ONE sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er.— Near - er my home, to -

day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's house Where ma - ny

man - sions be; Near - er to - day the great white throne. Near - er the crys - tal sea. A - men.

2 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between.
Winding down through the night.
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust:
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

P. Cary, 1852

DULCE DOMUM S. M. 81. (Second Time)

R. S. Ambrose, 1876

1. ONE sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er.—
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore
Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. A - men.

General

810 BENEDIC ANIMA 8s, 7s. 6l.

J. Goss, 1867

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;

Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A-men.

(Or to Regent Square, No. 731)

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

811 GLADNESS, No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. FA-THER! the light and darkness Are both a-like to Thee; Then, to Thy waiting

General

ser-vant, A-like they both shall be. That great men-dling fu-ture, I cannot pierce its

shroud; But noth-ing doubt, nor trem-ble: God's bow is in the cloud. A-men.

2 To Him I yield my spirit:
On Him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait His call.
Seeing and fearing nothing,
Hoping and trusting all.

S. Goss (1854-1877)

812 PAX TECUM 10s. 2l.

G. T. Calbeck, 1877

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin:...

The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in. A-men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

General

813

PILGRIMS

11s, 10s. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night! A-men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

General

(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11s, 10s. With Refrain

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

cres. 3 *f* 3 Sing -
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

cres. 3 *rall.*
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

General

(Third Tune)

ANGELS OF JESUS IIS, IOS. With Refrain

J. Barnby, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green

fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are

Refrain.
tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

pp An - gels of light, *ff* Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*

General

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary.
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary.
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping.
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

F. W. Faber, 1854

(Fourth Tune)

ANGELIC SONGS 118, 108. With Refrain

J. E. Roe—1871

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and

Org. Ped.

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing

Refrain.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus,

An-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! A-men.

General

814 LUX BENIGNA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

J. B. Dykes, (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

General

NEWMAN 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 (Second Tune)

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LEAD, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.

LUX BEATA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 (Third Tune)

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—on-step e-nough for me. A-men.

General

815 MENDON L. M.

German Melody Arr. S. Dyer, 1814

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-tring sky, the sil-ver sea;

For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry, come from Thee. A-men.

(Or to Mainzer, No. 715)

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. L. Cotton, 1896

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice. A-men.

General

816 JEHOVAH (Worship) H18, 108. (Or to Versalvus, No. 576) E. J. Hopkins. 1911-1901

1. PRAISE ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the
con-trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo - ry
crown the low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek. A - men.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving Resting in Him, His peace and joy possess-
kindness, ing,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown: All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness, 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own. gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are us;
dim; Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

M. Cockburn-Campbell, 1942

817 (CAMBRIDGE) S. M.

(Or to St. Thomas, No. 524)

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
3 Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!
4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
5 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
6 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

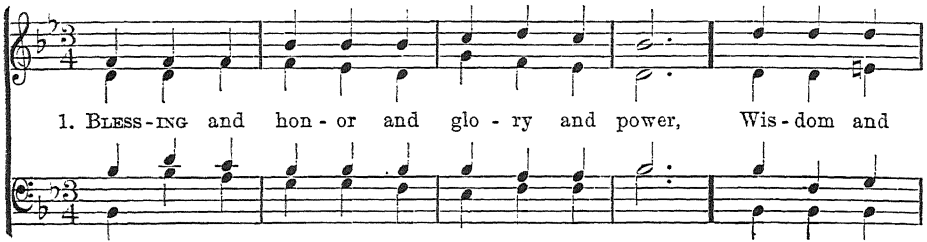
J. Montgomery, 1824

General

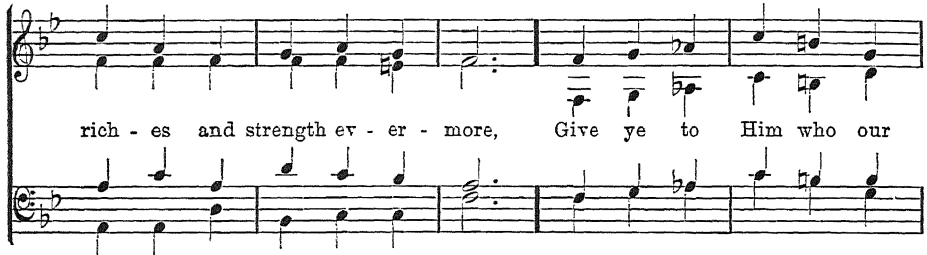
818

CHRIST CHURCH 105.

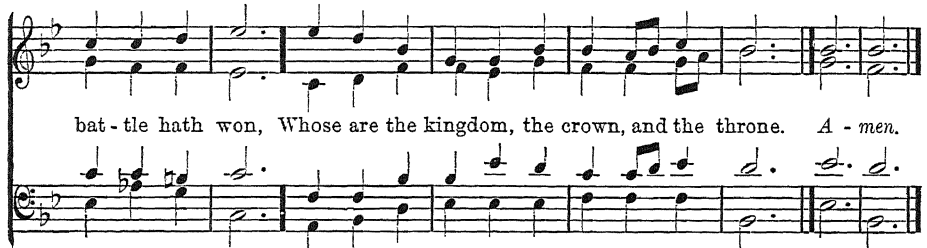
J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1. BLESS-ING and hon - or and glo - ry and power, Wis - dom and



rich - es and strength ev - er - more, Give ye to Him who our



bat - tle hath won, Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne. A - men.

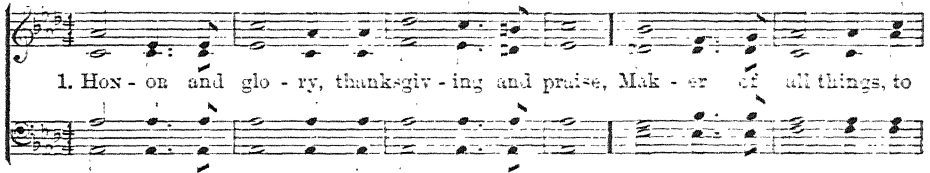
(Or to Costa, opposite)

- 2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war;
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.
- 3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
- 4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!
- 5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

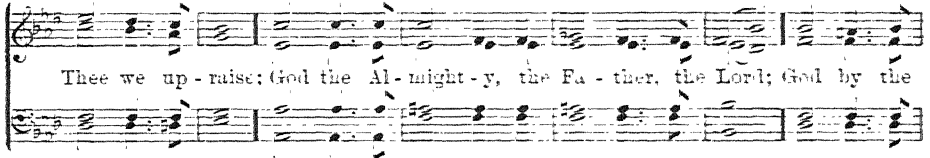
General

819 COSTA (Naaman) 108.

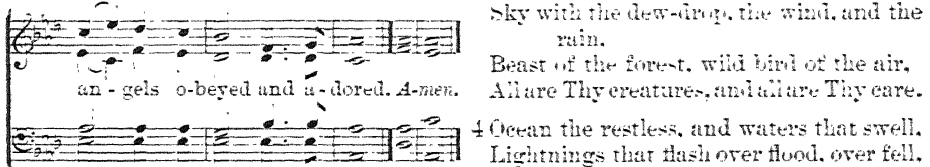
M. Costa Arr. W. H. Callcott



1. Hon - on and glo - ry, thanksgiv - ing and praise, Mak - er of all things, to



Thee we up - raise; God the Al - might - y, the Fa - ther, the Lord; God by the



an - gels o - beyed and a - dored. A - men.

Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain.

Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air, All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

4 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell, Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell, Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth: Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth: All the creation, Thy voice when it heard, Started to life and to light at Thy word.

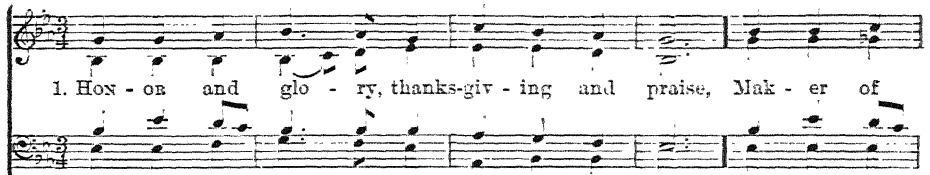
5 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love Pity for man that is fallen doth move: Guide us in life, and protect to the last; And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

3 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain.

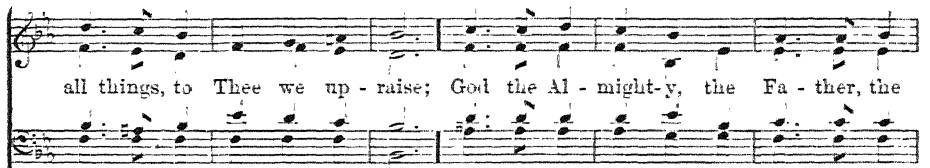
E. A. Dayman, 1872. 2A.

ASTRA MATUTINA 108. (Second Time)

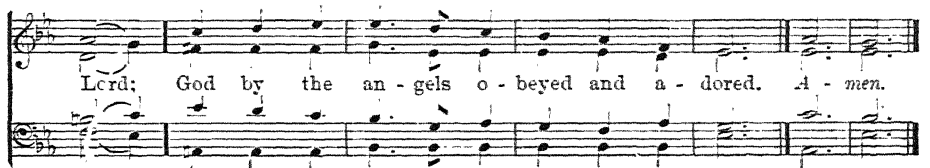
E. H. Thorne 1834—)



1. Hon - on and glo - ry, thanksgiv - ing and praise, Mak - er of



all things, to Thee we up - raise; God the Al - might - y, the Fa - ther, the



Lord; God by the an - gels o - beyed and a - dored. A - men.

General

820 NUREMBERG 7s.

J. R. Ahle, 1664

1. Glo - ry be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry fills the sky;

Peace on earth to man for-given, Man, the well - be-loved of heaven. A - men.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored,
Hail, the everlasting Lord:
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;

Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear, the world's atonement Thou:
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father One;
One, the Holy Ghost with Thee;
One supreme, eternal Three.

C. Wesley, 1739

821 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? A - men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

General

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,

- No tear to wipe, no good to crave.
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Goss, 1855

822 LONGWOOD 105.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
earth, through all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
might - y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the Heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

General

823 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10, 10, 7

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, Ye cit - i - zens of

heav'n, oh, sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.


- 2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. J. Ellerton, 1865

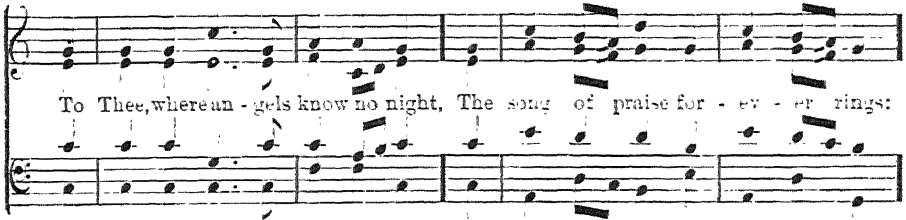
General

824 PETERBOROUGH (Goss) L. M. 81.

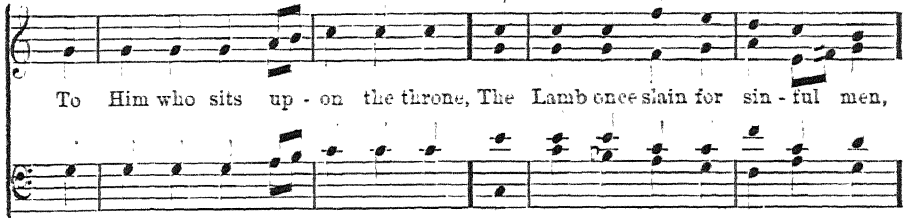
J. Goss, 1864



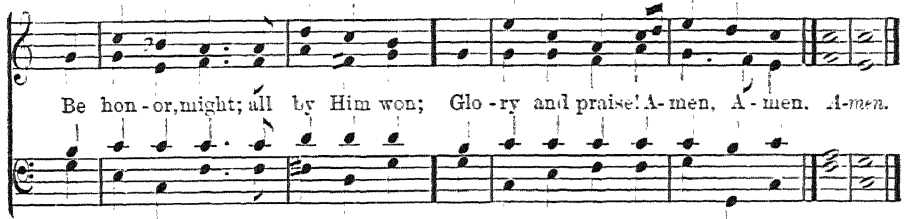
1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,



To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:



To Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,



Be hon - or, night; all by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men. A - men.

2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page.
 Grand in the poets' winged word.
 Slowly in type, from age to age.
 Nations beheld their coming Lord:
 Till through the deep Judean night
 Rang out the song. "Good-will to men!"
 Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
 Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love.
 That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
 These all are past, and now above, [thorn.
 He reigns our King! once crowned with
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
 Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
 We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep:
 Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
 These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
 And throng with joy the upward way.
 They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
 O Lamb, once slain for sinful men:
 Burst Satan's bonds. O God of might;
 Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
 Sing to His name, His love forth tell:
 Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
 Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell:
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain, [men;
 From angels, praise: and thanks from
 Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
 Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

General

825 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue,

Thee, on-ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

6 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley, 1749 Verse 2, l. 4, alt.

826 STORRS L. M.

T. R. Matthews, 1855

1. Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a-bove, When an-gels touch the quiv'ring string,

And wake, to chant Em-manuel's love, Such strains as an-gel-lips can sing. A-men.

General

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.</p> <p>3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us Thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For Thy dear sake we now resign.</p> | <p>4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued.
Accept Thine offered grace to-day:
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.</p> <p>5 In Thee we trust—on Thee rely:
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright immortal throng!</p> |
|---|--|

Ray Palmer, 1943

827 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1813—1879

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower.
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.</p> <p>3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above.
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.</p> | <p>4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.</p> <p>5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.</p> |
|--|--|

General

828

GLASTONBURY 7s. 6l.

J. B. Dykes, 1870

1. QUI-ET, Lord, my froward heart; Make me teach-a-ble and mild, Upright, sim-ple, free from art,

Make me as a wean-ed child; From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee. A - men.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,

- Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

J. Newton, 1779

829

MAGDALEN (Rest) L. M. 6l.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. THE saints of God, their con-flict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,

No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:

General

Voices in unison. *Harmony.* *dim.*

O hap-py saints! for ev-er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest! A-men.

- 2 The saints of God! Their wand'rings done, 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
No more their weary course they run, While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
No more they faint, no more they fall, Till from the dust they too shall rise
No foes oppress, no fears appal; And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! for ever blest, O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
In that dear home how sweet your rest! He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
- 3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er, 5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry:
Safe landed on that blissful shore, O Saviour, plead for us on high;
No stormy tempests now they dread, O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
No roaring billows lift their head: Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
O happy saints! for ever blest, That with all saints our rest may be
In that calm haven of your rest! In that bright Paradise with Thee.

W. D. MacLagan, 1870

830 WAVERTREE L. M. 61.

W. Shore, 1840

1. { SUB-BOUND-ED ly un-num-bered foes, A-gainst my soul the bat-tle goes! }
Yet though I wea-ry, sore dis-tress, I know that I shall reach my rest; }

I lift my tear-ful eyes a-bove,—His banner o-ver me is love! A-men.

(Dr to Prince, No. 501)

- 2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light;
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!
- 3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him,
And in the mid-night of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love!

G. Massey, 1869

General

831 NUN DANKET 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Crüger, 1640 Har. S. P. W.

1. Now THANK we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

. M. Rinkart. 1644 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

General

832 EIN' FESTE BURG P. M. S, 7, S, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7

Marin Luther, 1529
Har. S. P. W.

1. In myr-iad forms, by myr-iad names, Men seek to bind and mold Thee;

But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames, The cords that would en-fold... Thee.

Who mad-est life and light, Bring'st morning after night, Who all things did'st create—

No maj-es-ty, nor state, Nor word, nor world can hold Thee! A-men.

2 Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To Thee our praise is given.
Of suns Thou art the Sun,
Eternal, holy One;
Who us can help save Thou?
To Thee alone we bow!
Hear us, O God in heaven!

General

833 RISEHOLME 8, 8, 8, 4

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. FA - THER of all, from land and sea The na-tions sing, Thine, Lord, are we;

Count-less in num-ber, but in Thee May we be one! A-men.

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
Oh, make us one!

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;

6 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth, 1871

834 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates;

All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there. A - men.

(Or to St. Drostane, No. 249)

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

General

- 4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned:
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around:
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.
- 5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

835 ELLERTON Ss, 7s. 6l.

W. S. Hoyte (1844—)

1. Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with glad-ness! Wake your no - blest, sweet-est strain!

With the prais - es of your Sav-iour Let His house re - sound a - gain!

Him let all your mu - sic hon-or, And your songs ex - alt His reign! A-men.

- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!
- 3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless one among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead:
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.
- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransom'd,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.
- 5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.

J. Ellerton (1826—1879)

General

836 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1. ON-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

Refrain.
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

General

4 Crowns and thrones may perish.
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours, your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Darog-Grafton, 1875

(Second Time)

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS 6-5. S. With Refrain H. J. Gauntlett, 1874

1. ON-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

Go-ing on be-fore! Christ the roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-gainst the foe;

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers,

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. A-men.

General

837 BAVARIA 6s, 5s. 81.

C. R. Gale, 1893

1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con -

fess Him King of glo - ry now; 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure

We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word. A - men.

- 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel-faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:

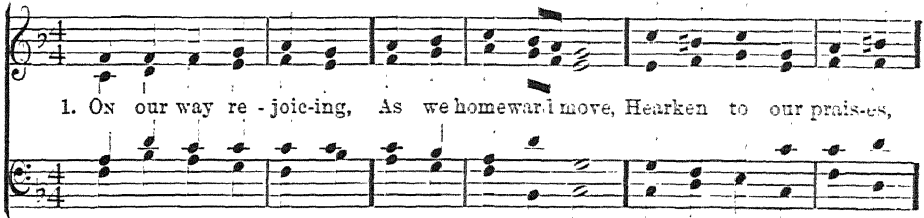
- To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

General

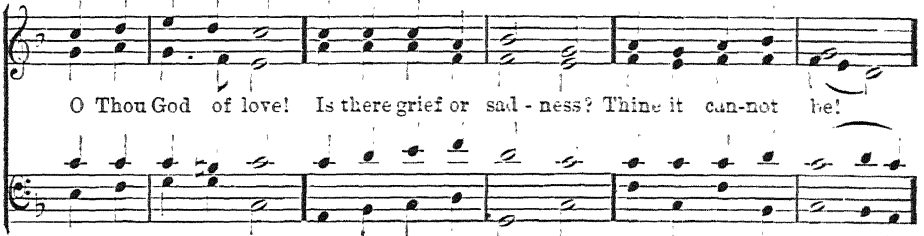
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TREGARTHEN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

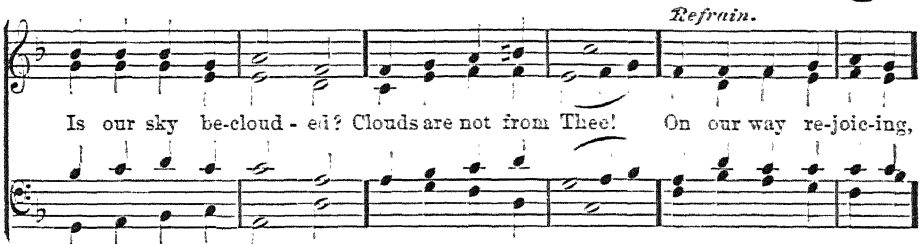
W. B. Gilbert, 1895



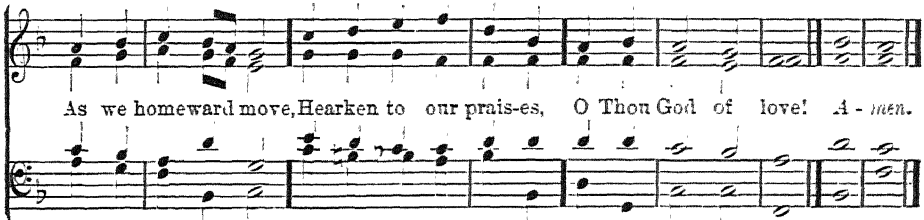
1. On our way re-joicing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our praises,



O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!



Refrain.
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joicing,



As we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love! A-men.

(Or to Hermas, No. 310)

- 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—*Ref.*
- 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?—*Ref.*

- 4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!—*Ref.*

General

839 LAUS DEO 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

Organ. *f*
Ped.

rall.

Voices in Unison.
mf

1. HARK! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearts in - vit - ing To
2. Hark! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearts in - vit - ing To

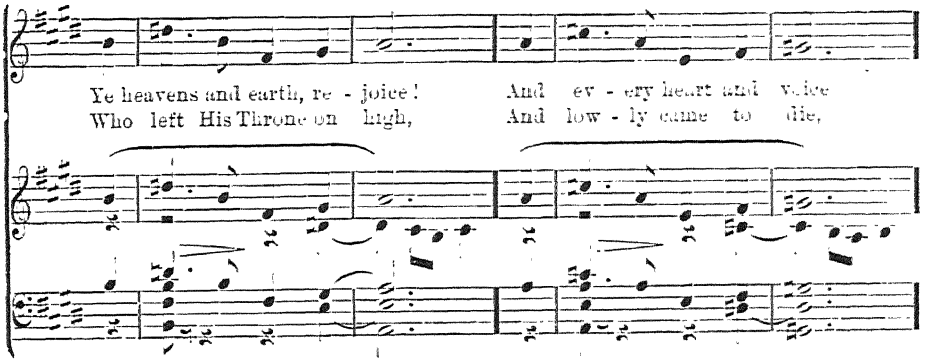
mf

mf

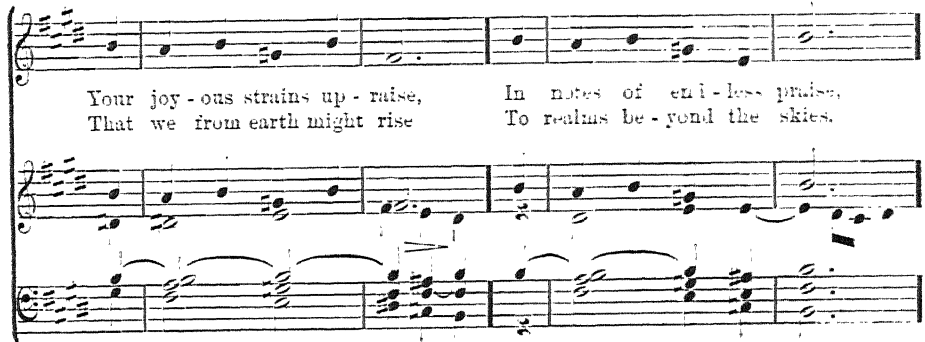
sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!
sing the praise of Christ our King, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!

mf

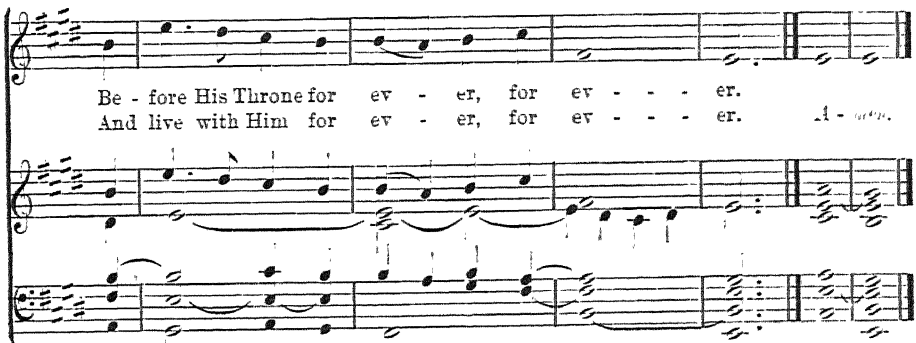
General



Ye heavens and earth, re - joice! And ev - ery heart and voice
Who left His Throne on high, And low - ly came to die,



Your joy - ous strains up - raise, In notes of end - less praise,
That we from earth might rise To realms be - yond the skies.



Be - fore His Throne for ev - er, for ev - - - er.
And live with Him for ev - er, for ev - - - er. *Ad lib.*

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher,
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever!

General

840

MARCH TO VICTORY P. M. Irregular

J. Barnby, 1869

S:

We march, we march to vic-to-ry, With the cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His

lov-ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho-ly arms spread o'er us, His

FINE. Last verse only.

holy arms spread o'er us. o'er us. *Amen.*

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir-it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an-gels with song a-waits
4. Then on-ward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm

With ar-mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night,
Our hel-met is His sal-va-tion, Our ban-ner, the cross of Cal-va-ry,
Our march to the gold-en Zi-on; For our Cap-tain has brok-en the bra-zen gates,
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love look-ing down from a-bove,

D.S.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watch-word, the In-car-na-tion, Our watch-word, the In-car-na-tion. } We
And burst the bars of i-ron, And burst the bars of i-ron.
And His ho-ly arms spread o'er us, And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us.

General

841

PRESSING FORWARD Ss, 5s. 81. With Refrain

W. R. Gilbert, 1888

mf With spirit.

cres.

1. PRESS-ING for - ward, reach - ing for - ward. To the things be - fore; See! the Church of
2. Not as though we ap - pre - hend - ed, Or our work were done; Not as though the

God moves on - ward, Ev - er - more and more; Hough the road and stern the tri - al,
race were end - ed, Or the vic - try won; Not with - out a fear of fall - in - g.

But the end is sure; Faith can smile thro' self - de - ni - al. Cour - age can en - dure.
But in faith and love For the prize of our high call - ing To the mark we move.

f Refrain.
Press - ing for - ward, pressing for - ward, Pressing for - ward, pressing forward, Pressing forward to the

things be - fore, See! the Church of God moves onward, onward, onward. Ev - er - more and more. A - men.

- 3 We have sinned and we are sinning
Every passing day;
But the Cross our pardon winning
Hides our guilt away.
Thus the sinful past forgetting
Zionward we tend,
Firm as flint our faces setting,
Faithful to the end.—*Ref.*
- 4 Angels at our side attend us,
Missioned from above:
Spirit-hosts unseen befriend us—
Ministries of love;
God, our Father, still protects us;
Jesus is our stay:
God, the Holy Ghost, directs us.
Through the lifelong way.—*Ref.*

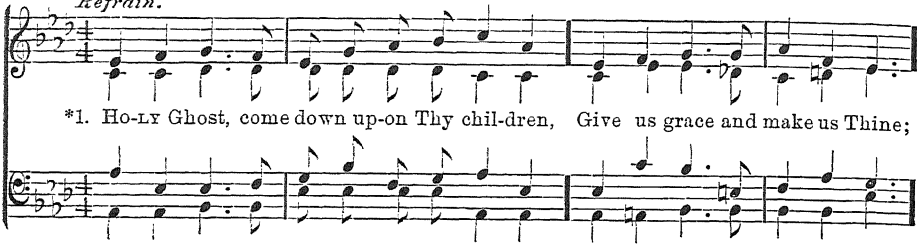
- 5 Fainting often, yet pursuing,
Still our way we make.
Looking to our Head, and doing
All for Jesus' sake.
Glory, honor, wisdom, blessing.
Lord, for Thee we claim.
Nothing having, yet possessing
All in Thy dear name.—*Ref.*
- 6 Oh, how grand will be the meeting
When the race is run;
Oh, how sweet will be the greeting,
"Faithful one, well done!"
Oh, the thought of clearly seeing
What we dimly see;
Oh, the joy, our God, of being
Evermore with Thee!—*Ref.*

General

842 SENOJWILL 95, 75. With Refrain

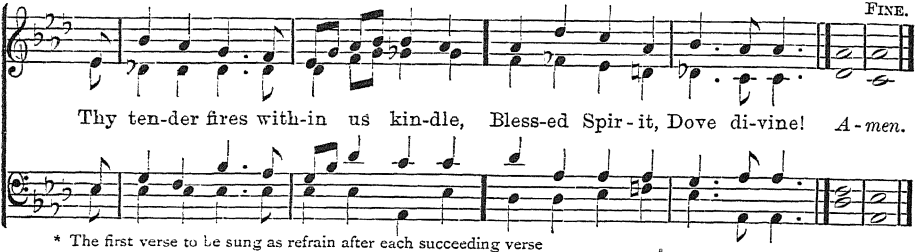
B. Tours (1838-1897)

Refrain.



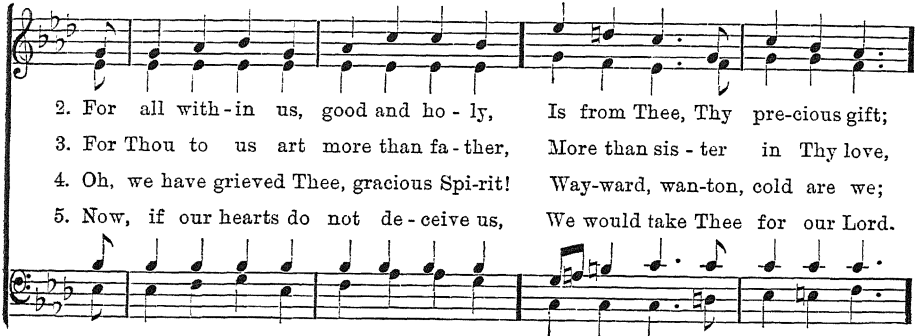
*1. HO-LY Ghost, come down up-on Thy chil-dren, Give us grace and make us Thine;

FINE.



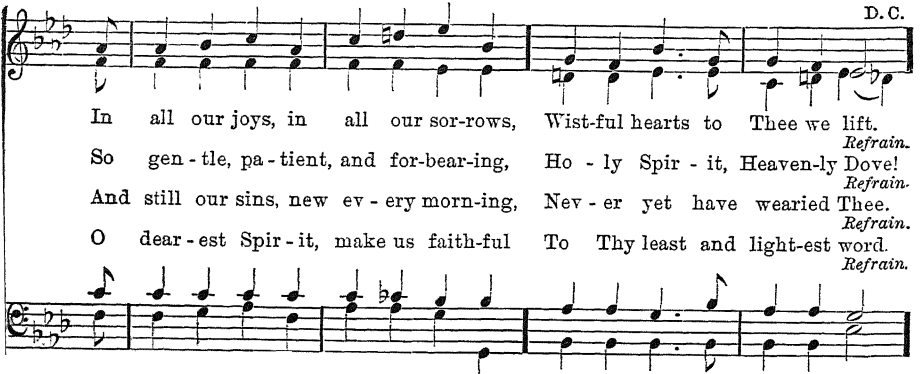
Thy ten-der fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it, Dove di-vine! A-men.

* The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse



2. For all with-in us, good and ho-ly, Is from Thee, Thy pre-cious gift;
 3. For Thou to us art more than fa-ther, More than sis-ter in Thy love,
 4. Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spi-rit! Way-ward, wan-ton, cold are we;
 5. Now, if our hearts do not de-ceive us, We would take Thee for our Lord.

D. C.



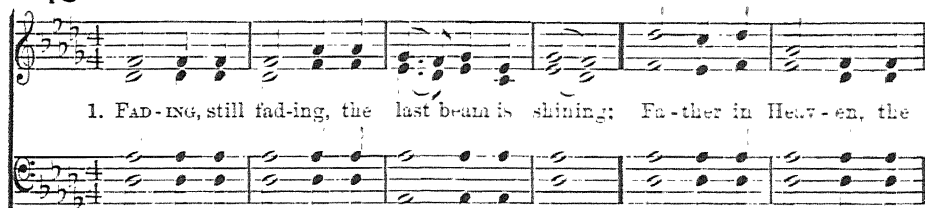
In all our joys, in all our sor-rows, Wist-ful hearts to Thee we lift.
 So gen-tle, pa-tient, and for-bear-ing, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heaven-ly Dove!
 And still our sins, new ev-ery morn-ing, Nev-er yet have wearied Thee.
 O dear-est Spir-it, make us faith-ful To Thy least and light-est word.

Refrain.
Refrain.
Refrain.
Refrain.

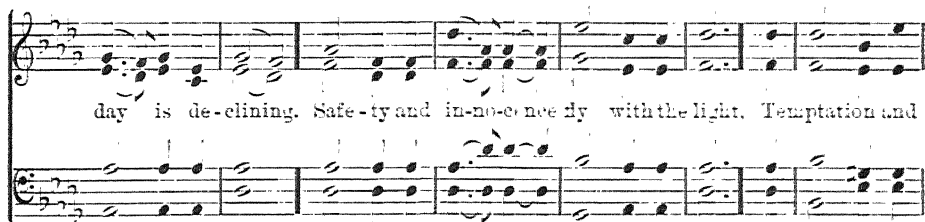
General

843 SALVATION P. M. With Refrain

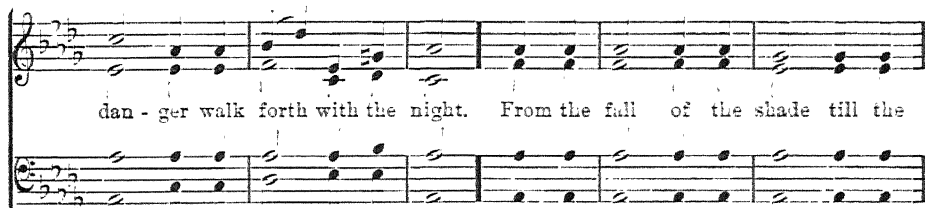
Andon.



1. FAD-ING, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining: Fa-ther in Heav-en, the

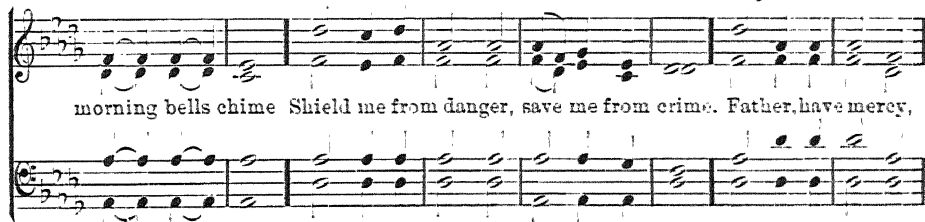


day is de-clin-ing. Safe-ty and in-no-cen-cy with the light. Temptation and

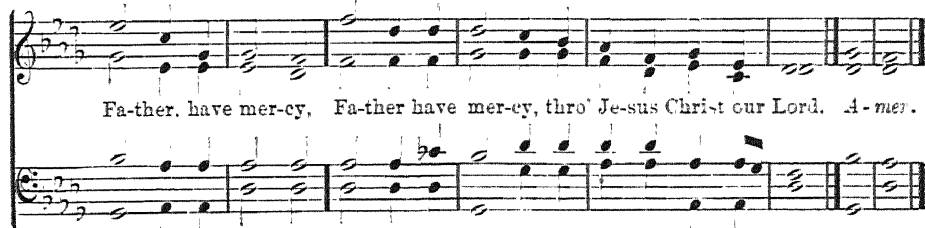


dan-ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the

Refrain.



morning bells chime Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy,



Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A-mer.

2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call:
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light.
Let us sleep on Thy breast when the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.—*Ref.*

General

844 DANIA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

F. G. Ilsley, 1887

1. HEAR us, Thou that broodedst O'er the wa - t'ry deep, Waking all cre - a - tion

From its prim-al sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it, breathing Breath of life di - vine,

Refrain.
Breathe in-to our spir - its, Blending them with Thine. Light and life Im - mor - tal,

Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voic - es, Mingling prayer and praise. A - men.

(Or to Hermas, No. 310)

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.—*Ref.*

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.—*Ref.*

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.—*Ref.*

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee,—
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.—*Ref.*

General

845 LEBANON S. M. 81.

J. Zundel, 1855

1. I WAS a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam. A - men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child.
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold.
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child.
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

General

846 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

1. A - WAKE, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem - er's praise:
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing kindness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free! A - men.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley, 1782

847 ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844

1. BE-HOLD! a stran-ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:

- The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

General

848 PILOT 7s. 6l.

J. E. Gould, 1871

First.

1. JE - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-nous sea;
D. c.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild:
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
Twixt me and the peaceful rest.
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. H. Piper, 1871

849 CHILSTON 8s, 7s

A. H. Mann, 1850—)

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er, and the Lord;

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford. A - men.

850

FREDERICK H.S.

General

G. Kingsley, 1833

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ris-es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us
here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A - men.

- 2 I would not live away, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live away, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

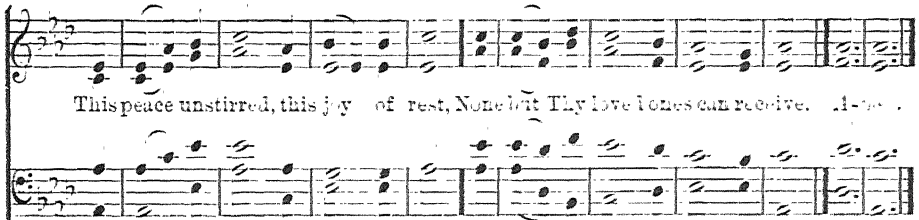
851

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847

1. Je - sus, the calm that fills my breast No o - ther heart than Thine can give;

General



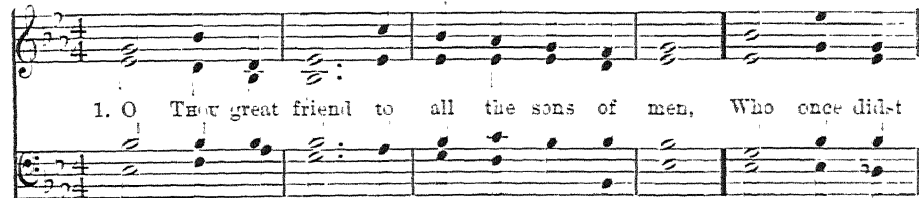
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest, None but Thy love tones can receive. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 My weary soul has found a charm
That turns to blessedness my woe:
Within the shelter of Thine arm
I rest secure from storm and foe.</p> <p>3 In desert waste I feel no dread,
Fearless I walk the trackless sea:
I care not where my way is led,
Since all my life is life with Thee.</p> | <p>4 O Christ, thro' changeful years my guide,
My comforter in sorrow's night,
My friend, when friendless, still abide,
My Lord, my counsellor, my light.</p> <p>5 My time, my powers, I give to Thee:
My inmost soul 'tis Thine to move:
I wait for Thy eternity,
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.</p> |
|--|---|

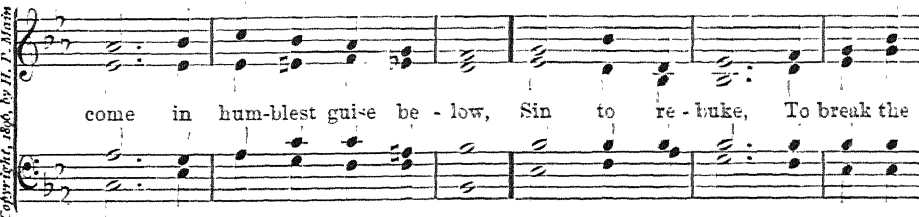
F. M. Jones

852 CASSIDY 10s.

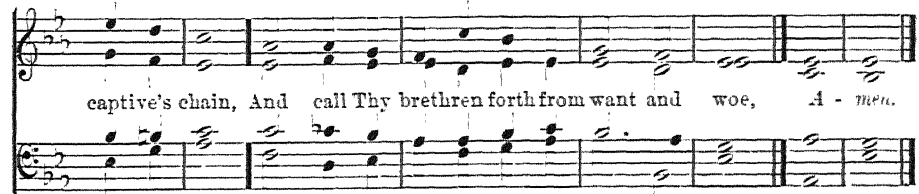
H. P. Main, 1895



1. O Thou great friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst



come in hum-blest guise be-low, Sin to re-buke, To break the



captive's chain, And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe, A-men.

- 2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes, Thou art still the Life: Thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

General

853 COCHRAN 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

U. C. Burnap, 1869

1. LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care Is joy and rest; Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,

Wisest and best,—Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way, Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray. *Amen.*

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,
 Its hope and peace;
 Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
 Falter, or cease;
 But be to me, true friend, my chief delight,
 And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel Thee near,
 Faithful and true;
 To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,
 Thy will to do;
 And all the while to know that Thou, our friend,
 Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night is o'er,
 Life's daylight come,
 And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
 At home! at home!
 How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
 Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

H. Bateman, publ. 1875

854 CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. DAY is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath - er

General

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace. For Thou art night.

Refrain.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

cres.

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1890

855

WARE L. M.

(Or to Grossette, No. 143)

George Kingsley, 1838

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue! Hosanna to th' eternal Name.

And all His boundless love pro-claim! A - men.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of His grace!
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;

And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace,—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 6 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

General

856 SHINING SHORE 8s, 7s. With Refrain

G. F. Root, 1855

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

Refrain.

For, oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - men.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,

Our heavenly home discerning;

Our absent Lord has left us word,

"Let every lamp be burning:—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,

We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest nought can molest,

Where golden harps are ringing:—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,

Each cord on earth to sever;

Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,

Forever, oh, forever:—*Ref.*

857

WOODSTOCK C. M.

General

D. Dutton, 1829

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r. A - men.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1824

858

RAPHAEL C. M.

Arr. fr. G. Donizetti (1797—1848)

1. I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy. A - men.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light.
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

J. Mason, 1823

859

JUST AS I AM 8, 8, 8, 6

General

J. Barnby, 1883

1. DRAWN to the cross, which Thou hast blessed With healing gifts for souls dis-tressed,
To find in Thee my life, my rest, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come. A - men.

(Or to Elmhurst, No. 718)

- 2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears, For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years; Christ Crucified, I come.
Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears, 4 And then for work to do for Thee,
Christ Crucified, I come. Which shall so sweet a service be
3 Wash me, and take away each stain; That angels well might envy me,
Let nothing of my sin remain; Christ Crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. Irons, 1880

860

DORT 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832

1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and
them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

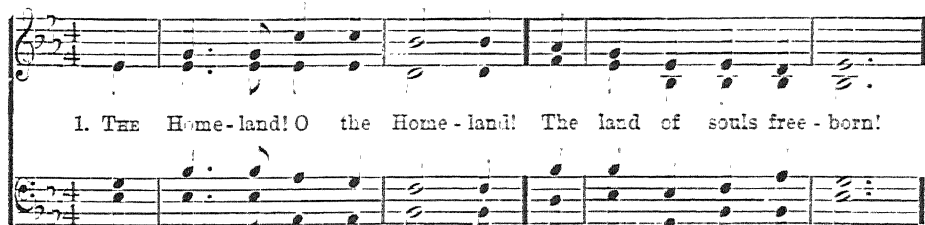
(Or to Italian Hymn, No. 366 Or to Kirby Bedon, No. 652)

- 2 Christ for the world we sing; With us reproach to dare,
The world to Christ we bring, With us the cross to bear,
With fervent prayer; For Christ our Lord.
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.
4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,

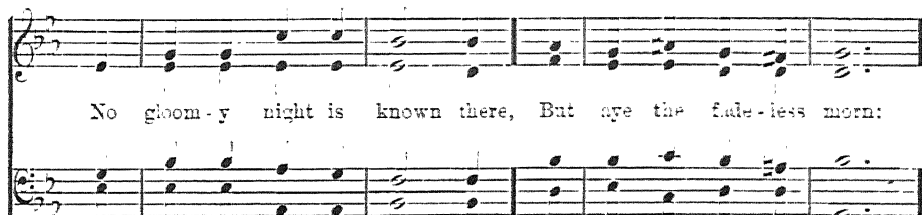
General

861 HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 81.

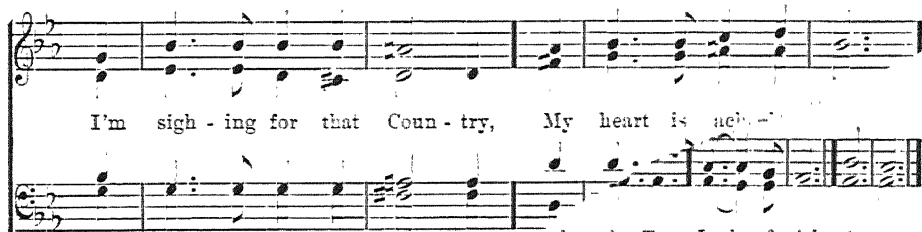
Arthur Sullivan. 1872



1. THE Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

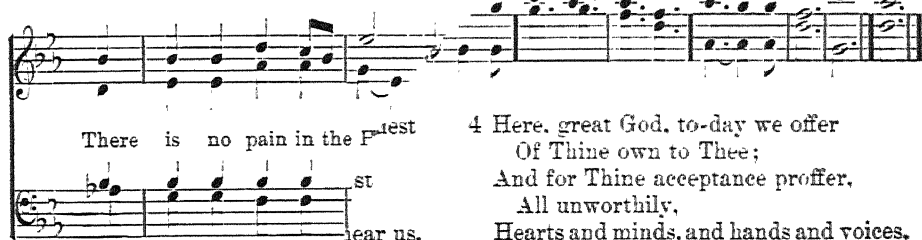


No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fair-est morn:



I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-

and confess Thee Lord of night. A-men.



There is no pain in the fairest
st
hear us.

2 My Lord is in the Home-land
With angels bright and rejoices
No sinful thing nor evil-ane;
Can ever enter there: and voices
The music of the ransome;
Is ringing in my ear: and measure
And when I think of thee
My eyes are wet with

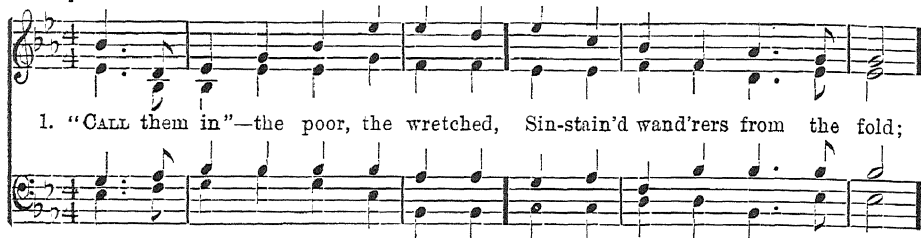
4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

General

864 VOCA ME CUM BENEDICTUS 8s, 7s. 81.

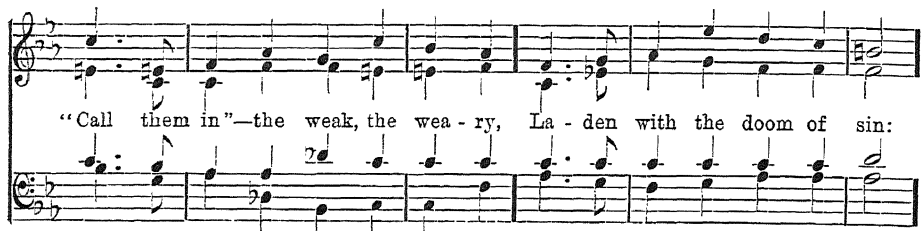
R. P. Stewart, 1895



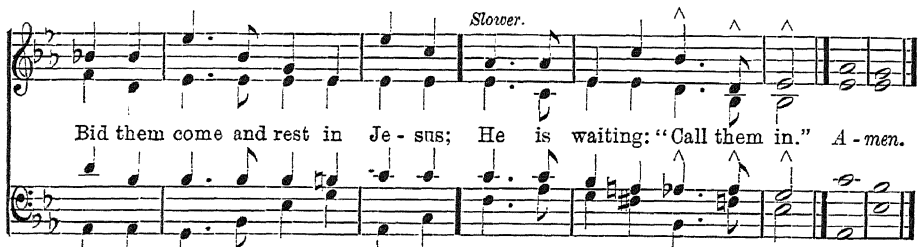
1. "CALL them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold;



Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?



"Call them in"—the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin:



Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is waiting: "Call them in." A-men.

- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;
 Bid the stranger to the feast:
 "Call them in"—the rich, the noble
 From the highest to the least:
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen:
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
 Wait the lost ones: "Call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the little children
 Tarrying far away, away;
 Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
 Christ would have them come to-day.

Follow on, the Lamb is leading!
 He has conquered—we shall win:
 Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
 He will heal them: "Call them in."

- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
 Speak love's message, low and tender—
 'T was for sinners Jesus came:
 See! the shadows lengthen round us.
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming: "Call them in."

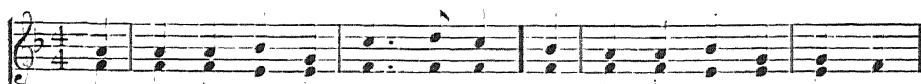
A. Shipton, 1862

General (Consecration)


865

CONSTANCE 8s, 7s. 8l.


Arthur Sullivan, 1875




1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er.



For I am His and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life.
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

J. G. Small, 1855

General

866

HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1864

Used by per. The Inglen & Math Co.

1. HE lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-

Refrain.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own

hand He lead-eth me: His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,

Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore, 1881 Lines 3 and 4 of Refrain added

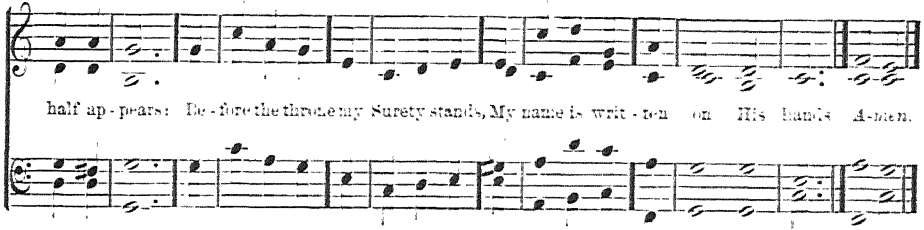
867

CHRIST CHURCH (Steggall) 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

C. Steggall, 1865

1. A - RISE, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be -

General



half ap- pears: Be- fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ- ten on His hands A-men.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away

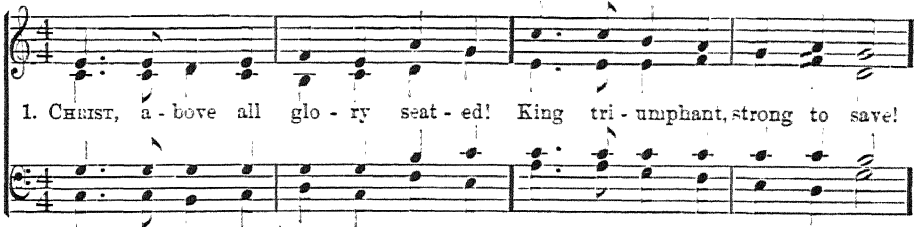
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood.
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child:
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh.
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

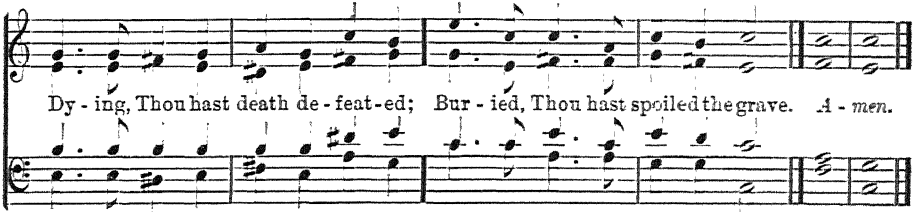
C. Wesley, 1742

868 ANDREW 8s, 7s.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)



1. CHRIST, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King tri - umphant, strong to save!



Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed; Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A - men.

(Or to Alleluia, No. 330)

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On th'eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated, bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;

Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore;
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore!

General

869 WORK SONG 7, 6, 7, 5 81.

L. Mason, 1864

1. WORK, for the night is com - ing: Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the dew is
spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the
glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill, c. 1860 Alt.

870 NEED 6s, 4s. With Refrain

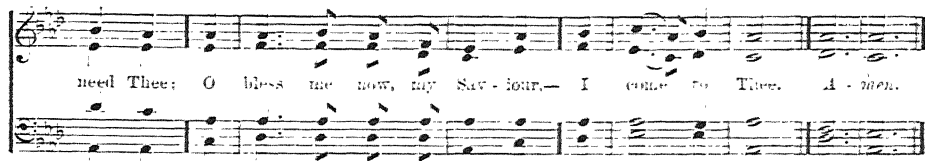
R. Lowry, 1872

1. I NEED Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine

Refrain.

Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I

General



need Thee: O bless me now, my Sav-our.— I come to Thee. A-men.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

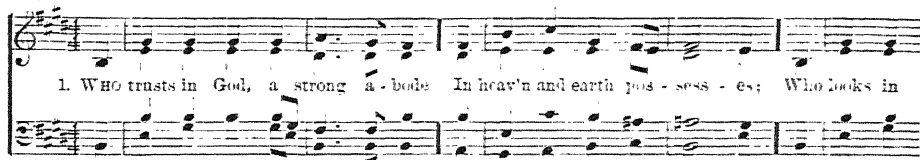
3 I need Thee every hour.
In joy or pain:
Come quickly, and abide.
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

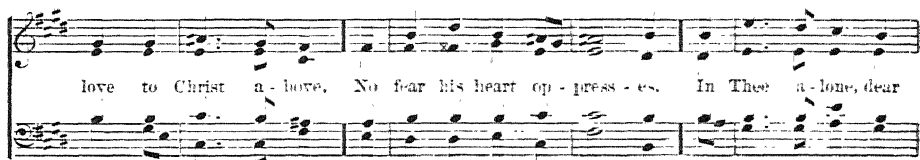
5 I need Thee every hour.
Most Holy One:
O make me Thine indeed.
Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

A. S. Hawks, 172. Refrain added by R. Lowry

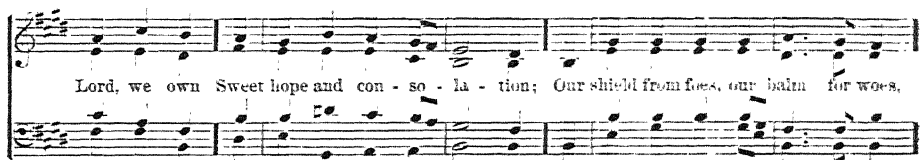
871 JUBILEE 8s, 7s. 8l. Composed for the Queen's Jubilee, by Arthur Sullivan, 1897



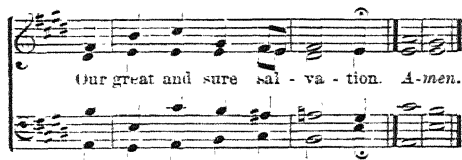
1. Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos-sess-es; Who looks in



love to Christ a-bore, No fear his heart op-press-es. In Thee a-lone, dear



Lord, we own Sweet hope and con-so-la-tion; Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,



Our great and sure sal-va-tion. A-men.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;

Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

Joachim Madgeburg, 1572, et al.
Tr. B. H. Kennedy, 1863. A12.

General

872 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Barnby, 1893

1. SUN - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no

moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a

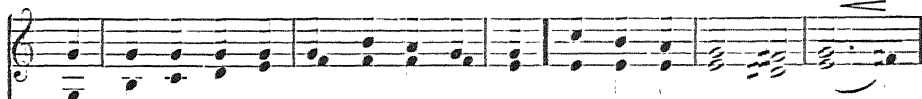
tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

rall.
drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell,
home. Twi - - - - light and evening bell,

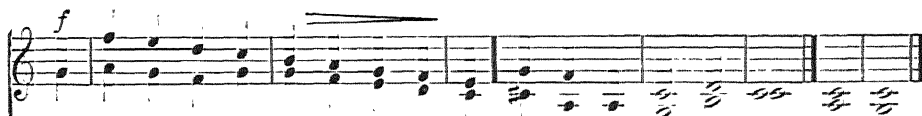
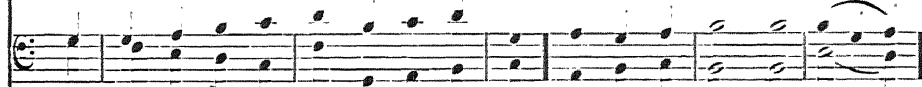
And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of farewell When I em - bark;

General

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. rit



4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The hood may bear me far,



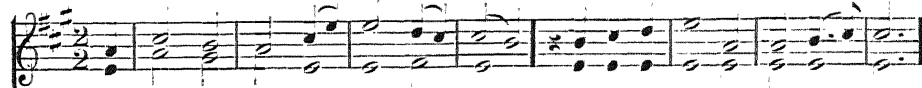
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.



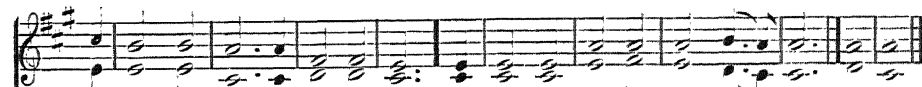
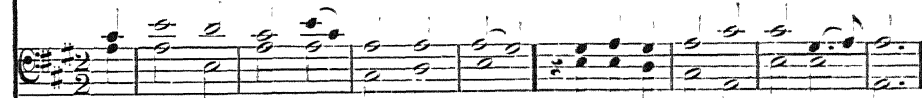
A. Tennyson, 1830

873 WATTS L. M.

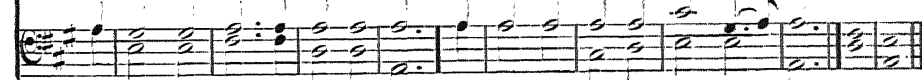
S. Neukomm, 1840



1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;



Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me!" A - men.



2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppress,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

To heaven direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion: Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

C. Elliott, 184

General

874 MOUNT ZION 7s. 6l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun, When we stand with Christ in glo-ry,

Looking o'er life's finished story,— Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe. A - men.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne, 1837

875 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. L. Mason

1. If, through un - ruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm-ly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,

We'll own the fav'ring gale; With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale. A - men.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;

Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.


A. M. Toplady, 1772

General


876

VESALIUS 11s, 10s.

E. C. Perry (1856—)



1. FA - THER, in Thy mys - terious pres - ence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;




For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. A - men.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through 3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence
doubt and sorrow, [one: kneeling.
And Thou hast made each step an onward Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love:
And we will ever trust each unknown mor- Now make us strong: we need Thy deep
row; revealing above.
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done. Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
S. Johnson, 1816


877

SANCTUARY 9s, 8s.

C. J. Dickinson, 1877



1. THE day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The darkness falls at Thy be - hest;



To Thee our morning hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hallow now our rest. A - men.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church un-
sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall
never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
J. Ellerton, 1870

General

878 LAST HOPE 7s.

L. M. Gottschalk, 1854 Ad. by H. P. Main, 1865

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
Word of God, and In - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this soul of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire;
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

S. Longfellow, 1864

879 HEBER C. M.

G. Kingsley, 1838

1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful - fil His word. A - men.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glows with love.

General

880 GALILEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)

1. JE - SUS calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth. Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me!" A - men

(Or to Stockwell, No. 105)

- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

- Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call.
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. Alexander, 1892

881 RUTH 6s, 5s. S1.

S. Smith (1804—1873)

1. SUN - MER SONS are glow - ing, O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is flow - ing,

Boun - ti - ful and free; Ev - ery thing re - joice - es In the mel - low rays; All earth's thousand

voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

- 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled:
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

- 3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.
4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright;
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How, 1892

General

882 BAXTER 6s. 8l.

U. C. Burnap, 1872

1. O Love that casts out fear, O Love that casts out sin, Tar - ry no more with -

out, But come and dwell with-in. True Sun-light of the soul, Surround me

as I go; So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray-ing know. A - men.

2 Great Love of God, come in,
 Wellspring of heavenly peace;
 Thou Living Water, come,
 Spring up, and never cease.
 Love of the Living God,
 Of Father, and of Son,
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Fill Thou each needy one.

H. Bonar, 1857

883 PILGRIM (St. Werburgh) 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. No! nor de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No! not dis - trust - ing - ly

General

Bend I the knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me. Yet is this still my plea.

'Je - sus hath died.' A - men.

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson has been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin:
All I am tell I Thee.

All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away;
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou.
Forgiving all:
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee.
The loved unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

(Or.) Kedron, No. 441.

H. Binar, 1866

884 GLORIA PATRI

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

GLO-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

Selections for Chanting

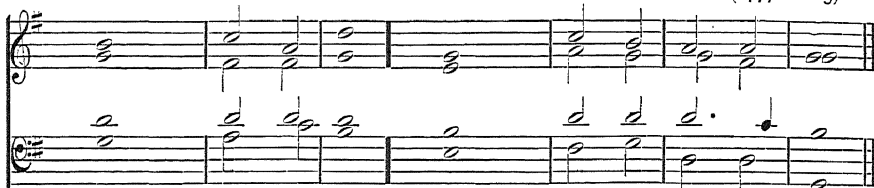
901 OPENING SENTENCES

R. Farrant (1530[?]-1580)



- 1 THE *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple || let all the *earth* keep | si- · lence be- | fore — |
Him.—*Hab. ii. 20.*
- 2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || *fear* be- | fore Him | all the |
earth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9.*

W. Russell (1777-1813)



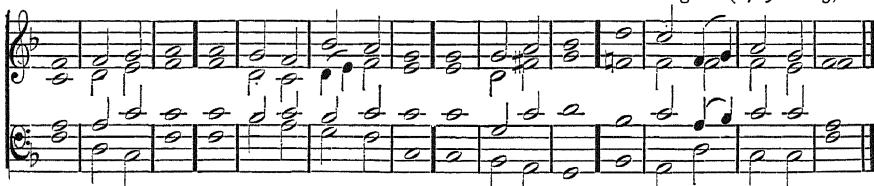
- 3 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart || be acceptable in
Thy sight, O *Lord* my | strength and | my re- | deemer.—*Ps. xix. 14.*
- 4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that | they may | lead me || and bring me unto
Thy holy | hill and | to Thy | dwelling.—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

J. Stainer (1840-)



- 5 This is the *day* which the | Lord hath | made || we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.
Ps. cxviii. 24.
- 6 { I was glad when they said | un-to | me || Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.
Ps. cxxii. 1.
Pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem || they shall | prosper · that | love — | Thee.
Ps. cxxii. 2.

R. Langdon (1729-1803)



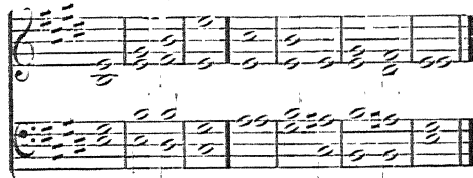
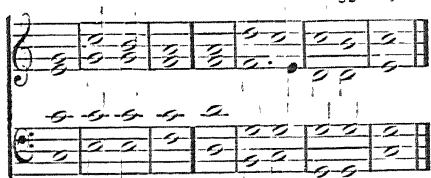
- 7 I will arise and go | to my | Father || and | will say | un-to | Him || Father, I have
sinned against *heaven* and be- | fore — | Thee || and am no more worthy to be |
call-ed | Thy — | son.—*Luke xv. 18, 19.*
- 8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going down | of the | same || My name shall
be | great a- | mong the | Gentiles || and in every place incense shall be offered un-
to My Name and a | pure — | offering || for My Name shall be great among the
heathen | saith the | Lord of | hosts.—*Mal. i. 11.*

Selections for Chanting

902 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO (*Ps. xcv.*)

R. Goodson (1655—1718)

J. F. Burrowes (1787—1852)



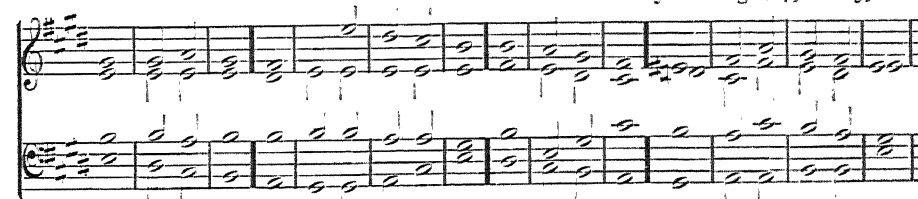
W. Boyce 1710—1779



W. Russell 1777—1813



J. Camidge (1790—1859)



- 1 O COME let us *sing* unto the Lord let us heartily *rejoice* in the strength of our sal-
vation.
- 2 Let us come before His *presence* with thanks- giving and show ourselves glad
in Him with psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a great — God and a great King a-
bove all gods.
- 4 In His hand are all the corners of the earth and the strength of the hills is
His — also.
- 5 The sea is His and He made it and His hands pre-
pared the dry — land.
- 6 O come, let us *worship* and fall — down and *kneel* be-
fore the Lord our Maker.
- 7 For He is the Lord our God and we are the people of His pasture and the
sheep of His — hand.—*Ps. xcv. 1-7.*
- 8 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness let the whole earth stand in
awe of Him.
- 9 * For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth and with righteousness to
judge the world and the people with His truth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be world without end.— A — men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

Selections for Chanting

903 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

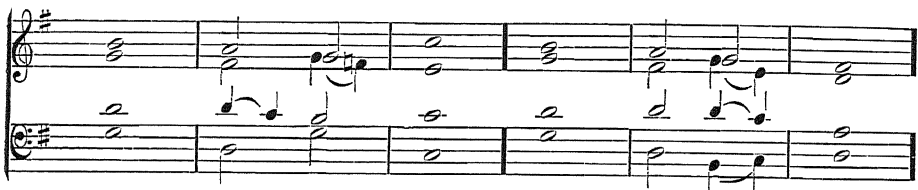
Old Chant



- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will * towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- * ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* |
Son — | of the | Father,



- 5 That takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || *re-* ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on — |
us.



- 9 For Thou *only* | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory * of |
God the | Father.

Selections for Chanting

904 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

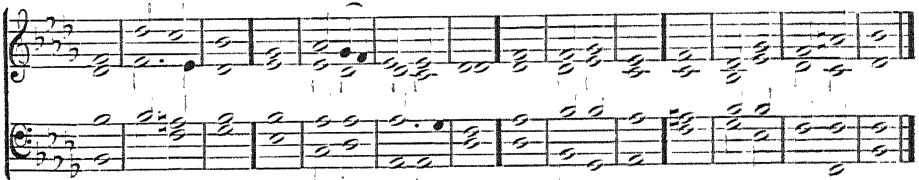
H. Lawes, 1596—1662



- 1 WE praise Thee O God we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth wor-ship Thee the Fa-ther ev-er- last-ing.
- 3 To Thee all An-gels cry a- loud the Heavens and all the Powers there- in.
- 4 To Thee Cheru-bim and Ser-a- phim con- tin-u-al- ly do cry.
- 5 Holy Ho-ly Ho-ly Lord God of Sab-a- oth:
- 6 Heaven and earth are full of the Maj-es- ty of Thy — Glo- — ry.
- 7 The glorious company of the A- postles praise — — — Thee.
- 8 The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise — — — Thee.
- 9 The noble army of Martyrs praise — — — Thee.
- 10 The holy Church throughout all the world doth — ac- knowl- edge Thee;
- 11 The Fa- — ther of an in- finite Maj-es- ty:
- 12 Thine a- dor- able, true and on- — — ly Son:
- 13 * Also the Holy Ghost the Com- — fort- — er.
- 14 Thou art the King of Glory O — — — Christ.
- 15 Thou art the ever- last-ing Son of — the Fa- — ther.

:: Last half of Chant.

R. Croke (1768—1814)



- 16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- liv-er man Thou didst humble Thyself to be born — of a Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death Thou didst open the King- dom of Heaven to all be- lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the Glo-ry of the Father.
- 19 We be- lieve that Thou shalt come to be — our — Judge.
- 20 We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy pre- cious blood.
- 21 Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in glo-ry ev-er- last-ing.
- 22 O Lord save Thy people and bless Thine her- it- age.
- 23 Glo- — ri- — a — lift them up for- ever.

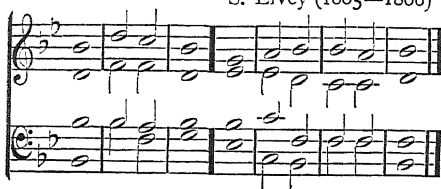
Return to chant in D² at the top of page

- 24 Day by — day we mag-ni- fy — Thee:
- 25 And we worship Thy Name ever world with- out — end.
- 26 Vouch- safe O Lord to keep us this day with- out — sin.
- 27 O Lord have mercy up- on us have mercy up- on — us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy mercy be up- on us as our trust — is in Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in Thee have I trusted let me nev-er be con- founded.

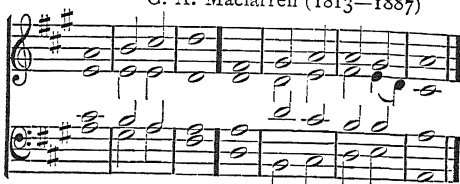
Selections for Chanting

905 BENEDICTUS *(Luke i. 68-79)*

S. Elvey (1805-1860)



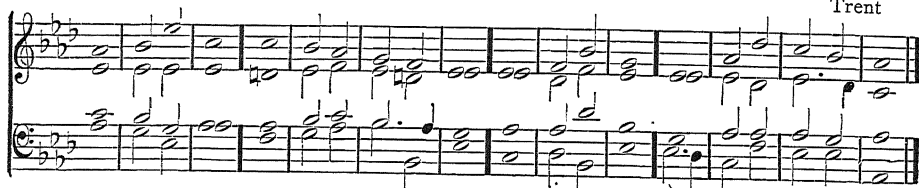
G. A. Macfarren (1813-1887)



J. Barnby (1838-1896)



Trent



- 1 BLESSED be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deem-ed
His | people:
 - 2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-
vant | David;
 - 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since
the | world be- | gan;
 - 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that |
hate — | us;
 - 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His |
ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;
 - 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He
would | give — | us;
 - 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him
with- | out — | fear;
 - 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.
 - 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go
before the face of the Lord | to pre-ⁿpare His | ways;
 - 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of
their | sins,
 - 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high
hath | visit- · ed | us;
 - 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and
to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

Selections for Chanting

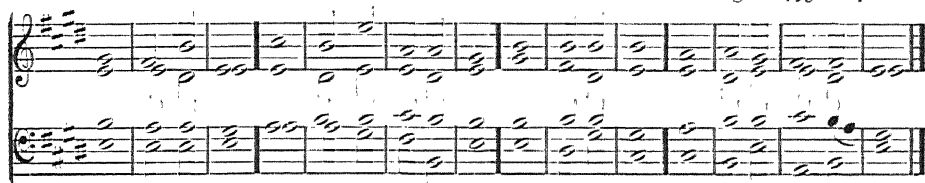
906 JUBILATE DEO

J. Nares (1715—1783)

Oxford Chant



W. H. Havergal (1793—1870)



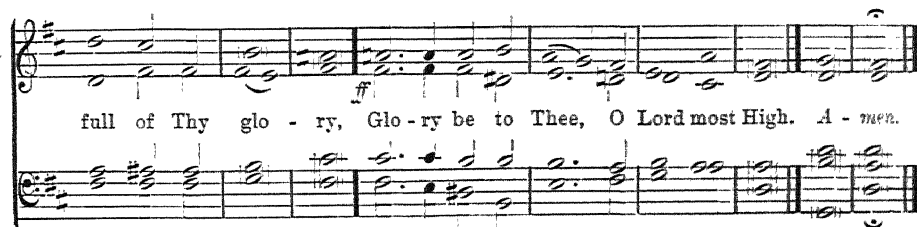
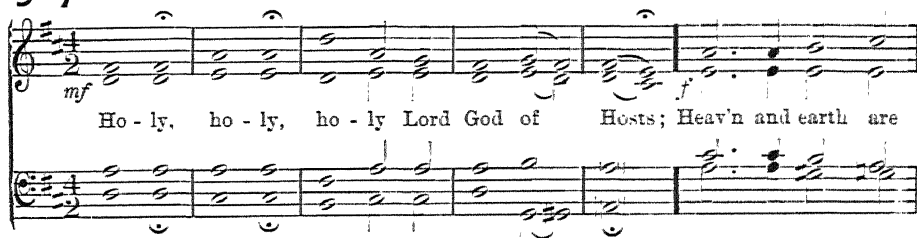
- 1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye lands | serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-
fore His | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God | it is He that hath made us, and not we our-
selves, we are His people and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with |
praise | be thankful unto Him and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ev-er- | lasting and His truth endureth
from gener- | ation * to | gen-er- | ation.

Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son | and | to the Ho-ly Ghost :

As it was in the begining, is now and | ever | shall be world without end — A — men.

907 SANCTUS

A. S. Cooper (1835—)



Selections for Chanting

908 CANTATE DOMINO (*Ps. xcvi*)

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

J. Battishill (1738—1801)



R. Woodward (c. 1744—1771)



- 1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.
 - 2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten • Him- | self the | victory.
 - 3 The *Lord* declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
 - 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israël || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
 - 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
 - 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks — | giving.
 - 7 With *trumpets* | also • and | shawms || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
 - 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
 - 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord || for He | cometh • to | judge the | earth.
 - 10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world || and the | peo-ple | with — | equity. Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A — | men.

909 DEUS MISEREATUR (*Ps. lxxvii*)

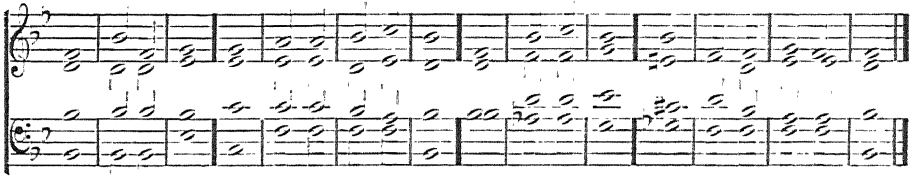
H. Aldrich (1647—1710)

W. Croft (1678—1727)



Selections for Chanting

Ad. fr. L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827)



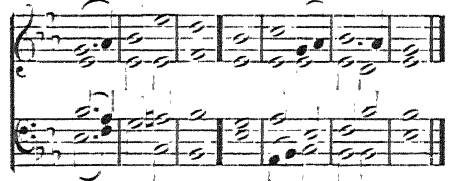
- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance.
and be | merci-ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all |
nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the | nations ' up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God*
shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- 7 * *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son | and ' to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be | world without | end. — |
A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

910 BONUM EST CONFITERI (Ps. xcii)

P. Hayes (1738—1797)

J. Travers 1703—1758



S. Matthews



- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto ' the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy
Name | O — | Most — | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning | and of Thy *truth* | in the |
night- — | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument |
and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son | and ' to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be | world without | end. — |
A- — | men.

Selections for Chanting

GII BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA (*Ps. ciii. 1-4, 20-22*)

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

E. G. Monk (1819—1900)



Dr. Barrow



- 1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.
 - 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all His | benefits ;
 - 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and *healeth* | all — | thine in- | firmities ;
 - 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy * and |
lov-ing- | kindness ;
 - 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His
commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.
 - 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye *servants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.
 - 7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *places* of | His do- | minion ||
praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | A — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

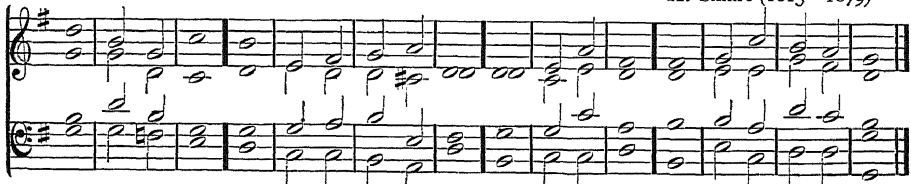
912 MAGNIFICAT (*Luke i. 46-55*)

G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



H. Smart (1813—1879)



- 1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced * in | God
my | Saviour.
- 2 For He | hath re- | garded || the *lowli-* | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

Selections for Chanting

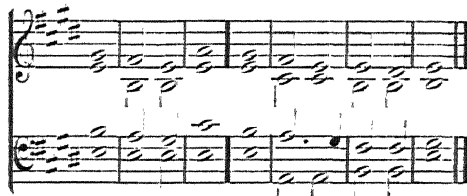
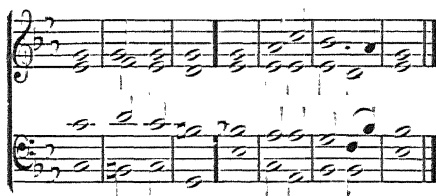
- 3 For be- hold from henceforth all gener- ations shall call me blessed.
 4 For He that is *mighty* hath magni- fied me and ho-ly is His name.
 5 And His mercy is on them that fear Him through- out all gen-er- ations.
 6 He hath showed *strength* with His arm He hath scattered the proud in the imagin- a- tion of their hearts.
 7 He hath put down the *mighty* from their seat and hath ex- alted the hum- ble and meek.
 8 He hath filled the *hungry* with good things and the *rich* He hath sent — empty a- way.
 9 * He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Is-ra- el as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for- ever.
 Glory be to the *Father* and to the *Son* and to the *Ho-ly* Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and ev-er shall be world without end — A — men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

913 NUNC DIMITTIS (*Luke* ii. 29-32)

W. Felton (1714—1769)

C. A. Wickes



J. Turle (1802—1882)



- 1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy sercant de- part in peace ac- cording to Thy word.
 2 For mine eyes have seen Thy — sal- va- tion,
 3 Which Thou hast pre- pared before the face of all — people;
 4 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of Thy peo-ple Is- ra- el.
 Glory be to the *Father* and to the *Son* and to the *Ho-ly* Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and ev-er shall be world without end — A — men.

Selections for Chanting

914 BAPTISMAL CHANT

R. Farrant (1530—1580)



Before the Administration.

(Ps. ciii. 17, 18)

- 1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him || And His righteousness | un-to | children's | children.
- 2 To *such* as | keep His | cove-nant || And to those that remember *His* com- | mand-
ment's to | do — | them.

T. Tallis (c. 1520—1585)



(Mark x. 14)

- 3 Suffer the little children to come unto *Me* and for- | bid them | not || *For* of | such
is the | kingdom * of | heaven.

(Acts ii. 39)

- 4 For the promise is unto *you* and | to your | children || And to all that are afar off,
even as *many* as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Old Melody



After the Administration.

(Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26)

- 5 Then will I sprinkle clean | water * up- | on you || And | ye shall | be — | clean :
- 6 A new heart also | will I | give you || And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,
- 7 And I will take away the stony heart | out of * your | flesh || And *I* will | give * you a |
heart of | flesh.

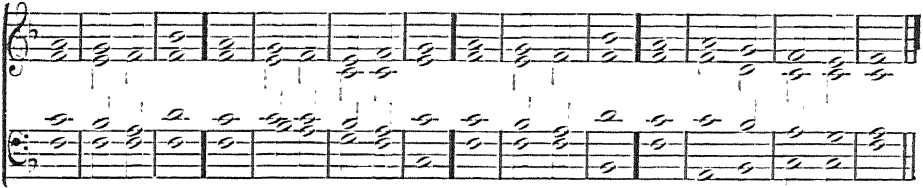
(Is. xlv. 3, 4)

- 8 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed || And my | blessing * up- | on thine | offspring :
- 9 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass || As willows | by the | wa-ter- | courses.

Selections for Chanting

915 DOMINUS REGIT ME (*Ps. xlii.*)

Anon.



- 1 THE Lord ' is my | shepherd | I ' shall — ' not — | want.
 - 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures | He leadeth me be- | side the |
still — | waters.
 - 3 He re- | storeth ' my | soul || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His |
name's — | sake.
 - 4 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will ' fear no | evil ||
for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy ' staff they ' com-fort | me.
 - 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine ' enemies || Thou anoint-
est my head with oil my | cup — | run-neth | over.
 - 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days | of my | life || and I will
dwell in the house | of the ' Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the Father | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ' ev-er | shall be | world without | end. — |
A- — | men.

916 DE PROFUNDIS (*Ps. cxxxi.*)



- 1 Out of the deep have I called unto Thee O | Lord | Lord hear my | voice.
 - 2 O let Thine ears consider | well || the voice of my com- | plaint.
 - 3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done a- | miss || O Lord, who may
a- | bide it.
 - 4 For there is mercy with | Thee || therefore shalt Thou be | feared.
 - 5 I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for | Him || in His word is my | trust.
 - 6 My soul fleeth unto the | Lord || before the morning watch, I say before the morn-
ing | watch.
 - 7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is | mercy || and with Him is
plenteous re- | demption.
 - 8 And He shall redeem Isra- | el || from all his sins.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the | Son || and to the Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be || world without end. A- | men.

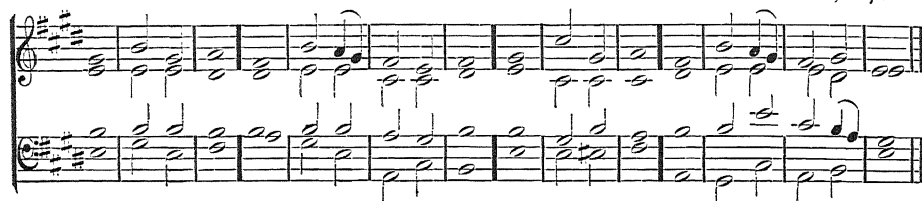
Selections for Chanting

917 THE BEATITUDES (*Matthew v. 3-12*)

J. Turle (1802—1882)



S. P. Warren, 1872



- 1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit || *for* | theirs ' is the | kingdom ' of | heaven.
 - 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn || *for* | they — | shall be | comforted.
 - 3 Blessed | are the | meek || *for* | they ' shall in- | herit ' the | earth.
 - 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst* after | right-eous- | ness || *for* | they — | shall be | filled.
 - 5 Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || *for* | they ' shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
 - 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart || *for* | they shall | see — | God.
 - 7 Blessed are the | peace- — | makers || *for* they shall be *called* the | children | of — | God.
 - 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted *for* | righteous- ' ness' | sake || *for* | theirs ' is the | kingdom ' of | heaven.
 - 9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile *you* and | perse- ' cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil *against* you | false-ly | *for* my | sake.
 - 10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, *for* great is *your* re- | ward in | heaven || *for* so persecuted *they* the | prophets ' which | were be- | fore you.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A — | men.

918 THE LORD'S PRAYER

J. Blow (1648—1708)



- 1 OUR Father which | art in | heaven! || *Hallowed* | be — | Thy — | name.
- 2 *Thy* | kingdom | come || Thy will be done in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this *day* our | daily | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 4 And lead us *not* | into ' temp- | tation || *but* de- | liv-er | us from | evil:
- 5 For Thine is the kingdom and the | power ' and the | glory || *for* | ever. | A — | men.

Selections for Chanting

919 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

Ancient Chant

1—9. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, and incline our *hearts* to..... keep this law.
 10. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our *hearts*, we be - - - - - seech.... Thee

W. B. Gilbert (1829—)

) After 9 Commandments.

mf
 Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

) After the 10th Commandment.

pp
 us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
pp

C. F. Gounod (1818—1893)

) After 9 Commandments.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

) After the 10th Commandment. *Piu lento.*

p
 us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
p

Selections for Chanting

920 OFFERTORY SENTENCES

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

Andante.

f To do good, to do good, and to dis-tribute, for-get not; *dim.* *mp* For with such

f *dim.* *mp*

sac-ri-fi-ces, God is well pleased, with such sa-cri-fi-ces, God is well pleas-ed.

mp

B. Rogers (1614—1698)

Moderato.

mf Who-so hath this world's good, and see-eth his broth-er have need, and

Voices in Unison.

shut-teth up his com-pas-sion from him: How dwelleth the love of God in him?

f

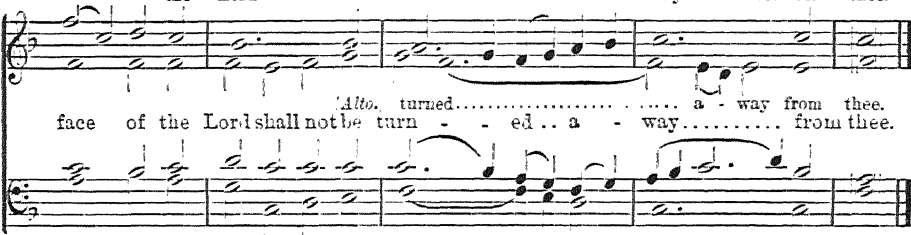
W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

Give alms of thy goods, and nev-er turn thy face from a-ny poor man, and then the
give alms, and and then the

f

Selections for Chanting

the Lord..... shall not..... be turn-ed a - way... ..from thee.

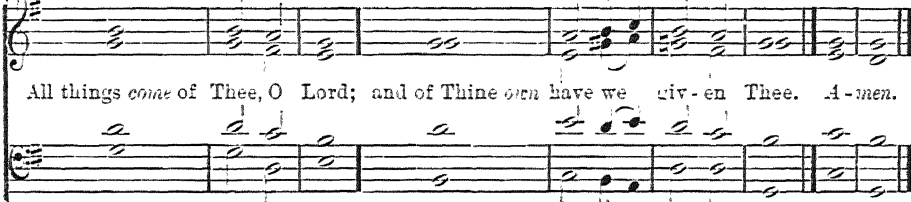


face of the Lord shall not be turn - ed .. a - way..... from thee.

turn - - - ed a - - way..... from thee.

On the Presentation of the Alms.


Anon.



All things *come* of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine *own* have we giv-en Thee. A-men.

92I GLORIA PATRI

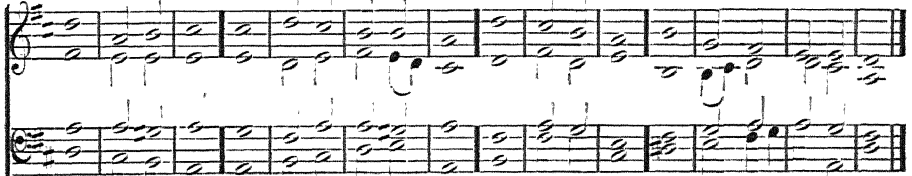
J. Robinson (1682—1762)



G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)



Arr. fr. M. Luther, by S. P. Warren.



Glory be to the *Father* and to the *Son* and to the *Ho-ly* Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and *ev-er* shall be *world* without *end*. — |
A — | men.

Dorologies

1 GLORIA PATRI

See Chant No. 92I

2 L. M.

See Hymn No. 1.

3 L. M. 6 l.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven. AMEN.
I. Watts 1709

4 L. M. 8 l.

ALL might and wisdom, Lord! are Thine:
From age to age Thy splendors shine,
Thy righteousness, Thy radiant grace —
Eternal light Thy dwelling-place.
O God — the Father and the Son
And Spirit — Holy, Mighty, One!
We praise, we bless Thee, and adore:
To Thee, all glory evermore! AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

5 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more. AMEN.
Tate and Brady 1696

6 C. M. 8 l.

LET thrones and powers in heaven give
praise;
Let earth, with glad accord,
Thy Name exalt to endless days,
Who art the only Lord.
O Holy, Blessed, Mighty One,
Thou God whom we adore;
To Thee, all glory! — Father, Son,
And Spirit — evermore. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

7 S. M.

ETERNAL, Holy Lord!
Thy Name we glorify —
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —
Jehovah, God Most High. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

8 H. M. or 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

O BLESSED, Holy One!
All worship, praise, and Love,
To Thee — the Father, Son,
And Spirit — God above!
Let earth and heaven with one accord
Sing Thine eternal glory, Lord. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

9

6s. 4s. 7 l.

O God, most Glorious One —
The Father and the Son
And Spirit — blest!
To Thee whom we adore,
Who wast all worlds before,
And shalt be evermore,
Be praise addressed. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

10

7s. 6s. 8 l.

O MIGHTY God and Holy,
Fount of unchanging grace,
Whose mercy ever shineth —
The brightness of Thy face;
To Thee, all praise and glory,
Thou God of love and might!
The Father, Son, and Spirit —
Thou uncreated Light! AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

11

7s.

THEE, Eternal God, Most High,
Thee we laud and magnify;
Glorious o'er the heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

12

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PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.
Anon. 1827

13

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PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run. AMEN.
J. M. Neale 1851

14

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, Glory,
While eternal ages run. AMEN.
H. Bonar 1866

15

10s.

O FATHER and Son and Spirit, above —
Thou God only One! to Thee be all love:
From earth and from heaven, all glory to
Thee,
As ever was given and ever shall be. AMEN.
R. G. Greene 1896

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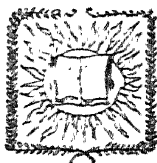
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SELECTION 1

Psalms VIII, XCIII, CXI

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

The LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty;

The LORD is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself;

The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure:

Holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, for ever.

Praise ye the LORD.

I will praise the LORD with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment;

All his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people:

He hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments:

His praise endureth for ever.

Do good, O LORD, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity:

But peace shall be upon Israel.

When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:

Then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them.

The LORD hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the LORD.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the LORD our God I will seek thy good.

SELECTION 2

Psalms LXXXVII, CXXV, CXXVI, CXXII

HIS foundation is in the holy mountains. The LORD loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

The LORD shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee.

They that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the LORD is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

SELECTION 3

Psalms XLII. XLIII. LXXXIV

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,

And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:
give ear, O God of Jacob.

**Behold, O God our shield, and look upon
the face of thine anointed.**

For a day in thy courts is better than
a thousand.

**I had rather be a doorkeeper in the
house of my God, than to dwell in the
tents of wickedness.**

For the LORD God is a sun and shield:
the LORD will give grace and glory:
no good thing will he withhold from
them that walk uprightly.

**O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that
trusteth in thee.**

SELECTION 4

Psalms XXIX, XXIV. CL

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty,
give unto the LORD glory and
strength.

**Give unto the LORD the glory due unto
his name; worship the LORD in the
beauty of holiness.**

The voice of the LORD is upon the
waters: the God of glory thundereth:
the LORD is upon many waters.

**The voice of the LORD is powerful; the
voice of the LORD is full of majesty.**

The voice of the LORD breaketh the
cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the
cedars of Lebanon.

**He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young uni-
corn.**

The voice of the LORD divideth the
flames of fire.

**The voice of the LORD shaketh the wil-
derness; the LORD shaketh the wilder-
ness of Kadesh.**

The voice of the LORD maketh the
hinds to calve, and discovereth the for-
ests: and in his temple doth every one
speak of his glory.

**The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea,
the LORD sitteth King for ever.**

The LORD will give strength unto his
people;

**The LORD will bless his people with
peace.**

The earth is the LORD'S, and the ful-
ness thereof; the world, and they that
dwell therein.

**For he hath founded it upon the seas,
and established it upon the floods.**

Who shall ascend into the hill of the
LORD? or who shall stand in his holy
place?

**He that hath clean hands, and a pure
heart; who hath not lifted up his soul
unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.**

He shall receive the blessing from the
LORD, and righteousness from the God
of his salvation.

**This is the generation of them that seek
him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.**

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and
be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

**The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD
mighty in battle.**

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even
lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise God in
his sanctuary:

Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise
him according to his excellent great-
ness.

**Praise him with the sound of the trum-
pet: praise him with the psaltery and
harp.**

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: By terrible things in righteousness
praise him with stringed instruments wilt thou answer us, O God of our
and organs. salvation;

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: Who art the confidence of all the ends
praise him upon the high sounding cym- of the earth, and of them that are afar
bals. off upon the sea:

Let every thing that hath breath praise Which by his strength setteth fast the
the LORD. mountains; being girded with power:

Praise ye the LORD.

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the
noise of their waves, and the tumult of
the people.

SELECTION 5

Psalms C. LXXV. LXXVII

MAKE a joyful noise unto the
LORD. all ye lauds.

Serve the LORD with gladness: come be-
fore his presence with singing.

Know ye that the LORD he is God: it
is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves:

We are his people, and the sheep of his
pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiv-
ing, and into his courts with praise:
be thankful unto him, and bless his
name.

For the LORD is good; his mercy is ever-
lasting; and his truth endureth to all
generations.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God. in
Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be per-
formed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee
shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our
transgressions, thou shalt purge them
away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choos-
est, and causest to approach unto thee,
that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness
of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

They also that dwell in the uttermost
parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outgoings of the morn-
ing and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest
it: thou greatly enrichest it with the
river of God, which is full of water:

Thou preparest them corn, when thou
hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abun-
dantly: thou settlest the furrows
thereof: thou makest it soft with
showers: thou blessest the springing
thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy good-
ness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the
wilderness: and the little hills rejoice
on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
the valleys also are covered over with
corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us;
and cause his face to shine upon us;
that thy way may be known upon
earth, thy saving health among all
nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all
the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for
joy: for thou shalt judge the people

righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 6

Psalms xcvi, xcvi, xcix

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols:

Worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O LORD.

For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;

He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

O sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The LORD hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:

Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the LORD, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the LORD;

For he cometh to judge the earth:

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

The LORD reigneth; let the people tremble:

He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

The LORD is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou

executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name; they called upon the LORD, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar: they kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O LORD our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.

Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the LORD our God is holy.

SELECTION 7

Psalms XCV, XCVI, CXLIX

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD:

Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation,

and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD:

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth :

He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

Praise ye the LORD.

Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him :

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance :

Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people :

He will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory : let them sing aloud upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 8

Psalms CXLVII, CXLVIII

PRAISE ye the LORD : for it is good to sing praises unto our God ;

For it is pleasant ; and praise is comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem : he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars ; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power : his understanding is infinite.

The LORD lifteth up the meek :

He casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving ;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God :

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse : he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth : his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them :

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the LORD.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 9

Psalms CXII, CXIII, CXXXV

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:

His heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD, praise the name of the LORD.

Blessed be the name of the LORD from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the LORD'S name is to be praised.

The LORD is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the LORD our God, who dwelleth on high,

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the name of the LORD;

Praise him, O ye servants of the LORD.

Ye that stand in the house of the LORD, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the LORD;

For the LORD is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

For the LORD hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.

For I know that the LORD is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.

He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasures.

Who smote the firstborn of Egypt, both of man and beast.

Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.

Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings; Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan:

And gave their land for a heritage, a heritage unto Israel his people.

Thy name, O LORD, endureth for ever; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations.

For the LORD will judge his people, and he will repent himself concerning his servants.

The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.

Bless the LORD, O house of Israel: bless the LORD, O house of Aaron:

Bless the LORD, O house of Levi: ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.

Blessed be the LORD out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 10

Psalms CXXXVI, XXXIV, CXXXIV

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever:

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

I will bless the LORD at all times:

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good :
blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints : for there
is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer
hunger :

But they that seek the LORD shall not
want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me :

I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

What man is he that desireth life, and
loveth many days, that he may see
good ?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips
from speaking guile : depart from evil,
and do good ; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are upon the
righteous, and his ears are open unto
their cry.

The face of the LORD is against them
that do evil, to cut off the remembrance
of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD hear-
eth, and delivereth them out of all
their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of
a broken heart ; and saveth such as be
of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the right-
eous : but the LORD delivereth him
out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones : not one of
them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked : and they
that hate the righteous shall be deso-
late.

The LORD redeemeth the soul of his ser-
vants : and none of them that trust in
him shall be desolate.

Behold, bless ye the LORD, all ye ser-
vants of the LORD,

Which by night stand in the house of
the LORD.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
and bless the LORD.

The LORD that made heaven and earth
bless thee out of Zion.

SELECTION 11

PSALMS XLVI. XLVII. XLVIII

GOD is our refuge and strength, a
very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the
earth be removed, and though the
mountains be carried into the midst of
the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be
troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the
swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof
shall make glad the city of God, the
holy place of the tabernacles of the
Most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not
be moved : God shall help her, and that
right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were
moved : he uttered his voice, the earth
melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us ; the God
of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the LORD,
what desolations he hath made in the
earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end
of the earth ; he breaketh the bow, and
cutteth the spear in sunder ; he burneth
the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God : I
will be exalted among the heathen, I
will be exalted in the earth.

The LORD of hosts is with us ; the God
of Jacob is our refuge.

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the LORD most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham:

For the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God:

God will establish it for ever.

We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice,

Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:

He will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 12

Psalms CXLV, CXLVI

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,

And shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The LORD is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The LORD upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The LORD preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD:

And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise the LORD, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the LORD: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,

Whose hope is in the LORD his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry.

The LORD looseth the prisoners: the LORD openeth the eyes of the blind:

The LORD raiseth them that are bowed down: the LORD loveth the righteous:

The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow:

But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 13

Psalms LXVIII

SING unto God, sing praises to his name:

Extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JEHOVAH, and rejoice before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; the earth

shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:

Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan;

A high hill as the hill of Bashan.

Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in;

Yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels:

The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men;

Yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

Because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee.

Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people, till every one submit himself with pieces of silver:

Scatter thou the people that delight in war.

Princes shall come out of Egypt;

Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;

O sing praises unto the Lord;

To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

SELECTION 14

Psalms LXVI, CXXXVIII

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations:

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water:

But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

I will praise thee with my whole heart:

Before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O LORD, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD: for great is the glory of the LORD.

Though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:

But the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me:

Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 15

Psalms cxvii. cxviii

O PRAISE the LORD, all ye nations: Praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever.

Praise ye the LORD.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the LORD in distress :

The LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The LORD taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in princes.

The LORD is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:

The right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the LORD is exalted: the right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD.

The LORD hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the LORD, into which the righteous shall enter. I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD: O LORD, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD: we have blessed you out of the house of the LORD.

God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 16

Psalm cxi

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the LORD are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;

And the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth: the young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:

The earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.

SELECTION 17

Psalm LXXXIX

I WILL sing of the mercies of the LORD for ever:

With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever:

Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O LORD: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the LORD? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the LORD?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O LORD God of hosts, who is a strong LORD like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty;

I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

And I will beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him: and in my name shall his horn be exalted.

I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers.

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.

Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.

If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments;

Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.

My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David.

His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven.

Blessed be the LORD for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 18

Psalms CXXXII, LXXX

LORD, remember David, and all his afflictions: how he sware unto the LORD, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;

Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids,

Until I find out a place for the LORD, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we found it in the fields of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacles: we will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O LORD, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy.

For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thine anointed.

The LORD hath sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them, their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the LORD hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation:

And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.

His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that ledest Joseph like a flock;

Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

O LORD God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and
didst cause it to take deep root, and it
filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow
of it, and the boughs thereof were like
the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her
hedges, so that all they which pass by
the way do pluck her ?

The boar out of the wood doth waste
it, and the wild beast of the field doth
devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of
hosts: look down from heaven, and
behold, and visit this vine;

And the vineyard which thy right hand
hath planted, and the branch that thou
madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down:

They perish at the rebuke of thy coun-
tenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy
right hand,

Upon the son of man whom thou madest
strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee:
quicken us, and we will call upon thy
name.

Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts, cause
thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Grant thee according to thine own
heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in
the name of our God we will set up
our banners:

The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the LORD saveth his
anointed;

He will hear him from his holy heaven
with the saving strength of his right
hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in
horses:

But we will remember the name of the
LORD our God.

They are brought down and fallen:
but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, LORD: let the king hear us when
we call.

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and
thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with right-
eousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to
the people, and the little hills, by right-
eousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he
shall save the children of the needy,
and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun
and moon endure, throughout all gen-
erations.

He shall come down like rain upon the
mown grass: as showers that water the
earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish;

And abundance of peace so long as the
moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea
to sea, and from the river unto the
ends of the earth.

SELECTION 19

Psalms XX, LXXII

THE LORD hear thee in the day of
trouble; the name of the God of
Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and
strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept
thy burnt sacrifice;

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:

And precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains:

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 20

Psalms II, CX, XXI

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together,

against the LORD, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron:

Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

The LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

The LORD shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

The LORD hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies;

He shall wound the heads over many countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.

The king shall joy in thy strength, O LORD; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

His glory is great in thy salvation:

Honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

For thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

For the king trusteth in the LORD, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies:

Thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger: the LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.

Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

For they intended evil against thee: they imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform.

Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them.

Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength:

So will we sing and praise thy power.

SELECTION 21

Psalms CXXV, CXXVI

NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,

For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them;

So is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will bless us;

He will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the LORD, both small and great.

The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the LORD'S: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the LORD, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the LORD from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the LORD.

I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD: I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine hand-maid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the LORD'S house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 22

PSALMS LXXXVI LXXXV

BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;

And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord;

Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth:

Unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;

Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:

Because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:

Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

SELECTION 23

Psalm CIII

BLESS the LORD, O my soul;

And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion :

He made known his ways unto Moses, Bless the LORD, O my soul.
his acts unto the children of Israel.

The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide ; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins ;

Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children ;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens ;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion :

Bless the LORD, O my soul.

SELECTION 24

Psalm CXXI, CXXVII, CXXIII

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper : the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil : he shall preserve thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

The LORD is my light and my salvation : whom shall I fear ?

The LORD is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear : though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES

For in the time of trouble he shall
hide me in his pavilion :

**In the secret of his tabernacle shall he
hide me ; he shall set me up upon a rock.**

And now shall mine head be lifted up
above mine enemies round about me :
therefore will I offer in his tabernacle
sacrifices of joy ;

**I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto
the LORD.**

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my
voice : have mercy also upon me, and
answer me.

**When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my
heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will
I seek.**

Hide not thy face far from me ; put
not thy servant away in anger : thou
hast been my help ; leave me not, nei-
ther forsake me, O God of my salvation.

**When my father and my mother forsake
me, then the LORD will take me up.**

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead
me in a plain path, because of mine
enemies.

**Deliver me not over unto the will of
mine enemies : for false witnesses are
risen up against me, and such as breathe
out cruelty.**

I had fainted, unless I had believed to
see the goodness of the LORD in the
land of the living.

**Wait on the LORD : be of good courage,
and he shall strengthen thine heart :
wait, I say, on the LORD.**

The LORD is my shepherd ; I shall not
want. He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures : he leadeth me beside
the still waters.

**He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in
the paths of righteousness for his name's
sake.**

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil :

**For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me.**

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies :

**Thou anointest my head with oil ; my
cup runneth over.**

Surely goodness and mercy shall fol-
low me all the days of my life :

**And I will dwell in the house of the
LORD for ever.**

SELECTION 25

Psalm cxxxix

O LORD, thou hast searched me,
and known me.

**Thou knowest my downsitting and
mine uprising ; thou understandest
my thought afar off.**

Thou compassest my path and my
lying down, and art acquainted with
all my ways.

**For there is not a word in my tongue,
but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it alto-
gether.**

Thou hast beset me behind and before,
and laid thine hand upon me.

**Such knowledge is too wonderful for
me : it is high, I cannot attain unto it.**

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ?
or whither shall I flee from thy pres-
ence ?

**If I ascend up into heaven, thou art
there : if I make my bed in hell, behold,
thou art there.**

If I take the wings of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the
sea ;

**Even there shall thy hand lead me, and
thy right hand shall hold me.**

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret. and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 26

PSALMS XXXIII, CXXIII

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment:

The earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;

And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men: from the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.

Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O LORD, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens:

And thy glory above all the earth.

SELECTION 27

Psalm CVII

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant

vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the LORD.

SELECTION 28

Psalms XCII. CXXIII. CXLII

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery, upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O LORD, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

But thou, LORD, art most high for evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish ;

All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn : I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing ;

To shew that the LORD is upright : he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress ; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us : for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

I cried unto the LORD with my voice ; with my voice unto the LORD did I make my supplication.

I poured out my complaint before him ; I shewed before him my trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.

In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me :

Refuge failed me ; no man cared for my soul.

I cried unto thee, O LORD : I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry ; for I am brought very low : deliver me from my persecutors ; for they are stronger than I.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name :

The righteous shall compass me about ; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

SELECTION 29

Psalm LXXIII

TRULY God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone ; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death : but their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men ; neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain ; violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness : they have more than heart could wish.

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression : they speak loftily.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people return hither: and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 30

PSALMS I. XV. XXVI

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous:

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Judge me, O LORD; for I have walked in mine integrity:

I have trusted also in the LORD; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O LORD:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place:

In the congregations will I bless the LORD.

SELECTION 31

Psalms xxxvii

FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

The LORD knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs:

They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:

When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 32

Psalms LXXXI. L

SING aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt: where I heard a language that I understood not.

**I removed his shoulder from the burden:
his hands were delivered from the pots.**

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee;

**I answered thee in the secret place of
thunder: I proved thee at the waters of
Meribah.**

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:

**O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;
there shall no strange god be in thee;
neither shalt thou worship any strange
god.**

I am the LORD thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt:

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

**So I gave them up unto their own hearts'
lust: and they walked in their own
counsels.**

Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways!

**I should soon have subdued their ene-
mies, and turned my hand against their
adversaries.**

The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him: but their time should have endured for ever.

**He should have fed them also with the
finest of the wheat: and with honey out
of the rock should I have satisfied thee.**

**Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty,
God hath shined.**

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

**He shall call to the heavens from above,
and to the earth, that he may judge his
people.**

Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

**And the heavens shall declare his right-
eousness: for God is judge himself.**

Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee:

I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, to have been continually before me.

**I will take no bullock out of thy house,
nor he goats out of thy folds:**

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

**I know all the fowls of the mountains:
and the wild beasts of the field are mine.**

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

**Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink
the blood of goats?**

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High: and call upon me in the day of trouble:

**I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glo-
rify me.**

SELECTION 33

Psalms XIX, CXIX

The mighty God, even the LORD, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night
unto night sheweth knowledge.

thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my
redeemer.

There is no speech nor language, where
their voice is not heard.

For ever, O LORD, thy word is settled
in heaven.

Their line is gone out through all the
earth, and their words to the end of the
world.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations:
thou hast established the earth, and it
abideth.

In them hath he set a tabernacle
for the sun, which is as a bridegroom
coming out of his chamber, and re-
joiceth as a strong man to run a race.

They continue this day according to
thine ordinances: for all are thy ser-
vants.

His going forth is from the end of the
heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of
it: and there is nothing hid from the
heat thereof.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I
should then have perished in mine afflic-
tion.

The law of the LORD is perfect, con-
verting the soul:

I will never forget thy precepts: for
with them thou hast quickened me.

The testimony of the LORD is sure, mak-
ing wise the simple.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought
thy precepts.

The statutes of the LORD are right, re-
joicing the heart:

The wicked have waited for me to
destroy me: but I will consider thy
testimonies.

The commandment of the LORD is pure,
enlightening the eyes.

I have seen an end of all perfection:
but thy commandment is exceeding
broad.

The fear of the LORD is clean, endur-
ing for ever: the judgments of the
LORD are true and righteous alto-
gether.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and
a light unto my path.

More to be desired are they than gold,
yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also
than honey and the honeycomb.

I have sworn, and I will perform it,
that I will keep thy righteous judg-
ments.

Moreover by them is thy servant
warned:

I am afflicted very much: quicken me,
O LORD, according unto thy word.

And in keeping of them there is great
reward.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill of-
ferings of my mouth, O LORD, and teach
me thy judgments.

Who can understand his errors? My
cleansing thou me from secret faults.

My soul is continually in my hand:
yet do I not forget thy law.

Keep back thy servant also from pre-
sumptuous sins; let them not have do-
minion over me:

The wicked have laid a snare for me:
yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be
innocent from the great transgression.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heri-
tage for ever: for they are the rejoic-
ing of my heart.

Let the words of my mouth, and the
meditation of my heart, be acceptable in

I have inclined mine heart to perform
thy statutes always, even unto the end.

SELECTION 34

Psalm CXCIX

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O LORD: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O LORD, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

SELECTION 35

Psalms XII, X, XIV

HELP, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

They speak vanity every one with his neighbour : with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.

The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things :

Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail ; our lips are our own : who is lord over us ?

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD ; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

The words of the LORD are pure words : as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

Why standest thou afar off, O LORD ? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble ?

The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor : let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the LORD abhorreth.

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God : God is not in all his thoughts.

His ways are always grievous ; thy judgments are far above out of his sight : as for all his enemies, he puffeth at them.

He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved : for I shall never be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud : under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages : in the secret places doth he murder the innocent : his eyes are privily set against the poor.

He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den : he lieth in wait to catch the poor : he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net.

He croucheth, and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.

He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten : he hideth his face ; he will never see it.

Arise, O LORD ; O God, lift up thine hand : forget not the humble.

Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God ? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it.

Thou hast seen it ; for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with thy hand : the poor committeth himself unto thee ; thou art the helper of the fatherless.

LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the humble ; thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear :

To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy : there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge ? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the LORD.

There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the LORD is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

When the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTION 36

Psalms LI, CXXX

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:

That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation:

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say,

more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

SELECTION 37

Psalms XLIII. VI. XXVIII

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider and hear me, O LORD my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

I will sing unto the LORD, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I am weak: O LORD, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, how long?

Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:

In the grave who shall give thee thanks? I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye is consumed because of grief: it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity: for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.

The LORD hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.

Unto thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts.

Because they regard not the works of the LORD, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.

Blessed be the LORD, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

The LORD is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped:

Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

The LORD is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:

Feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

SELECTION 38

Psalms XXII. XXXI

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, he trusted on the LORD that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O LORD: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the LORD.

I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O LORD: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee;

Which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man :

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

SELECTION 39

Psalms LXI. LXII. LXIII

HEAR my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:

But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

SELECTION 40

Psalms IV, V, LVII

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;

Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?

How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself:

The LORD will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the LORD.

There be many that say, Who will shew us any good?

LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

Give ear to my words, O LORD; consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD;

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:

The LORD will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy:

And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words:

All their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the LORD will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

SELECTION 41

Psalms CII

HEAR my prayer, O LORD, and let my cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear

unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke,

And my bones are burned as a hearth.

My heart is smitten, and withered like grass: so that I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day:

And they that are mad against me are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.

Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declineth: and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O LORD, shalt endure for ever: and thy remembrance unto all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.

So the heathen shall fear the name of the LORD,

And all the kings of the earth thy glory.

When the LORD shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come:

And the people which shall be created shall praise the LORD.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the LORD behold the earth;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of the LORD in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together,
and the kingdoms, to serve the LORD.

He weakened my strength in the way;
he shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth:

And the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;

As a vesture shalt thou change them,
and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

SELECTION 42

Psalms xxv, xxxii

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee:

Let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach me:
for thou art the God of my salvation;
on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

Good and upright is the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment:
and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged:

O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain;
and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 43

Psalm XLV. XVII

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my Lord:

My goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;

At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Hear the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing:

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings, from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat: with their mouth they speak proudly.

They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth; like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

Arise, O LORD, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:

From men which are thy hand, O LORD, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

SELECTION 44

Psalms XL, CXLIII

I WAITED patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward:

They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened:

Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me:

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:

Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:

I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD:

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it;

Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:

Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O LORD: my spirit faileth:

Hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk: for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O LORD, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O LORD, for thy name's sake.

For thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

SELECTION 45

Psalm XVIII

I WILL love thee, O LORD, my strength. The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine enemies. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God:

He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

He delivered me from my strong enemy, For who is God save the LORD? or who
and from them which hated me: for is a rock save our God?

They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the LORD was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the LORD, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;

But wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle:

The LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.

For by thee I have run through a troop;

And by my God have I leaped over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the LORD is tried:

He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

The LORD liveth; and blessed be my Rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.

He delivereth me from mine enemies: yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou hast delivered me from the violent man.

Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name.

Great deliverance giveth he to his king; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, to David, and to his seed for evermore.

SELECTION 46

Psalms XXXVI, LXXI

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness. O God!

Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;

And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in my righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort:

Thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,

Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together, saying, God

hath forsaken him: persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver him.

O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.

Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries to my soul; let them be covered with reproach and dishonour that seek my hurt.

But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee!

Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 47

Psalms III. XXX. CXXIV

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me;
my glory, and the lifter up of mine
head.

I cried unto the LORD with my voice,
and he heard me out of his holy hill.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked;
for the LORD sustained me.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of
people, that have set themselves against
me round about.

Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God:
for thou hast smitten all mine enemies
upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken
the teeth of the ungodly.

Salvation belongeth unto the LORD: thy
blessing is upon thy people.

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou
hast lifted me up, and hast not made
my foes to rejoice over me.

O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and
thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul
from the grave: thou hast kept me
alive, that I should not go down to the
pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his,
and give thanks at the remembrance of
his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment;
in his favour is life:

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy
cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall
never be moved.

LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my
mountain to stand strong: thou didst
hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the
LORD I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, when
I go down to the pit? Shall the dust
praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me:

LORD, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning
into dancing:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and
girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing
praise to thee, and not be silent.

O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto
thee for ever.

If it had not been the LORD who was
on our side, now may Israel say; if it
had not been the LORD who was on our
side, when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick,
when their wrath was kindled against
us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us,
the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over
our soul.

Blessed be the LORD, who hath not
given us as a prey to their teeth. Our
soul is escaped as a bird out of the
snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are escaped.
Our help is in the name of the LORD, who
made heaven and earth.

SELECTION 48

Psalms XLIX, XXXIX

HEAR this, all ye people;

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the
world: both low and high, rich and poor,
together.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and
the meditation of my heart shall be of
understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp. He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,
Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

When the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:

(For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever:)

That he should still live for ever, and not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwellingplaces to all generations;

They call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the up-right shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul, and men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me: while I was musing the fire burned:

Then spake I with my tongue, LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee:

Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain:

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:

Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at

my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

SELECTION 49

Psalms xc, xci

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no

evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,

And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD,

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together:

For the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

SELECTION 50

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST
Isaiah

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,

And a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD:

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord GOD will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.

The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon;

They shall see the glory of the LORD, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them

that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

Behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened; and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing:

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those:

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there;

But the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 51

THE DEATH OF CHRIST
Isaiah LIII

WHO hath believed our report?

And to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

And the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth:

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors;

And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 52

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST
Psalms

SING aloud unto God our strength:
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave:

Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his.

And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life:

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.

O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the LORD, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the king of glory shall come in.

Who is this king of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:

And precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

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